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TRURO--CAPE COD

OR

LAND MARKS AND SEA MARKS

BY

SHEBNAH RICH

MEMBER OF THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Seventy-seven Illustrations

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AT NORTH TRURO.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] It is not of [illegible] I undertake to [illegible] the map [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible]" of Province[illegible] [illegible] just beyond. The Gazeteer [illegible] of information, as well [illegible] history of Truro recently published [illegible] who is a native of the town, and [illegible] is full of descriptions and [illegible] of which the inhabitants [illegible] together. But as you leave [illegible] the depot, stores, church, [illegible] schoolhouse, with many white [illegible] the sandy shore, and go east for [illegible] to a small neighborhood [illegible] by the other inhabitants of the town the [illegible] designated by the polite visitor and [illegible] the Highlands.

[illegible] is less than two miles wide, so [illegible] the bay on the west, and [illegible] Atlantic on the east are [illegible] from the window. From Pond [illegible] the [illegible] side it is a level plain, with [illegible] to obstruct your vision [illegible] further, toward the [illegible] Hills and [illegible] the chalk-white [illegible] with its cluster of neat [illegible] three keepers, and a [illegible] and the house in [illegible] of the storm [illegible] From this [illegible] its majesty, [illegible] passing and repassing. [illegible] "The time [illegible] will be a place of resort [illegible] who really wish to [illegible] is wholly unknown [illegible] What are springs [illegible] is the spring of springs, [illegible] A storm [illegible] visit it; a light- [illegible] the true hotel. A man [illegible] America behind him [illegible] the day. [illegible] There are three [illegible] bearing the name of [illegible] related. The [illegible] Everything is here on [illegible] their broad founda- [illegible] various other [illegible] each family [illegible] a little [illegible] however, is [illegible] is a summer [illegible] about thirty [illegible] here almost [illegible] years.

[illegible] a fascination about [illegible] who have ever known it. One [illegible] came for many sum- [illegible] death overtook him [illegible] and his last request was [illegible] here. So on a dismal [illegible] the air was full of [illegible] hill, and his [illegible] see the place now, [illegible] and only his name [illegible] simple word, "Resting," inscribed [illegible] comes to North Truro, [illegible]

[illegible] full of interest to visit- [illegible] grave [illegible] who they [illegible] have sailed [illegible] The [illegible] cast upon a distant [illegible] in some quiet spot [illegible]

For [illegible] body, and for a complete [illegible] the overworked in [illegible] department [illegible] can find no [illegible] stillness that reigns [illegible] a wonder—it [illegible] a more than Sabbath-day silence. No sound disturbs your sleep, and you [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] flaked with such [illegible] [illegible] seem [illegible] the [illegible] coasts in the world—[illegible] upon the scene, and cover it with [illegible]

How the vegetables manage to extract such green sweetness and richness from the [illegible] from the salt atmosphere is [illegible] But [illegible] that you can find [illegible] under the sun. The [illegible] are green and crisp, and the beets and golden [illegible] squashes are beyond anything in their line that I have ever seen elsewhere. Only Hawthorne could describe them fittingly, and I am quite sure that those which grew under his fostering care in the "Old Manse" garden, which he wrote about so excellently, were as nothing as compared with these products of the Back Side gardens. Then too, the milk and cream furnished by these North Truro cows! Where do they find the material for it? Hens, cows, gardens. They are all wonders to me, yielding, as they do, almost everything upon which you care to subsist in the summer.

But the chief wonder is that some enterprising Yankee has not purchased a section of these grass-grown downs, erected a commodious hotel, sent out his advertisements and made a fortune. The choicest of fish from the weirs, the best of garden vegetables, milk and cream to be had on the spot, and unless the season is an unusually dry one, an abundance of wild fruits, blueberries, blackberries, huckleberries, gooseberries, "Jose pears" and beach-plums would furnish a most [illegible] bill of fare [illegible] easily transported. Mushrooms also abound here.

As a summer home for children, those who have brought them here will testify that it is unsurpassed. There is no dirt, for sand is not soil, no danger, no stones to throw, no [illegible] for them to fall into; but the broad range of these breezy downs, over which a cool wind is always [illegible] tempering the sun in the hottest day. The nights, too, are deliciously cool and the air always invigorating. And though the water [illegible] is not so warm as on the bay side, still bathing is safe and pleasant, while the ocean view is unparalleled.

Close by here is an old mill, now robbed of its sails, where the Back Side grain was once ground. There is a life saving station a mile away on the beach, and the wreck of the [illegible], which stands high and dry at low water, so that the romantic visitor may go aboard of her and pick the barnacles from her sides. But twice in twenty-four hours the waves come [illegible] about her, flowing into the [illegible] rising higher and higher, till finally the last [illegible] rushing tide sweeps over her, and no trace or vestige of the once noble vessel is visible till the waters subside again.

There is a vacant house here—empty all through this glorious summer weather. How I wish it was full of poor little city children, a score or more of whom might be lodged under its sheltering roof. Two or three years ago a visitor from Connecticut bought the old place for a mere trifle, [illegible] some [illegible] and [illegible] named it the "Pilgrim's Rest," locked it up and went his way. What he means to do with it nobody seems to know. With a trifling outlay of money it would make a comfortable home for [illegible] which one might pleasantly pass [illegible] year. There are queer old places in it, an old-fashioned china-closet in the "fore room," as the parlor used to be called, and a mammoth chimney. It was [illegible] a few years ago by its owner, [illegible] at an advanced age. When a [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] would never come home. But he came, and together they laughed at her fears. Yet after two

for three days one afternoon he came in, told her [illegible] was [illegible] she [illegible]

scured the [illegible] from that point, and with others he [illegible] going to the relief of the crew. He went, and that was the last she ever saw of him, for he was drowned in trying to [illegible]. Some time afterward a portion of a man's body was washed ashore, which [illegible] to be the remains of her brave [illegible] they never knew. So she [illegible] her death, leading a lonely life, for both her children died in their youth. This is a true chapter in the life of the former occupant of the "Pilgrim's Rest," about which the [illegible] still clings and the old fashioned flowers still bloom.

There are two ways of reaching North Truro. One is to take the Cape Cod train that leaves the Old Colony Depot morning and afternoon; another to go aboard the trim little steamer Longfellow, which sails from Battery Wharf, Boston, every morning at 9 o'clock for Provincetown, from which place you can reach North Truro by train, barge or private carriage. A. A. W.

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PREFACE.

TRISTRAM SHANDY did not want to shake his credit for veracity by telling an improbable story, however indisputable the facts. We have not ventured into that debatable land between credulity and unbelief. Whatever the quality of our work, whether fish, flesh, or good red herring, we have taken the liberty of telling it honestly and in our own way.

Our constant purpose has been to write nothing we should wish unwritten, and to leave unwritten nothing that belongs legitimately to our history. That we have not fully accomplished this purpose would be the most reasonable confession in the world.

In every community there is an unconscious force, or sentiment, that lives in a thousand multiform conditions. Seemingly light as gossamer, it is tough as the Tellman shield of seven bull skins. Its intuitions of a good name — of home and kindred, in a described orbit, are among the best of human sensibilities. That the Cape people share quite freely in this sentiment is altogether praiseworthy, but it is a virtue susceptible of abuse and morbidly sensitive.

I have aimed to write of them as they *were*, according to the best history and the best tradition; as they *are*, according to my own observation and experience. I have called things by their own names; narrated the customs, habits, traditions, character, personalities and individualities of the people; what they said and what they did; their toil and poverty; their fortunes and misfortunes; their energy, economy and thrift;

the lights and shadows of their lives. That the soil is light and sand abundant; that the trees are stunted and hills barren; that the bleak winds sweep over the hills, and sometimes blow the turkeys' wings over their heads, I cannot deny, and have no apologies to make. My duty, if to write at all, was to write honestly and impartially. The verdict is with the reader. These remarks are well intended. Some who have written well of the Cape, have not been well received.

Thoreau's *Cape Cod*, the most scholarly, truthful, and unprejudiced description that I have seen of the Cape, was not popular with the press or the people there. I do not remember an important misstatement of fact, an uncharitable or unchristian fling, in his book. On the contrary, the outcome of his conclusions is always directly or indirectly complimentary. He did not discourse of statesmen, philosophers, scholars, money kings, or *dilettanti*. He wrote of and described a hardy race of fishermen and sailors, of whom he seemed to be proud, as of kinship. Men of the gaberdine, with the face and language and grotesque analysis of that day. Himself a philosopher, a student of men, and an honest man, he wrote of them as they seemed to him, and honored them as the world has ever done, for their bold daring, hard common sense, and bluff independence. Praise enough.

It is true that Thoreau drew a long bow, and swept a wide field in his comparisons not always flattering to sectional vanity. But his was a wide culture, a liberal spirit, and an independent nature. *Cape Cod Folks* can scarcely complain with a good grace of methods of speech that require broad latitudes.

Of all literary work, local history is ungrateful in its best conditions. If single-handed and doubtfully environed, the odds magnify. It is, however, pleasant to acknowledge much encouragement and many courteous attentions in this arduous work.

I am under obligations to Mr. Josiah Paine of Harwich, for papers and cheerful assistance. To Rev. Frederic Freeman of Sandwich, and his daughter Miss Isabella, for friendly offices. To Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for a kind letter; to Charles Deane, LL.D., Secretary of the same Society, for many favors. To the officers of the Boston Public Library, Athæneum, and the New England Historic and Genealogical Society, for invariable politeness and accommodation. To William B. Merrill Esq., of Boston, Walter T. Avery Esq., of New York, and Benjamin Lombard Jr., of Galesburg, Ill., for timely encouragement. To Freeman S. Atkins, of Charlestown, for Army and Navy papers. To Captain Jeremiah Paine, of Brooklyn, N. Y., for legendary lore. To. William S. Allen, A. M., Librarian of the New England Methodist and Historical Society, and Rev. J. B. Hengely, of Bridgewater, for papers. To George H. Clark, town clerk of Eastham, for attentions. To Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of the People's Church, Rev. C. N. Smith of Ipswich, and J. H. Davis, Superintendent of Public Schools of Somerville, for letters. Also to the following of Truro: To Rev. Dr. Noble, for use of church records, letters, and encouragement in my work; S. C. Paine, the former town clerk, and John B. Dyer, his accommodating successor, for access to town records, the venerable Jesse Collins, and his sister, Miss Polly, free, fair, and fourscore, and Mrs. Sally (Rich) Paine, for family recollections. To Captain Sears Rich, concerning the meeting-house of 1794, and to Barnabas Paine, a schoolmate and life-long friend, for continued services worthy of his historic name, which an elect lady of Truro thought the handsomest in the English language. Others have rendered me service whose names will appear in the book. To all these and others who have assisted by word or deed, I express my gratitude and thanks.

SHEBNAH RICH.

BOSTON, *April 19. 1883.*

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TRURO---CAPE COD.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Dry Bones. Piles of Stone and Piles of Wood. The Procession. Relevancy. Our Ancestors. The essential Aggregate. Human Society. The true Question. A broken Arch. New and Old. Town Histories. Deserving Merit. Governor Winthrop. Historians. Our Purpose. Lost History. Ina[illegible]ality. De Toqueville. Modern Ideas. The common People. What they did. A[illegible]rage Citizenship. Misfortunes. Education. Alcibiades. Sir Walt[illegible]cott. The Schoolhouse. The College. Fitnesses. Practical Traits. Lord [illegible]n. Physical Geography. Criticism. The Verdict.

WHEN first I began to gather material for this book, it seemed stubborn work, and the little heaps were piled here and there with slow, wearisome steps. And when at last I sat hesitatingly down among the piles of stone, and piles of wood, to sort, and shape, and build, there seemed little beauty or comeliness, with no sign of life. Looking sadly over them, I said: Can these dry bones live? Shall they ever stand stone to stone, and beam to beam, and joint to joint? Shall there ever come to these lifeless clods proportion and harmony, and shall the capstone thereof ever be brought forth with rejoicing? Night after night, and week after week, still the piles of stone and piles of wood remained dark and shapeless.

By and by there came light and spirit. The mute, blind clods spoke with a thousand tongues, and looked out from kindred eyes. Henceforth they became my friends. I sat down no more silent and alone. As one by one these pages have been slowly gathered, one by one, and in little groups, these friends have also been gathered. I have found them

delightful companions. Always the same: they have no new or changed faces. Our acquaintance has ripened into tender relationship and unchanging friendship that has repaid many-fold all my toil.

To these well-tried friends, true as steel in sunshine and shadow, whose confidence I have shared, and whose experience I have treasured, with whom I have walked familiarly to and fro and up and down the earth, I would introduce my readers. Coming from the four quarters, with strange garb and stranger speech, you will find them a motley group. But the painted war-chiefs of the wilderness, the scholarly Tyndale and the reformers, the bigoted Mary, the martyr saints, the grim soldiers and lord-bishops of Elizabeth, the stern Puritan, the iron-faced, ancient mariner, the Pilgrim band, and the settlers at Eastham and Truro, will quietly sit side by side, and tell the moral of their lives.

I anticipate your inquiry of the relevancy of all this connecting history, and of the persons and places named, to this Old Colony town on the Cape. It is broadly open to criticism, we must confess, but friends whom we esteem wiser than ourselves have advised it could not well be spared. To know all that can be known of our ancestors is surely not a vain thing.

Hammerton says: "All intellectual and educated people must always take a great interest in tradition, and have a sentiment of respect for it." In the light of both tradition and history, I have faithfully sought for a better understanding of our ancestors.

That history gathers her most useful lessons and great moral forces from distinguished names and events is perhaps a conceit of our education. They belong to the world, as the great promontories and mountains around which the clouds gather and lightnings play; but the essential aggregate of wisdom and goodness is unconscious history; that, like the quiet flow of the rivers through the valleys, gives seed-time and harvest

Says a writer in a late review: "A minute history of a town or a county for showing the progress of human society

would be quite as important as the history of an empire." The editor remarks: "We not only agree with our correspondent, but we go much farther. It is to the beginning of things we must look, or we can arrive at no satisfactory end."

It was among old Governor Winthrop's sayings, that a family is a little commonwealth, and a commonwealth is a great family. We may not find public transactions of startling importance, or brilliant historical events to repeat; but the history of every community, however narrow, or however described, is of interest; and the men and women who shaped and launched the new creation, deserve notice.

It is important, then, not only to know who our ancestors were, from whence they came, what they did among these hills and shores, but to know of their birth and home life; under what social and political fostering they had their growth; why they came to this land; how they came; and with what advantages. To know how they estimated the importance of civil and religious liberty, the necessity of education and morals, we must know how they were related to the age in which they lived. The question is by no means whether they were broad or narrow, tolerant or intolerant, perfect or faulty; but whether they rose above the narrow, intolerant, faulty age in which they lived, and left the world better for their noble virtues, heroic courage, and democratic experiment.

> Still the burden of his song
> Is love of right, disdain of wrong;
> Its master-chords
> Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood;
> Its discords but an interlude
> Between the words.

I claim no ability to exhaust these suggestions At the most, I hope to encourage thought and inquiry.

Joubet observes, "The ancients said our ancestors; we say, our posterity." With our moral and intellectual progress we may build monuments to perpetuate the virtues of our ancestry, handing down their memory to posterity; thereby uniting the past and present, where stood the broken arch of the

ancients. This is Christian; the other was heathen. With the faults of our ancestors we make no issue, but cherish the hope that the progress of letters and sciences has given more liberal construction to truth, under whatever name.

Old and new mean nothing as arbitrary terms, and are subject to neither veneration or respect only as they represent principles or progress to make the world better.

Undoubtedly there is a growing taste in the popular mind to know more of the history and traditions of our fathers. The rapid increase of genealogical, antiquarian, historical, and archæological societies, and the popular favor of town and family histories, is abundant proof of this fact. Men and women of ability and learning are devoting themselves to this work; and large amounts of money from public and private sources are freely applied in its behalf. This growth is not ephemeral or capricious; it is not a fashion, but the healthy, legitimate outgrowth of liberal education, and a catholic spirit creditable to our country and age.

Says a late leading journal: "There is an accumulating passion for histories which promises to enrich the common life of the country."

The town of Truro has been settled at least two hundred years, and as a part of Eastham, since 1646. She has nourished and brought up more than ten thousand men and women who have made homes in the lengths and breadths of the land. She has fulfilled all the functions and privileges of a corporate and municipal town. She has been enterprising, loyal, and patriotic, under misfortunes and calamities unparalleled probably in the history of the State.

In 1796 Rev. Dr. Freeman of King's Chapel, a native of Truro, and for many years Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, wrote a short sketch of the town, which was published by the Society to which we shall refer. In 1861, Rev. Frederick Freeman, of Sandwich, published in two volumes a history of Cape Cod, and of the thirteen towns. This able and valuable work is a standard history of the Cape. Truro received a liberal share of attention, highly creditable to the author and the town.

This is all that has been written, and comparatively little of the two hundred years could be touched only in a general manner. To unite the scattered records now growing dim, to gather the unrecorded history and tradition from a generation rapidly pressing to their graves, has been my purpose in these pages.

In the early ages the old bards extolled their heroes, till, ceasing to be men, they became gods and demi-gods. In the Middle Ages the wandering troubadour sang the valorous deeds of their fathers —

> And Yarrow, as he flowed along,
> Bore burden of the minstrel song.

In our day we turn to the record. Tradition or history, whether fact or myth, if not recorded, is soon locked in the grave. Neither bard nor troubadour repeat the story. Facts stranger than fiction, and heroic deeds, and chivalrous manhood, and brave women have passed away.

For reasons that possibly may appear as we proceed with our history, marked individuality and intense personality were prominent traits with the Cape people. The trend of mind flowed and quickened in these channels. There were men and women in every neighborhood who thought, and talked, and acted for themselves. Without a model, and without a master, unaffectedly and unconsciously, they were really strong characters. Shakespeare could have here found a moralizing Jacques, or a volatile Mercutio, with ready words in their mouths. For latitude of expression and quaint thought, Hawthorne should have visited Truro. Sometimes he would have found Solomon, and sometimes —

> Rabelais laughing in his easy-chair.

They were wiser than the ancients, and became quoted as authority. Linked with past generations and local history, they were a history in themselves. This peculiar phase and expression of character was not, as may first seem, accidental, but an evident outcome of certain conditions of birth and education.

De Tocqueville, in his *Democracy of America*, says: "Individualism is of democratic origin, and threatens to spread in the same ratio as equality of condition. Aristocracy makes a chain of all the members of the community, from the peasant to the king; democracy breaks that chain, and severs every link of it. As social conditions become more equal, the number of persons increases who, although they are neither rich nor powerful enough to exercise any great influence over their fellows, have nevertheless acquired or retained sufficient education and fortune to satisfy their own wants." Had the French statesman made a study of this people, he could not better have described them.

Fifty years ago, a short sail in the weekly packet, with the traditional "cap'n," set the visitor face to face with the Cape families. They lived happily and contentedly, and very much as had the generation who had preceded them. Here was rest, and peace, and comfort. A luxury, it sometimes may be, not to have the conveniences and modern improvements; not to vibrate by the pendulum of society: to enjoy for a season blunt hospitality, homespun manners, old-fashioned freedom, and a mail once a week. In 1798 Provincetown petitioned the General Court "for a mail to come down the Cape," without specifying whether once a week or once a month. As railroads and other innovations have pushed in, bringing facilities, simplicity, and hearty good cheer, and old-fashioned good breeding, have pushed out, taking oceans of home comforts with them. Great improvements are great vandals to the peace of a quiet country home. The railroad and modern trunk are great levelers. Not a village or hamlet, in the mountains, or by the seashore, that has not been invaded and profaned by fashion and newspapers. Individuality and true independence shrink from commonplace uniformity. Long-cherished provincialisms and long-respected customs have been dethroned. Achilles is sleeping in his tent. In spite, however, of these facts and our prejudices, honesty compels the confession that this wide-awake, eagle-eyed spirit, this newspaper millennium, practically and commercially, has

brought its equivalent in a new life. This I cannot deny; how much the world is the gainer or loser thereby, is not my province to discuss.

While our history is principally the sayings and doings for two hundred years of a small Massachusetts coast-town, we claim it as representing the sterling manhood which has always made the common people the glory and crown of our Commonwealth.

"The great mass of mankind are, and always will be, the plain common people. They live by their daily toil, and are daily covered by the dust of the farm or shop, or the spray of the ocean. They have good common sense, and big warm hearts."

Few of the men of whom we write were known beyond the General Court, the town meeting, and the business callings of life. Neither rich or poor, learned or ignorant, high or low, they were just such men and women as seldom rise or fall to public notice, but patiently strive to be useful in their day and generation.

Inured early to the wholesome discipline of toil, they early assumed the responsibilities of life, and cheerfully bore its burdens. Dutiful children, a support and blessing to their parents, self-sacrificing and faithful to their families, kind and obliging to their neighbors, industrious, enterprising and religious, they were prized in life, sincerely mourned for in death, and left the world better for having been born.

Men of broader influence it would not be difficult to find; but in the direct obligations of society, growing out of home, neighbors, friends, Church, and State, I have yet to find a higher average of model citizenship.

For nearly one hundred and fifty years there were no very important changes in the customs, employments, education, and condition of the people. Many times war checked their enterprise, destroyed their capital, and ruined their business: they as often rallied, multiplied in numbers, and increased in substance.

Many times appalling misfortunes overwhelmed them. The ocean swallowed the young men, and the mourners went

about the streets. But still fathers and sons launched away, braving the elements, and returned laden with ocean spoils. They lived, as the records show, in great peace among themselves; and had there not been a jail in the land, they would have been no better or worse.

Educated in schools they were only to a moderate extent; but according to the theory of a late writer, that "modern education is a beginning of many things, and it is little more than a beginning," they had a good start.

It was the boast of Earl Douglas to St. Bothan, that, —

> Son of mine,
> Save Garwen, ne'er could pen a line.

What shall we say of those other sons of Douglas, ignorant of letters, but describing a broad realm of trained capacities?

Alcibiades only learned his letters, to play on the cithera, and to wrestle. These made up his education. Said Socrates, his teacher, in carefully enumerating these accomplishments: "I also pretty accurately know what thou hast learned; thou wilt tell me if anything has escaped me."

This man is described as one of the most celebrated Athenians of ancient Greece. As living in the most refined and intellectual society, himself mentally and bodily the perfect type of his splendid race. An eloquent and powerful speaker, and a most capable commander by sea and land. On the other hand, as illustrating the boundaries of education, Sir Walter Scott has been spoken of as a half-educated man, because he was not a master of the language of Alcibiades.

These differences, however, are only apparent; they are not the true pole: there is no antagonism. Our tangent makes the false dip. The standard of education is not too high or too broad; the work is higher and broader, and indirectly points to the college of the future.

The schoolhouse does a part, but outside the schoolhouse, be it the academy or the university, multitudes are laying down fresh trophies in the domains of science and discovery.

The men of this community were educated in the school of experience. Their course of study was the practicable and

the possible things of life. This is a school of self-support and self-respect; of individuality; how best to accomplish a given purpose with given means.

This education gives educated faculties and educated judgment, always in demand. To this practical trait of the English mind the world is undoubtedly indebted for the strong guarantees of constitutional rights, civil and political. Lord Bacon seems to suggest this thought in that splendid passage on learning, concluding, "That it will make learned men wise in the use and administration of learning."

Much has been said of the barrenness of Cape Cod. The accidental fact, to an individual or a community, of being cast where the crust of our planet is a few feet or a few inches thick, whether of sand or clay, shingle or shale, should not discriminate unduly to their praise or censure. The laws of physical geography, however, reveal the fact that these accidental causes have an overruling agency in the development of mankind. From certain climate and soil, we may as surely expect a certain crop of men, as of corn or potatoes. Fine soil is not a sure indication of a fine crop of men. The rugged places of the world ever produce a rugged race of men, with strong physical and mental organic forces.

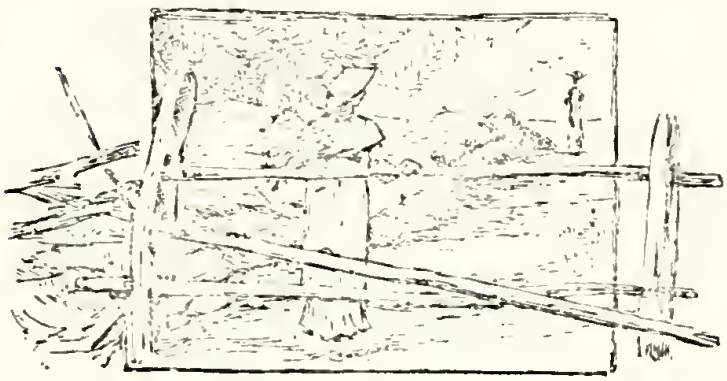
The sandy dunes and strands of Cape Cod are not suggestive of high-standing corn-fields, or rich-rolling meadows. If her crop of men is no better, there need be little said. Strangers and visitors, in describing the nakedness of the land, sometimes indulge their fancy by comparing the poverty of the soil with the homes of the people. They wonder for the hundredth time, what kind of people live in such a sandy place, how they live, and what they do, and why they live there, when there are so many other places in the world? I trust an answer will be found to these questions in the careful perusal of these pages.

That so many generations have lived and reasonably fulfilled the duties and obligations of citizenship, and contributed something to the outside world, disarms all criticism, or changes it to compliment.

It is not my province to magnify their virtues, but to write their history. "The historian should not appear an advocate." If it shall appear that they have run well in the race of life, and are entitled to an honest reward, I shall feel an honest pride in that verdict. But I am not anchored alone to that verdict.

If in these pages the memory of the dead shall be honored; if pleasant memories shall come to those who have fough hard on the field of life, and are resting in serene old age; and if the young shall take new courage for a noble manhood and womanhood, re-consecrating their native soil, then I shall be content. Then we may all say:—

Our land, our land, our fatherland,
O land of precious worth!
There's not a height by breezes fanned,
There's not a dale, there's not a strand
More loved than that that gave us birth,—
Than our dear fatherland.



CHAPTER II.

THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

Elizabeth's Court. National Niche. Greek Mythology. Common Structure. The dumb Nations. Test of Civilization. Nature and Religion. Pliny. Roger Williams. Liquid Language. Courage. Canonicus the Brave. The Challenge. The Pequots. Judge Potter. The Paomets. Cape Tribes. Nine Kings. A lusty Pamet. Capt. Standish and Winterwemet. Capt. Richard Bourne. Praying Indians. The simple League. The young "Injuns" Indian Trinity. Indian Nobility. Indian Poetry. Indian Pictures. Indian Graves.

WHEN Queen Elizabeth's court was most brilliant with the learning and splendor of Europe, a white foot had scarcely pressed these shores. Contemporary with this grand English age, a strange, wonderful, and almost unknown race were living where now stand the queenly cities and towns of America. From the savage barbarism of the American Indian to our present enlightenment, a greater contrast has never existed. The Indian has become a prominent figure in American history.

Not a small portion of our great libraries are devoted to their mysterious origin, and their rightful place in the scale of nations. While they approximate almost every ancient nation, they touch none. Some of the Western tribes had a tradition of great warriors or braves sleeping in the great mounds; as the Greeks kept alive for centuries, where murdered Agamemnon had been entombed. The burial customs and ceremonies of some of the tribes are almost identical with the Greek. They have stories exactly corresponding with Hercules going down to the dark realms of Pluto and forcing the gods to release Theseus; but the Indian Pluto had a war-club instead of Cer-

berus. The doctrine of transmigration of souls agrees with Pythagoras', brought over to Greece from the priests of Thebes.

They had traditions, or broken relations, of one who walked on the sea and wrought mighty miracles, plainly indicating some knowledge of Christ the Lord. In some respects they resemble the Jews, in some the Hindoo, the Tartar, and the Malay races.

It is an accepted principle that, although there may not be a word in common in the one thousand six hundred and twenty-four dialects among the tribes from the Straits of Magellan to the Arctic Ocean, yet a common structure is analogous to them all; and that this structure is identical with the Tauranian nations of Northern Europe and Asia, as the Lapps, Finns, and Tartars. These all fall into the Malay race, to which the indigenous American is now, I think, generally admitted.

These hyperbolean tribes must have reached Greenland by the west, and America proper by Asia across the Behring's Straits. The Esquimaux tribes in Greenland living in the sterile latitudes from seventy to eighty degrees, have the same physical characteristics as their probable ancestors; while the tall, straight tribes of the continent show as plainly their Tartar extraction. The No American Indian, whatever his original history, is fast fading from the family of man. By a law as fixed as fate, his end is sealed. But they have written themselves imperishably upon our history, and are interwoven in the fabric of our national life. We have wisely adopted many of their proper names, which glide gracefully into and enrich the English tongue. More than half of our States, rivers, great lakes, and grand mountain ranges, will perpetuate their musical language as long as the language endures.

Scholarly antiquarians and archæologists, by heroic sacrifices and consuming labor, have brought to light things of old. The crude hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs, and the long-buried cities of Pompeii and Mycenæ have found a tongue, but the Indian remains dumb as the everlasting hills. The history of men who piled the great earth-mounds of the West, who built the subterranean cities of Central America ere Rome

was founded, and offered thousands of human beings at a single sacrifice in the great temples of the Sun, before Abel brought the firstlings of his flock, who shall tell?

The Indians never possessed the art of bread-making. Food and clothing are a standard of civilization. The only animal that cooks his food and wears clothing, is man. When we find a man that does not cook his food and wear clothing, we say he is a savage or a barbarian.

As the wants of mankind are developed by artificial appliances, so he rises in the scale of civilization. This is education. This development brings more definite conceptions of the future life, and opens up a wider field of speculation, but does not increase worshipful faculties. Religious belief and religious worship in some form, is the normal and universal outflow of human nature. No nation or people has been discovered so rude or degraded as to reject a God, or gods, and a spirit world, with existence in some conditions.

That this spontaneous belief, this out-reaching of humanity towards the spiritual, is a proof, or an argument of the fact, seems analagous. Nature is neither niggard or prodigal of her resources.

She decks herself in lovely and varied tints to please the eye, exhales sweet fragrance to please the sense, and creates harmony to please the ear; and because there is an eye, a sense of smell, and an ear to be pleased.

She has created in the mother love toward her offspring. If there be a failure of these instinctive duties, we say, a monster! because love is God-given. Man has been created with a nature grasping for God and immortality. If he dies like a beast, goes out like the snuff of a candle, then natural law is a mockery and a lie. Then "lo the poor Indian," who—

Sees God in trees, and hears him in the wind,

had been badly cheated before the Pale Faces crossed the great waters. For want of this faith, or rather because rejected, the heathen Pliny exclaimed, "Man's nature is a lie!"

Roger Williams spent a generation among the Indians. As a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, he sought their spiritual and temporal good.

He says: "I believe they are lost;" but as an apology for his theology, his great heart of Christian charity reveals the moral grandeur of Roger Williams as he concludes the sentence: "and yet I hope, in the Lord's holy season, some of the wildest of them shall be found to share in the blood of the Son of God. I know not with how little knowledge and grace of Christ the Lord may save, and therefore will neither despair nor report much."

This sentiment was two hundred years in advance of his age. The Poet-laureate revives the same chord: —

> Oh! yet we trust that somehow, good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

The Indian language is no less a puzzle than their origin. Instead of crude monosyllabic sounds, they have long, rythmic words, exuberant with poetic imagery. Their proper names, and their relentless wars and courage, would make a tragic poem.

Massassoit and Canonicus, Tecumseh and Pocohontas, sound as heroic as Homer, Achilles and Ulysses, Hector and Helen; while Ohio and Alabama, Saratoga and Monongahela, are no less liquid than Argos and Attica, Olympus and Mycenæ. The Indian could count hundreds of miles between his battle-fields, where the Greeks could count leagues.

In courage, the world has never seen a higher order. "I like it well that I shall die before my heart grows soft, or that I shall have said anything unworthy of myself," said the brave Canonicus, spurning the offer of liberty if he would betray his tribe.

The brightest pages of Grecian or Roman history narrate nothing more heroic or grand. It was the same chief who sent Miles Standish a bundle of arrows tied with a snake-skin. The doughty captain, not to be outdone by a savage,

kept the arrows, but returned the snake-skin stuffed with powder and shot.

"Your governor is only a subject of King Charles; I shall treat only with the king, my brother. When Charles of England comes I am ready," was King Philip's reply to the governor's messenger.

The cruelty of the Indians was for real or imaginary

RETURNING THE SNAKE-SKIN.

wrongs. It was their boast that they scalped only their enemies. History regards the Pequots as the most bloodthirsty tribe in New England; but as fair a man as Governor Winthrop said, "The Pequots had done Massachusetts no harm." Judge Potter charges the English with being responsible for the Pequot War. But the judge fans his indignation on the Puritans, to better defend the Quakers whom history has nobly honored.

Comparatively little is known about the Pamets; but it

becomes our history not to pass unnoticed the original inheritors of our homes. They lived in the same sunny valleys; the smoke of their wigwams curled in the same sky; they drank from the same springs; they planted their corn, beans and pumpkins in the same fields, fished in the same waters, and were buried in the same mother earth. It is doubtful if they were ever as populous in the country as has been generally believed. The Indians knew nothing of calculating numbers. They discoursed in figurative language, and were inclined to cultivate the wonderful. A few score of warriors were more than the leaves of the forest or the fish in the sea.

It is not possible to make a complete connection of the Cape tribes with the Wampanoags or Pawkunnawkutts, which embraced them, and of whom Massassoit was king. History is conflicting touching the jurisdiction and authority of the great sachem, and exceedingly vague as to the fealty of the petty chiefs.

Comparing the best authority, I believe the Cape tribes, and those of the Vineyard Islands, were nearly independent, as they were generally harmonious and in sympathy on all important interests. It is well known that they refused to fight with King Philip, and were faithful allies of the English during that terrible war, although Massassoit, his father, claimed to own all of Cape Cod.

Gookin says, "This Pawkunnawkutts were a potent nation in former times, and could raise, as the most creditable and ancient Indian affirms, about three thousand men."

Great numbers of them perished by a fearful epidemic, or an "unwanted plague," a few years before the Pilgrims came. In Plymouth and vicinity all had died, thus leaving their lands ready for the new planters. This was accepted as a divine interference. In King James' Charter, November 3, 1626, he refers to this mortality: "Also that we have been further given certainly to know, that within these late years, there hath by God's visitation reigned a wonderful plague."

The principal Cape tribes were the Cammaquids, Nausets and Pamets, or Payomets. Iyeanough was the courtly, gen-

erous, but unfortunate sachem of the Cammaquids. For him was named the beautiful village of Hyannis, sitting like a gem on the southern coast of the Cape.

The Nausets, a quite powerful people with Aspenet as chief, occupied Eastham and the neighboring towns. It is to be regretted that a name so significant should have been laid aside for Eastham, and again neglected to patronize the French Court, when Orleans was incorporated. The late David Snow honored one of his largest ships with this name, and a majestic figurehead of the proud chieftain, which she bore to all climes.

The Payomets owned all north of the Nausets. They were a considerable tribe, and the first of whom we have a historical record. That they were greatly reduced when the Pilgrims landed, is evidenced by the deserted wigwams and numerous graves which they found.

Some years after this time Mr. Gookin writes: "The next tribe of importance were the Pamets, whose possessions were the Cape, below Nauset, with their principal settlements at Pamet and Meshaum.

The first landing of Gosnold was on Cape Cod, in 1602, and must from his description have been among the Pamets. "When a young Indian with plates of copper hanging in his ears, and with a bow and arrow in his hand, came to him in a friendly manner, offered his services—." This is the first notice that I have found of any writer of a Cape Indian, and it is worthy of notice that he came in a friendly manner.

Captain John Smith coasted the Cape, and often landed there before the great pestilence. He says, "On the Cape doth inhabit the people of Pawmet."

Mr. Winslow, in narrating an excursion by Captain Standish to the Cape after corn in March, 1621, says: "There was a lusty Indian of Pawmet, or Cape Cod, there present, who had ever demeaned himself well towards us, being in his general carriage very affable, courteous, and loving, especially towards the captain.

"This savage was now entered into confederacy with the rest, yet to avoid suspicion, made many signs of his continued

affections, and would needs bestow a kettle of some six or eight gallons on him, and would not accept of anything in lieu thereof, saying he was rich, and could afford to bestow such favors on his friends whom he loved." The Indian of Pawmet accompanied Captain Standish to Plymouth, and was importunate that the captain should take the first opportunity of a fair wind to go with him, but the governor caused Captain Standish to send him away without any distate.

This "confederacy" mentioned by Mr. Winslow was understood by the fiery captain and the Pilgrims — whether with or without cause has been often discussed — to be between the Massachusetts, represented by Winterwemet, "a notable, insulting villain," and the Cape tribes, of whom the lusty Pawmet was a party, to kill Captain Standish and his little company. While it became the English to be ever on the alert, they sometimes, doubtless, were over suspicious. History has held Standish responsible for the slaughter of Winterwemet.

It is a matter of history that the Cape Indians were more friendly to the English, more humane and more easily converted to Christianity, than any other nation.

Undoubtedly, one of the nine kings who signed the treaty declaring themselves the loyal subjects of King James, mentioned by Mr. Winslow, was sachem of the Pamets. Which of them it seems impossible to determine. Robert Cushman confirms this opinion when he writes, and Massassoit says, "Both he and many kings that are under him, acknowledge the king's majesty of England, as Pamet, Nauset, Cummaquid, Narrowhigginsett, (Narragansett)," etc., giving relative importance to Pamet. Captain Richard Bourne, the faithful missionary of the Praying Indians on the Cape, writes in 1674 :

"Pamet, Billingsgate and Nauset have two hundred and sixty-four Christianized Indians. That Pamet, since the death of Potanumatack, a prudent, sober man, and much lamented, is now destitute of a teacher."

Mr. Bourne procured for the Indians, at the court in Plymouth, the establishment of Courts of Justice, and appointed

Pampumnunacke, Keekomset, Watanamatuckes, Nanquidunmacks, Kanoomis, and Mocuist, residents of different localities. The court ordered "that what homage accustomed legally due to any superior sachem be not infringed."

Up to 1700, the Indian population were in considerable numbers. In 1674, Mr. Bourne reported seventy-two praying Indians at Pamet, most of whom had learned to read; and it is noticeable that two of the Indians wrote their names on the agreement with the proprietors of drift fish.

The aborigines were not naturally inclined, like the negro race, to be religious. It is reasonable that not half of their number were good enough, or willing to be called "Praying Indians."

An approximate calculation would give not far from two hundred Indians at Pamet at this time. In 1671 the Indians of the Cape were requested "to engage themselves to fidelity." The first who signified a willingness to this engagement, were the Pamets, signed by Mr. John, and Quaguaguausuke of Paomet, April 10,——

The genuine Wampanoags (Pokonokets) had, like the Narragansetts, resisted all attempts to convert them to Christianity, although under Massassoit and Alexander his son, they had kept in good faith the simple league of 1621, with the Pilgrims. Philip allowed "The Praying Indians were subjects, but he and his people were not subjects."

After the permanent settlement on the Cape by the English, and the disposal of their lands, the Indians dwindled rapidly away. Heman Doane, of Eastham, affirms that in 1763 there were but five Indians in that town.

In 1792, Rev. Mr. Damon wrote to the Massachusetts Historical Society, that there was but one Indian family living in Truro. I have been told by a lady now living in that town, that she has often heard her grandmother, a daughter or granddaughter of Dr. William Dyer, say, that when a girl, there were as many Indian boys and girls as white; that they used to go to school and play together; and "that sometimes the little Injuns tried to crow over them."

In 1716 Massachusetts contained ninety-four thousand white inhabitants, two thousand slaves, one thousand two hundred Indians professing Christianity and tilling the land in peace. It will be seen that the result of the first one hundred years of all the settlements in Massachusetts, was less than one thousand a year. During the same time the decrease of the Indians could scarcely have been less.

The loss of life by fire, by flood, by pestilence, by famine, by Indian wars, the suffering, the ventures, the immense losses, are a part of the price paid for our inheritance.

We have referred to the mortality of the native race, thereby leaving their lands to the undisturbed possession of the Pilgrims, which they afterwards purchased of Massassoit.

Another circumstance as clearly providential as any event in history, and without which we cannot see how the Pilgrims could have survived, was the friendship of Samoset, Squanto, and Massassoit. As subjects of rare historical interest, honesty and nobility of character, they are an honor to their race, and worthy a niche in the temple of fame. From savage tribes, thinned by pestilence, and basely betrayed by the white men, came these three men from different channels, and differing widely in offices, yet with a unity of purpose to serve the Englishman in his weakness and necessity. According to the white man's purposes and provocations, he should have expected deadly foes. Why they were not foes instead of friends, is not in the limits of human calculation. Had the Pilgrim experiment failed, in all probability no effort would have been again made for a hundred years. The result of the kindness of these three Indians cannot be calculated — Samoset, Squanto and Massassoit! a trinity to redeem the savage taint and share the gratitude of the world. "When shall we three meet again?"

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, health and strength are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There we three shall meet again.

The foregoing verse is from the well-known and once very popular hymn beginning with the first line of the witch of Macbeth. It is said to have been composed by three Indians at the planting of a memorial piece, on leaving Dartmouth College, when they had received a Christian education.

IN MEMORY OF THE INDIAN RACE.

I have seen a picture of a majestic river flowing through a valley of marvellous natural beauty. The magic hand of civilization had touched its teeming resources. On the bank of the river in the distance, are seen the spires, and towers, and domes of a thriving city. Its busy industries are indicated by scores of tall chimneys. Nearer, a massive bridge with broad, high arches, spans the river. A long train of cars just emerging from a tunnel, is rushing over the bridge. Nearer still, steamboats are dashing on toward the busy town. In the immediate foreground, on the edge of a forest, a settler has built a cabin, and made a clearing. On a high bluff overlooking the whole valley, stands a little group of Indians. With unstrung bow, and quiver full of arrows, they look helplessly and hopelessly upon the magnificent picture, and point sadly to the sites of their wigwams and to the graves of their fathers.

This picture is the history of the Indian race in North America.

CHAPTER III.

ENGLISH ADVENTURES AND THE RISE OF THE PILGRIMS.

Cape Cod and Cornwall. The Golden Age. English Sailors. Hudson. A Mermaid. Sir Francis Drake. Bart Gosnold. Cape Cod named. Benjamin Drew's Poem. The Ancient Mariner's Log. Repeated Failures. American Fisheries. The Condition of Europe. Who were the Pilgrims? How they came to think so. Buxton. Victor Hugo. The Human Mind. The Roman Yoke. Green. Social life in England. The Bible. The Love of moral Beauty. The Puritan Mind. Independency. The Covenant. The Puritan Character. The Westminster Declaration. The Pilgrims or Separatists. Their Union and Covenant. Persecution. Removal. In Holland. Emigration. The Mayflower. Sight of Land. Cape Cod. Mourt's Relation. Bradford's Description. Poop of the Mayflower. The first Landing. De Costa. American Sahara. The Compact. A Historic Picture. Various Opinions. The Weight of Testimony. The Mayflower and Plymouth Rock.

"FROM Land's End to Johnny O'Rouk's house" is as old, but less fabulous, than King Arthur and his Round Table. Take your atlas — Johnson's, if you have it — and turn to the map of England. At the extreme southwest, jutting out into the ocean like Cape Cod, nearly surrounded by water on all its irregular sides, is the county of Cornwall. In shape it has been compared to a Wellington boot, but the general configuration is not altogether unlike Cape Cod. With a little imagination, Land's End with the Longships Lighthouse and Lizard Head, both well known to sailors the world over, may compare with the Highlands and Race Point.

The Scilly Isles may match the Vineyard Islands, and the celebrated Eddystone, blazing out in the English Channel, not inaptly supplies Minot's Light. To help our

comparison, during spring tides the ocean has threatened to sweep across the low-lying lands between St. Ives and Mounts Bay, making an island just as the Atlantic has threatened to cut off the lower part of the Cape.

The parallel holds remarkably good also in the employment, habits, customs, and peculiar phraseology of the people; but here it ends. Instead of sandy shores, Cornwall presents a precipitous, iron-bound coast, its highest granite point rising to one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight feet. Huge rocks tossed and balanced upon each other like icebergs in the arctic regions. The stubborn granite, the gray syenite and the motley serpentine are splintered and battered by a thousand fierce storms.

Here, and in the adjoining counties of Devon and Dorset, are a score of familiar names; as Barnstable, Falmouth, Truro, Kingston, Dartmouth, Yarmouth, Weymouth, Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, etc.; all plainly indicating the old homes of our ancestors who perpetuated home memories across the ocean. From these places came the great Devonshire seamen of Elizabeth's prosperous reign, the Golden Age, which gave name and fame the world over to England — her great navigators and discoverers! Rainsborough, high in command in the Parliamentary army with Cromwell, had been a "skipper at sea." Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, both born in Devonshire, the sons of one mother, were favorites at the court of Elizabeth. On one she bestowed a grant larger than her own kingdom, and on the other a golden anchor. The queen used to say, "The Cornish gentlemen were all courtiers with a becoming confidence."

Longfellow's ballad revives the memory of Sir Humphrey: —

> Beside the helm he sat,
> The Book was in his hand.
> "Do not fear; Heaven is as near,"
> He said, "by water as by land."

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The sons of the first settlers on the Cape, the small farmers and fishermen, first "skippers at sea," became the first

masters and navigators of our merchant marine, took an active part in our infant navy, and later became merchants in our cities.

In 1609 Captain Henry Hudson claims to have discovered Cape Cod, and anchored at the north end of the headland. His men went on shore and brought off wild grapes and roses. He, being a Dutchman, called it New Holland, by which name it is represented on the old Dutch maps. The extremity, probably Race Point, he called White Point, from the white sand. The abundance of wild roses and grapes still growing among the wooded hills near the beach, well sustain Hudson's report. He also claims that they here discovered a live mermaid, which species are not now often found in our waters. Perhaps Professor Baird, with his powerful electric light, will be able to discover her hibernating with the mackerel and bluefish. Captain Hudson afterwards discovered the noble river that bears his name. Upon the authority of Drake, the historian, the first Englishman that set foot upon the soil of New England was Sir Francis Drake, in 1586, and that it was upon some part of Cape Cod that the great circumnavigator landed. Bancroft also asserts that Cape Cod was the first spot trod by an Englishman.

It has been stated that Captain Bart Gosnold was the first Englishman to tread the shores of Cape Cod; but from the evidence, we think the claim fails. Captain Gosnold sailed from Falmouth, March 26, 1602, in the *Concord of Dartmouth*, and was the first English navigator who shaped a straight course across the ocean. Previously, all vessels made the passage by the way of the Canaries, as did Columbus in 1492. Whatever else did or did not this ancient mariner, everybody is agreed that he named Cape Cod; and so effectually, that blow high or low, cold or hot, thick or thin, fish or no fish, it has hung on like a lamper-eel, from that day to this. Cotton Mather says: "A name, I suppose, it will never lose till the shoals of codfish be seen swimming on the highest hills." And says Robert C. Winthrop: "The homely, but now endeared and honored title of Cape Cod." Captain John Smith named it Cape James, for his king. Another statement is, that

Charles, Prince of Wales, changed the name from Cape Cod to Cape James, in honor of his father. The Stuart name did not stick, though backed up by princely favor, for which we are glad. The French called it Cape Blanco (white), from the white sandhills. Both the French and Dutch called the southern part, from a shipwreck there, Cape Malabarre (Bad-bar). The southern point of Chatham still retains the French name.

Captain Gosnold has left a "relation" of his voyage by the hand of Gabriel Archer, who acted as secretary for the old captain, and wrote up his log. We quote from the relation: "On the fifteenth day of May we had again sight of land, which made ahead, being as we thought an island, by reason of a large sound that opened westward (Cape Cod Bay) between it and the mainland; for coming to the west end thereof, we did perceive a large opening. We called it Shoal Hope. Hope was a Celtic word then considerably in use, meaning an inclined plane between ridges or hills, in more common use, broken hills, which to Gosnold, lying in fifteen fathoms, with Cape Cod Bay open, would have been a perfect description. Near this cape we came to anchor in fifteen fathoms, where we took great store of codfish, for which we altered the name and called it Cape Cod." As appropriate to this connection and as part of our history, I need not apologize for here introducing so much of Benjamin Drew's sprightly poem, read at the inauguration of the Cape Cod Association in Boston, as refers to the above christening: —

There sailed an ancient mariner,
  Bart Gosnold was he high —
The Cape was all a wilderness
  When Gosnold hove in sight.

He saw canoes and wigwams rude,
  By ruder builders made,
Squaws pounded samp about the door,
  And dark pappooses played.

The hills were bold and fair to view,
  And covered o'er with trees,
Said Gosnold: "Bring a fishing-line,
  While lulls the evening breeze.

"I'll christen that there sandy shore
From the first fish I take —
Tautog, or toadfish, cusk or cod,
Horse-mackerel, or hake.

"Hardhead or haddock, sculpin, squid,
Goose-fish, pipe-fish, or cunner —
No matter what — shall with its name
Yon promontory honor."

Old Neptune heard the promise made,
Down dove the water-god —
He drove the meaner fish away
And hooked the mammoth cod.

Quick Gosnold hauled. "Cape-Cape-Cape-Cod!"
"Cape Cod," the crew cried louder;
"Here, steward! take the fish along,
And give the boys a chowder."

He afterwards landed, giving a description which agrees with all the first visitors who landed on the lower part of the Cape. Vast sums of money, much warfare, and multiplied attempts had been made to effect permanent settlements in connection with the development of the fisheries, the christianization of the nations, and the ambition of adventure.

Sir Ferdinando Gorge with his great wealth and indomitable enterprise, had spent twenty thousand pounds in vain. Two hundred and fifty years ago, one hundred thousand dollars was a large amount of private capital to stake in a single enterprise.

Sir Ferdinando had been an officer in Queen Elizabeth's navy, and was intimately connected with Mason, who settled New Hampshire, and with Sir Walter Raleigh. He was determined to have his name and fame honorably connected with the history of America. Mason spent an equal sum in attempts at permanent settlements at Dover Neck and Piscataqua.

The heroic Sir Walter Raleigh had pushed colonization with his eager enthusiasm. But the wealth and position of Gorge and Mason, the chivalry and genius of Raleigh, could not secure a foothold in the New World. The fickleness of

position, and the ingratitude of republics, is well illustrated in the history of these enterprising noblemen, who not only lost their fortunes, but have scarcely been remembered in this great land.

One hundred and twenty-eight years had passed since the discovery of America by Columbus, one hundred and twenty-four by the Cabots, yet with the exception of the languishing and distracted settlement at Jamestown, not a settlement had been made on the coast of North America.

Holmes remarks, "At the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1603, neither the French, Dutch nor English, nor any other nations excepting the Spanish, had made any permanent settlement in America."

Governor Hutchinson writes, in 1691, "Whether Britain would have had any colonies in America at this day, if religion had not been the great inducement, is doubtful. After repeated attempts had failed, with great loss of money, it seems less probable that any should undertake it."

These few references show the continued failure of the English, French and Dutch, the three great maritime nations of the world, to make successful settlements in New England before the Pilgrims. It should be further shown, that during this time, and many years before, the European nations had been greatly agitated over the fisheries of North America, till four hundred vessels had come annually from Europe to fish on these coasts." As early as 1548, the English fishery on the American coast had become an object of national importance and legislative enactment. The English Parliament passed an act, the first parliamentary act relating to America, prohibiting the exaction of money, fish, or other rewards by any officer of the Admiralty, under any pretext whatever, from the English fishermen and mariners going in the service of the fishery at Newfoundland." England was waking from the sleep of centuries. The dream of the Mediæval Ages was passing away. The human mind was stretching out its arms to gain strength, and opening its eyes to the light. The people had heard the sound, and were

seeking by all means to better their condition; and as is always the case, new wants succeeded new endeavors. Adventure by sea and land had called for a world of handicraft. The axe rang in the old Saxon holdings. Furnaces gleamed along the valleys. The factory hummed with the busy notes of industry. The starving retainer became an artisan. A better civilization calling for improved living started a new life. All this could be traced to commerce, principally among which were the fisheries on the North American coast. Brave men dared the broad ocean and the stormy coasts.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly;
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

Such was the condition of North America, and such the prospect of a successful settlement there, when the little *Mayflower* spread her scant sail on the Atlantic in search of a home for religious freedom.

Leaving this lone speck on the ocean, we return, first, to gather from history some knowledge of the men all unheralded and unknown, who led this seemingly forlorn hope. Second, to present various opinions concerning them. Of the Pilgrims, it is easier to say much than little. Theodore Parker said: "It is easier to praise the fathers of New England; easier to praise them for virtues they did not possess, than to discriminate and fairly judge these remarkable men."

Much the Pilgrims concern our history. Relations so intimate and historic, can scarcely be over-cherished or overwrought in our lives. While we admire their character, revere their history, love their virtues, and honor their memory, we must be just and judge them fairly.

To fairly consider the Pilgrims, we must consider important connections; the slow outcome of many generations. Buxton the English essayist, remarks, "Not only what a man thinks is important, but how he came to think so."

The history of the Pilgrims is pretty well known. But the civil wars and religious revolutions, the persecutions and martrydoms of many hundred years, were the slow fires tempering the English head and heart to the Puritan mind. These we must consider, or we cannot wisely discriminate or fairly judge them. The head and heart did not die.

It is the human mind which was named John Huss, and which did not die on the funeral pile of Constance; which was named Luther, and shook orthodoxy to its centre; which was named Voltaire, and shook faith; which was named Mirabeau, and shook royalty. It is the human mind which, since history began, has transformed societies and governments according to a law progressively acceptable to reason — which has been theocracy, aristocracy, monarchy, and which is to-day democracy. It is the human mind which is the great factor of the generations, and which, in short, has always marched toward the just, the beautiful, and the true, enlightening multitudes, elevating life, raising more and more the head of the people towards right, and the head of the individual towards God. — *Victor Hugo*

Could we carefully follow the multiform meanderings, the mysterious aggregations, and the persistent onflow of the human mind through these centuries of religious chaos, persecution and blood, of

> — Wasting fire and dying groan,
> And priest slain on the altar stone,

we should notice events of most prodigious import slowly unfolding in the world's history: the harbingers of a better civilization.

To trace these steps in the majestic march of conscience and liberty, from the long mediæval night of absolutism to the daydawning of religious enlightenment, would lead through fire and sword, to the dungeon and the stake.

The Roman yoke, both civil and ecclesiastical, was ever galling to the Briton's neck. Here and there, during this night of a thousand years, many helpless hands were raised to Heaven; many protests were shamelessly trampled under foot by Roman imperialism.

The controlling forces that preceded and created the Puritan movement, shook the moral world, and produced a tremendous religious upheaval of the people.

Green says, "It affected the noble and the squire, as much as the shopkeeper and the farmer, the middle and professional man."

Religiously and mentally, the social life of England was blank and sterile. "No history, no romance, no poetry, save the little known verses of Chaucer, existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in the churches." The people flocked to the Bible; they accepted literally, without gainsaying or mental reservation, its teachings and its history. They wrought its phraseology into daily conversation, its morals into daily practice, and its righteousness grew daily in the form and face of the human temple. "England become the people of a book, and that book was the Bible." As the Bible became more and more the study of daily life, the Renaissance passed more and more into the shadowy past, and the love of moral Beauty blossomed more and more in the Puritan life. It produced the unruffled temper, the sterling love of justice, and the noble self-control which distinguished the Puritan gentleman for many generations. It touched the imagination. Shakespeare's brain became the Castalian fountain of Parnassus, from whence sprang forth his mother tongue, crystallized in rubies and emeralds of immortal verse. Milton's genius grasped the wing of faith, and rode resplendent amid the empyrean host, while poor John Bunyan dreamed out in Bedford prison an edition of illustrated theology that has become a companion of the Bible around the Christian world.

The final and tangible conception of religious liberty in the Puritan mind became known throughout the world as Independency. This conception, wrung from kings and prelates, assumed due shape and proportion in the following, which is substantially the constitution of the Congregational Church to-day:

Any congregation of believers freely associating together constitute a separate Church, having the liberty to choose its own pastor, or bishop, appoint their own officers, and perform all the functions of self-government, with an absolute independence of all foreign control, whether ecclesiastical or civil.

The Puritan shaped his character and conscience by the Bible as he understood it, according to his best judgment and endeavor; that he did not understand it otherwise, makes him no better or worse. When the whole truth is told, neither party were harmless. The age was shadowed by grave errors. Bigotry and superstition were creeping up from the darkness of the past. The practical Christ-life was not enthroned. They accepted the law of "an eye for an eye," but neglected the gospel of "But I say unto you, love your enemies." Though they prayed all night, and fasted all day, they had not charity that was kind. The iron mace of intolerance fell shivering the Sermon on the Mount. Of zeal and sacrifice there was no lack, nor of open contempt for innoxious forms.

"One sin committed by a bishop would have been worth more to Puritanism than all the law and the prophets." Neale says, "Both parties made an ill use of the sword of the magistrate for the uniformity of public worship when they could grasp the power in their own hands."

They endorsed and lived the Westminster declaration, that "the first duty of man is to fear God and keep his commandments, to hate the devil and all his works." The devil and all his works meant the Bishops and the Established Church of England.

Old Izaak Walton, in his *Life of Richard Hooker*, refers to an ingenious Italian who, while visiting England, wrote scoffingly to his own country: "That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning Church government.

THE PILGRIMS OR SEPARATISTS.

The Puritan movement had been gaining ground many years, when, in 1602, a few families in and near the borders of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire, a poor people, regarding the rule of bishops as unscriptural, ceremo-

nious, and as relics of idolatry, united together, independently of the Church, in a closer and stronger brotherhood, or churchhood, to secure more religious liberty.

They made a covenant "to shake off kingly oppression and bondage, and be the Lord's free people; to walk in all the ways of the Lord, and do all his will, according to their best judgment and endeavor, cost them what it might." This is the first distinct movement of the Pilgrims, sometimes called the Church of Scrooby. The Rev. John Waddington, of England, says, "The Pilgrim movement, when traced to its various tributary springs so long concealed, will be found richly to repay the utmost amount of care and diligence."

In 1602 they made a Church covenant. Mark the corollary. In 1776, their children, our fathers, made another covenant, called the Declaration of Independence, in which they pledged their lives, fortunes and sacred honors, which was repeating, "Cost them what it might." The covenant was the beginning, the declaration a great step forward in the grand march. We are not of that number who believe the march ended.

As the Lord's free people, they met with their faithful minister till 1606. Being so widely scattered, they now became two distinct churches, for their better convenience. Mr. John Smith became pastor of one, and Mr. John Robinson and Mr. Richard Clifton of the other. Mr. William Brewster, afterwards a Ruling Elder, also belonged to this Church. Being still persecuted, and seeing no prospect for protection, and regarding religion more than home and friends, they determined to flee from their own country. Their flight from England moved the spirit of Milton in their behalf.

The history of the removal of these few score of peaceable and industrious families from England, their betrayals, their arrests, their imprisonments, their trials before arrogant magistrates, their fines, their homeless wanderings, the separation of husbands and wives and children, the abuses and sufferings of delicate women and tender children, is a slander

upon the great Magna Charta. Rev. Mr. Bartlett, an English writer, referring to the same, says:

The trials and persecutions and abuses that befell them in a peaceful attempt to leave their own country for Amsterdam, are a burning shame, and if not a matter of fact, would be regarded impossible. It should be no reproach to the Pilgrims themselves, that living in an age of sectarian animosity, sharpened by bitter persecution, they should have been not altogether untinctured by the narrow spirit around them.

THE LAST MEETING AT PLYMOUTH.

The experience of the Pilgrims in Holland, why they did not remain, their conference with King James, and perseverance in the face of obstacles; their preparations and departure, cannot be repeated in this connection.

Bradford says, referring to their trials, "That the children of the Pilgrims might see what difficulties their fathers wrestled in going through these things in their first beginnings, and how God brought them along, notwithstanding all their weaknesses and infirmities; and they hoped by this settlement, the honor of God, of their king and country would be advanced, without injury to the native inhabitants."

Edward Winslow tells how they parted at Leyden; the feast, and songs, and prayers, and tears. And again at Delft Haven, "and there they feasted us again, and after prayer, performed by our pastor, where a flood of tears were poured out, they accompanied us to the ship, but were not able to speak to one another for the abundance of sorrow to part."

There is in Pilgrim Hall, a picture by Laey, of this last interview. The *Mayflower* sailed alone on the sixth of September from Plymouth.

After a boisterous passage of sixty-three days, on the morning of November 9th, the *Mayflower* made Cape Cod. It was the intention of the Pilgrims to settle south of Cape Cod. By some it is stated they intended to settle on the Hudson; that Robert Coffin, the pilot, was bribed by the Dutch, not to land near their plantation. I have seen no evidence of Coffin's treachery.

The history of the Pilgrims from the time of sighting Cape Cod till after their settlement in Plymouth, is vividly told in *Mourt's Relation*, a reprint of the original journal of William Bradford. "Printed by John Bellamie, and are to be sold at his shop at the two greyhounds, in Cornhill, neere the Royal Exchange, London, 1623."

That part of the journal that covers the thirty-four days' experience on Cape Cod, and the graphic account of the two expeditions of discovery to Truro in search of a settlement can scarcely be too carefully studied.

The *Mayflower* rocks in the harbor's lee,
Within the sandy Race;
The howling winds and angry waves
Have yielded in the chase.

The sight of land was welcome enough to those who looked out from the little ship for the first time, upon the New World. No wonder Bradford says, "They were much comforted, especially seeing so goodly a land, and wooded to the brink of the sea." These bold heights crowned with forests to their banks, were in strong contrast with the bold chalk-cliffs of England, and the flat shores of Holland.

As they made their course south-southwest, to run down the Cape, they were evidently not far off from the Highland which Bart Gosnold described, eighteen years before, as "a mighty headland."

The night wind proving contrary, their vessel partially disabled by beating so late about the Atlantic, their passengers and crew worn out with anxiety and privations, they put back, and the next morning, the eleventh of November, 1620, anchored in "the Bay of Cape Cod." (Provincetown Harbor.)

Bradford describes Cape Cod as "a good harbor and pleasant bay, circled round, except at the entrance, which is about four miles over from land to land, compassed about from sea to sea with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras and other sweet woods; it is a harbor where a thousand ships may safely ride. There we relieved ourselves with wood and water and refreshed our people while our shallop was fitting to coast the bay in search of an habitation. There was the greatest store of fowl we ever saw. And every day we saw whole flocks playing hard by us, of which in that place, if we had instruments and means to take them, we might have made a very rich return which to our great grief we wanted.

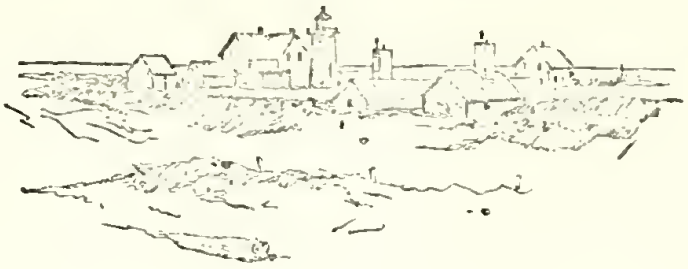
"Our master and his mate, and others experienced in fishing, professed we might have made three or four thousand pounds worth of oil. For cod we assayed, but found none: there is good store, no doubt, in their season. The bay is so round and circling, that before we could come to anchor we went round all the points of the compass."

THE MAYFLOWER ENTERING CAPE COD HARBOR.

As the *Mayflower* approaches the welcome harbor, and is swinging around all these points of the compass, watched by anxious, eager eyes, step with Bradford upon the high poop deck, and behold Cape Cod of 1620.

Having rounded Race Point, then as now mingling sky,

beach and ocean, a bend in the coast, wooded to the water-line, offers a sheltering cover. Stretching again seaward a long arm studded thick with trees is reached. The shore now changes from south-southeast eight points to east-northeast. Following this low shore several miles to a sharp



RACE POINT. 1878.

sandy point, the great harbor of Cape Cod, its quiet waters picturing a perfect haven of rest and safety, opens full to view.

The sheltering cove we passed is now known as Herring Cove; the long arm seaward is Wood End, and the sharp sand point is Long Point.

Two hundred and fifty years has graced these three points with lighthouses, and some few dismantled earthworks tell of defenses; but every tree and shrub and fleck of soil and spear of grass, has long since disappeared, leaving nothing but white sand and scattering tufts of struggling beach grass. Alarac and his northern hosts could not more effectively have stamped out every blade of grass.

As the *Mayflower* heads toward the harbor, you behold steep banks, oak, pine and cypress crowning all the heights. Following the circling shore eastward, the banks break, and recede, terminating in high irregular hills clad in sombre pine. Still following the shore across a low beach, a well-wooded headland covered with an unbroken forest, stretches to the south far as the eye can reach. The headland, well-rounded, is High Head; the unbroken forests then so commanding in the eyes of the Pilgrims, are now the bare table-lands of Truro.

Beneath my shade, the red man slipping,
Himself a shadow, stole away:
A paler shadow follows him!

The irregular hills are now the northern limits of Truro, and to-day form the most perfect sahara in the world.

The Rev. B. F. DeCosta writes:

This neck is from three to four miles in length, and of great elevation, being composed of pure white sand. Seventy years ago it was studded with stumps of trees which had been choked by the upward march of the drift, but every vestige of these long since disappeared. This elongated hill forms one of the most impressive objects in nature. Viewed at early dawn, when the fog from the Atlantic purpling in the rising sun, bathes the vast sand-drift in a soft amethystine light, the sight is one capable of exciting the deepest admiration. Such must be this sight to all impressible minds, whether viewed in the purpling light of morning, in the bright effulgence of the sun's meridian splendor, or at evening, when the naked waste gloams fitfully in the weird supernatural twilight. Then the solitary and belated tourist, as the solemn voice of the surf salutes his ear, will start; and as the dim forms darkle around him, the air seems to grow thick and tangible, and he becomes half-conscious of the presence of some great all-pervading spirit.

That first day on board the *Mayflower* in Cape Cod harbor, preparatory to landing, they set their hands to the following agreement:

In the name of God, Amen. We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, Ireland, King, defender of the faith, etc.

Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furthermore of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony: unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names. Cape Cod, eleventh of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign Lord King James of England, France and Ireland 18, and of Scotland 54, Anno Domini, 1620.

They had no thought of storied fame;
They only watched with hearts aflame
For the call of duty when it came.

Here follow forty-one names, which with their wives, children and servants make the one hundred. Distinct from the crew, there were a few other servants that did not sign the paper. Our old text-books used to say one hundred and one embarked. William Butten, the servant of Samuel Fuller, died on the passage.

It is an evidence of national significance, and popular enthronement, that the signing of this instrument on board the crippled little bark as she lay riding at anchor like a lone bird painted against a winter's sky, has been seized by the artist and produced in the Nation's Capitol as a grand historic subject.

The signing of the compact was on the same day of anchoring, before a landing was made. They then chose Mr. John Carver Governor. "Here they fell down upon their knees, and blessed the Lord the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and perilous ocean."

It is true they had safely crossed the ocean, but no home welcomed them to its comforts, no friends offered kind greeting. They were strangers and pilgrims indeed. Home and friends were cut off by three thousand miles of wintry ocean. A desolate wilderness, savage tribes and a bleak winter, with sickness, and discomforts, and dangers on every side, greeted them.

Here then was planted the seed of government by the people, and since that November day of 1620, civil and religious liberty has been a mighty force in balancing and harmonizing Church and State.

In the whole period from the sixth to the tenth century, there were not in the whole of Europe, more than three or four men who dared to think for themselves, and even they were obliged to veil their meaning in obscure and mystical language.— *Buckle.*

Here were more than twoscore men publishing to the universe in language neither obscure nor mystical, a new principle in human government.

Here for the first time in the world's history the philosophical fiction of a social compact was realized in practice.— *Dr. Alexander Young*

This brief, comprehensive, and simple instrument established a most important principle, which is the foundation of all the democratic institutions in America, and is the basis of the Republic.— *Baylies.*

The great battle was fought for no single generation, for no single land. The destinies of the human race were staked on the same cast, with the freedom of the English people. There were first proclaimed those mighty principles which have since worked their way into the depths of the American forests, which have roused Greece from the slavery and degradation of two thousand years, and which from one end of Europe to the other, have kindled an unquenchable fire in the hearts of the oppressed, and loosed the knees of the oppressors with an unwonted fear. —*Macaulay.*

Of the many heroic emigrations from our Island Home, which have covered the face of the world with powerful colonies, and carried our language and literature to the remotest bounds of the earth, no one is perhaps more singular and even romantic than that of a band of sectarians driven forth in the reign of James First, on whom the veneration of the American posterity has bestowed the title of

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

They came of an excellent stock; the soundest if not the noblest of English blood flowed in their veins. Their leaders were men of conduct and education.— *Bartlett.*

All idea of wealth or pleasure was out of the question. The greater part viewed the emigration as taking up the cross and founding their hopes of wealth to the gifts of the spirit, and their ambition to the desire of a kingdom beyond the grave. A set of men more conscientious in their doings, or simpler in their homes never founded commonwealth.—*Lord Brougham.*

An act that has rendered Cape Cod more memorable than Runymede and the cabin of the *Mayflower* the proudest hall of ancient charter or modern constitution.—*R. C. Winthrop.*

Most of the Pilgrims had received a good education. Many of them were familiar with Latin and Greek, and as classical scholars, had few rivals even in modern times. When King James said "he would harry the Puritans out of the land, or else do worse," and Archbishop Laud with his Court of High Commissioners, drove the dissenting ministers from their pulpits, they transferred a share of the learning and piety of England to the wilderness of New England; but it was God's way of making that wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

The Pilgrims were not prophets, only as consecrated

Christians with great spiritual and natural gifts and graces and grand faith and heroic courage are always prophets.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
Then man replies, "I can."

From sublime heights they gaze down the valley, and their sun gilds the coming centuries. Speculatively, it has been said they built better than they knew. Given advanced, conscientious convictions, high-spirited daring, zeal, faith, and patience, with education and deep experience, what should be the outcome? The Pilgrims' character has suffered from indiscriminate praise and censure. For this reason we have studiously sought to present their history from no partisan standpoint. While an unprejudiced study of their lives has revealed men with human frailties, and the faults of their age, yet making the most of their faults and infirmities, judged to-day by their merits, they stand preëminently among the good and great of earth. Genius and learning, poetry and art, the pulpit and the platform, have yielded their choicest gifts, till the *Mayflower* and the Rock of Plymouth are radiant and immortal.

These self-exiled men, for conscience' sake, were our forefathers. How, more than border slogan or blast of bugle-horn, that word has stirred our hearts from boyhood! If we have been prone to magnify their virtues and exalt their heroism through the prejudices of early education, there we stand for judgment, because they were our fathers.

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit seas' august way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
Wouldst thou be as these are? live as they

—*Matthew Arnold.*

CHAPTER IV.

THE PILGRIMS IN TRURO.

The first Boat. Where they landed. Description. Travellers' Veracity. Criticism. American Forests. New England Plantation. Mr. Higginson of Salem. Old England. The Shallop. Captain Miles Standish. A Tableau. The Rendezvous. East Harbor. First Water in America. 1620–1878. The Signal. On to the "Supposed River." The Pond. The cleared Land, or Indian Cornfields. Great Hollow. The first Indian Grave. Strawberries. Cornhill. The Coast Survey. The first Indian Corn. Corn vs Grapes. Anglo-Saxon Argument. Corn Planting. Captain Dermer. The River. Tom's Hill. Savages. Providence. A Deer-trap. Stephen Hopkins. Second Discovery. Master Jones. Iron Men. Early Graves. Up the River. Lodging under the Pines. The Main Chance and Seed Corn. Pilgrim Pluck. Indian Trails. Arbitrary Lines. Indian Grave. Speculations. Wigwams. Conference. Pro and Con. Truro Water. Robert Coffin. A narrow Escape. Peregrine White. Bereavements. Providential Names. Young Billington. Third Discovery. Freezing Cold. Grampus Bay. The first Encounter. Perilous Voyage. Good News. Webster on Plymouth Rock.

THE first boat that landed contained fifteen or sixteen men. Mr. Bradford complains that they could not come nearer the shore than three quarters of a mile, on account of shoal water, and were obliged to wade in the freezing cold, which caused many to get colds and coughs. Good authority as Drs. Freeman and Young, think that the boat landed on Long Point. I can conceive of no possible importance where the boat landed; but from the description given by Mr. Bradford, and familiarity with the location, I think it reasonably certain they landed at the extreme west of the present town, and explored towards Shang Painter till they saw the ocean on the other side, which they call "the further side of the sea." The great swamp then in front of High Pole Hill, and the steep banks eastward, would not have

encouraged a landing in that direction. This is the description:

> They found it to be a small neck of land; on this side where we lay (in the harbour) is the bay, and the further side (across the land that makes the harbour) the sea; the ground or earth, sand-hills much like the Downes in Holland, but much better; the crust of earth a spits (spade) depth, excellent black earth; all wooded with oaks, pines, sassafras, juniper, birch, holly, vines, some ash, walnut; the wood for the most part open and without underwood, fit either to go or ride in. At night our people returned, but found not any person, nor habitation, and loaded their boat with juniper, which smelled very strong and sweet, and of which we burnt the most part of the time we lay there.

This "juniper," was the red cedar or savin, which all the early writers argue to have been plentiful, now scarce. We shall consider these forest productions in another chapter

Old Francis Higginson, the first Salem minister, when writing to his friends in London about New England, said: "The idle proverb is. that travellers may lie by authority. But shall such a man as I lie?"

There is a world of light thrown on the reports of travellers of that early day, by this proverb. The honest old divine felt the necessity of protecting his own veracity. "May I not incur his wrath," says Heroditus, after telling a naughty story of some Olympian god.

The descriptions of the Pilgrims have been severely criticised. Travellers equally truthful, suffer by contrast. Critics disagree. A wide margin lies between the best and the worst that may be said of a picture, a poem, or a continent.

The religious zeal of the Pilgrims kindled their imagination. As good a man as Mr. Bradford, with great hopes and saintly courage, having turned his back upon unrighteous Europe, and fortified for the worst that lay before him, reasonably enough felt the inspiration of the vastness and freeness of the New World. No wonder the free soil and free forests of Cape Cod seemed rich and magnificent. All authorities confirm Mr. Bradford's description, that the Cape was well wooded, and mostly open; or, as he says, "fit to go or ride in." This was caused by the annual fires of the Indians, which consumed all brush and underwood, leaving the

forests free for running and hunting. The grandeur, extent and freedom of the American forests were a never-ceasing source of satisfaction and delight to the English. They had associated forests and trees with the crown and the well-kept parks of the nobility. Bundles of fagots were doled out, as were also the coals, for so many sixpences. Abundance of fuel to the common people, was a luxury as unknown as abundance of money.

In the "New England Plantation, or the Commodities and Discommodities of that Country," by Rev. Mr. Higginson, 1629, before referred to, we catch this spirit. This cheery old Puritan with his English prejudices sticking like burrs sets our feet on the shores of New England, with the early planters. We sympathize in their hopes and fears, in their toils and prayers. We learn much of Old England life, and New England struggle. We nestle into their sayings and doings, and are more English than we know. He says, "Though it be somewhat cold in winter, we have plenty of fire; nay, all Europe is not able to afford to make so great fires as New England. A poor servant here, that is, to possess but fifty acres of land, may afford to give more wood for timber, and fire as good as the world yields, than many noblemen in England can afford to do."

Wordsworth's fine ballad, *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, which has been called "the genuine spirit of ancient English song, connected with most exquisite poetry," touchingly describes this want of England.

> This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire.
> Her hut was on a cold hillside,
> And in that country coals are dear,
> For they come far by wind and tide.

While these things were going on, the Pilgrim mothers were preparing for a general washing-day on the shores of the new land. The crowded little ship offered poor accommodations to those thrifty housewives fresh from the scrupulous neatness of Holland, and they set about their work in earnest.

We have not all been wont to regard washing-day as a subject of poetry, but with poets nothing is impossible. I well remember when the Monday washing was regarded the liveliest day of the week. There was life and spirit, as well as work in it. Just what Margaret J. Preston has put into her "First New England Washing-Day," life and spirit. It has also been beautifully pictured by the artist as here presented.

And there did the Pilgrim mothers,
'On a Monday,' the record says,
Ordain for their new-found England,
The first of her washing-days.

And their did the Pilgrim fathers,
With matchlock and axe well slung,
Keep guard o'er the smoking kettles
That propt on the croches hung.

For the trail of the startled savage
Was over the marshy grass,
And the glint of their eyes keep peering
Through cedar and sassafras.

* * * * * *

For the earliest act of the heroes
Whose fame has a world-wide sway,
Was — to fashion a crane for a kettle,
And order a washing-day.

The Pilgrims had taken with them a shallop, which they were obliged to cut down to put between-decks during the passage. As preparing her for service promised weeks instead of days, as had been hoped, it was determined to make an excursion in the meantime by land, in pursuit of a settlement. In sailing into the harbor they had noticed what seemed to be a river opening into this mainland.

In stretching over they had probably seen Pamet Harbor at highwater. On Wednesday, November 15, sixteen men under conduct of Captain Miles Standish, who was that day chosen Military Captain, with William Bradford, Stephen Hopkins and Edward Tilley for Council, started on their

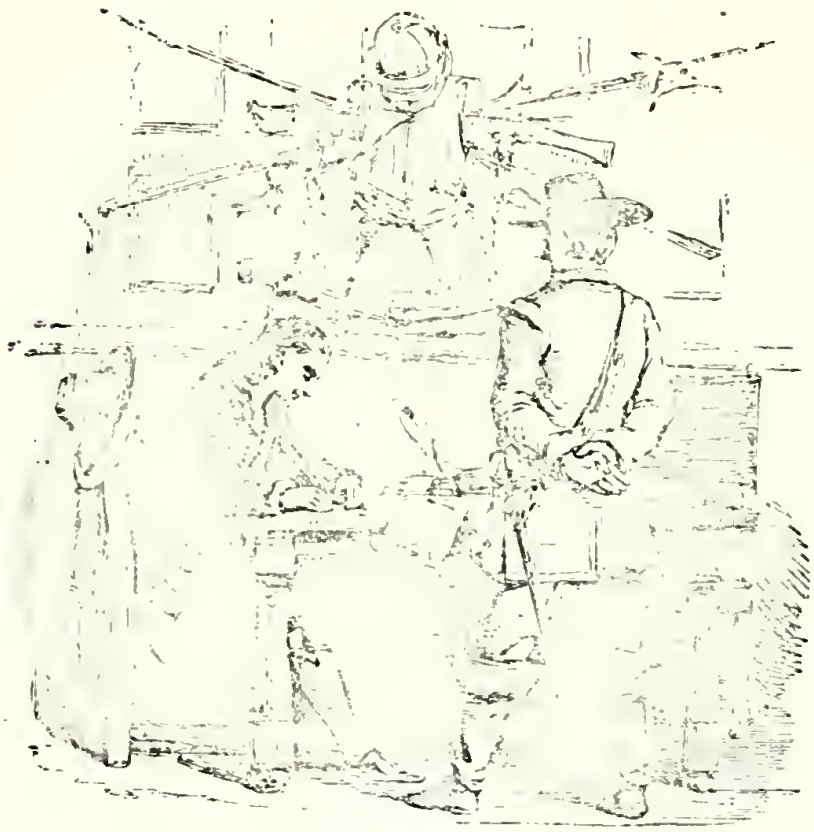
THE FIRST WASHING-DAY AT CAPE COD.

57-58

FIRST EXPEDITION.

Clad in doublet and hose and boots of Cordovan leather,
Stood with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.

A tableau with these twenty men armed *cap-a-pie*, with old-English matchlocks shouldered, heavy broad-swords dangling, breast and stomach covered with steel armor, marching



MILES STANDISH IN HIS BOOTS OF CORDOVAN LEATHER.

single file through the heavy sand and tangled woods at the word of command from the doughty little captain, would be a picture worth seeing. The journal says:

And when they had ordered themselves in the order of a single file, and marched about the space of a mile by the sea, they espied five or six people with a dogge coming towards them, who were savages, who when they saw them, ran into the woods and whistled their dogge after them.

These savages were the Pamet Indians, who had seen the

Mayflower lying at anchor in the harbor from the Truro hills, as it is easy to do, and ran down, as was their custom, to see "what news." They were great runners and news-lovers. Mr. Roger Williams said he had known them to run a hundred miles in a day to hear the news, and then run back the next day. The paths where they ran through the woods were beaten by their horny feet hard and smooth as the Appian way.

When the *Fortune* touched at Cape Cod in November, 1621, on her way to Plymouth, the Pamet Indians reported her arrival to the Pilgrims long before the welcome sail of the ship appeared in sight. They had run around to Plymouth, about fifty or sixty miles, to carry *the news*, welcome indeed to the despairing remnant who had long watched her coming. No wonder they ran into the woods; why, such an impressive military procession had never before marched on the soil of New England, and that squad of Englishmen with their fighting captain, in fair field, could have sent daylight shrieking through all the red-skins on Cape Cod and Nantucket, as did the blade of Luno through the gloomy ghost of Loda.

Mr. Dexter thinks this boat landed near Paine's Hill, and dots on his map their probable route to Truro; that from Paine's Hill they struck inland over Telegraph Hill, where they saw the Indians and dog.

It is reasonable that they had determined before leaving the ship, to visit and reconnoiter the high mainland to the southeast. As the circling shore lay open to view, they naturally would have landed as far east as possible, to have saved foot journey. Fifty years ago the banks almost crowded the shore west of the Eastern schoolhouse.

Suppose they landed in this vicinity, "about the space of a mile to the sea" would have carried them to the flat land east of the town; this would have been directly on their journey. Here they met the Indians, who with their dog were coming from Truro, and when they ran into the woods and whistled the dog after them, they ran into the wood on these hills to the eastward, where the deep cut now is, where Standish pursued them, "till they ran away with might and main,

and our men pursued them out of the wood, for it was the way they intended to go." The journal continues:

"They followed them that night about ten miles by the trace of their footsteps, and said they had come the same way they went."

As for the ten miles, Mr. Dexter sensibly remarks: "It is safe to judge, that a man be he Pilgrim or otherwise, who with a heavy matchlock, sword and corselet runs half a mile on Cape Cod, even in its best estate, would feel as if he had run a mile, and estimate distances accordingly."

They pursued their march till night came upon them, when they halted and held their rendezvous, setting three sentinels gathering wood and kindling a fire. I think the first night was spent nearer the "Wading Place," where the eastern causeway now stands, than Stout's Creek, which was just east of the bridge. The hills compare with the journal. This would have given them about four miles' journey in direct line. At ten o'clock the next morning they were at East Harbor, having marched around the Head of the Meadow, and as they say, "through boughs and bushes, and under hills and valleys, which tore our very armor in pieces."

East Harbor proper is the pond enclosed by the causeway or railroad bridge to Beach Point. Previously it was a tide harbor. Boats used to pass up to the Head of the Meadow east of High Head, and up to the head of Moon-poon Pond west of High Head, during high tides. I have seen a dozen vessels hauled up for winter on the clean sand beach, just south of the bridge, where now a heavy marsh extends. East Harbor, as generally used in this history, means the former village of East Harbor, and embraced all north of the Pond Village, excepting, I think, High Head and Back Side.

Here they entered a deep valley after passing a long creek, which so accurately describes East Harbor as to leave no doubt of the place. Says the journal:

"There we saw a deer and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and set us down and drunk our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drank in all our lives."

There is to this day an unfailing spring of pure water near the marsh, just north of the Head of the Meadow. As there is no other spring in this neighborhood, it is the same undoubtedly, from whence the Pilgrims drank water first in America.

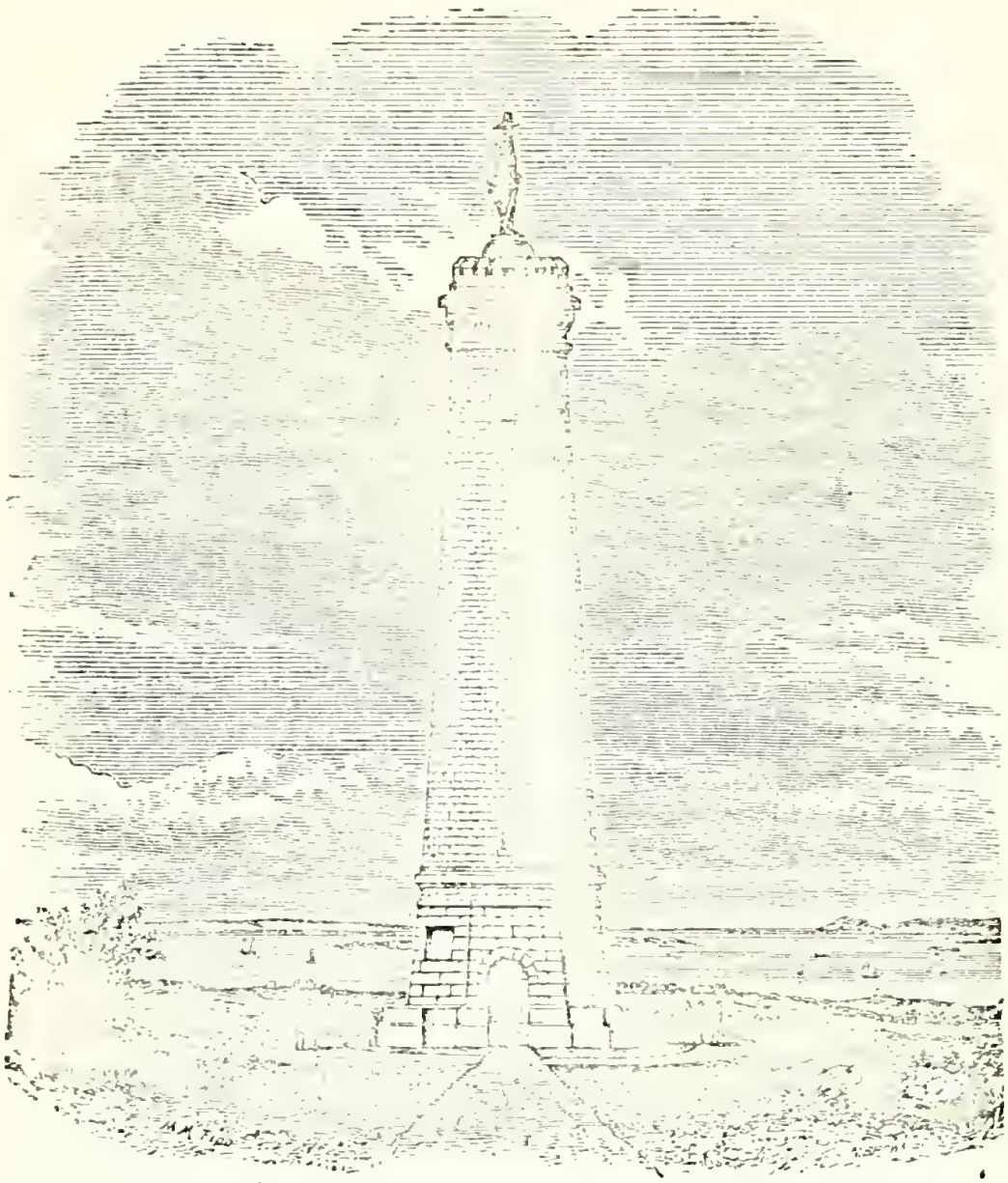
January 29, 1878, in company with Barnabas Paine, I visited this place, and found a clear bubbling spring, sweet, cool, and crystal as that November day, 1620, when Captain Miles Standish and his wearied guard drank thereof with so much delight.

> And coolly they sat on an Indian mound,
> In that moment of history's dawn — the brink
> Of a future we worshipped as past! hallowed ground,
> And of the pure fluid they took their first drink.

From East Harbor they marched about southwest to the shore or bank, where they built a fire as an agreed signal to the ship, now distant say four miles west-northwest across the Harbor. Again they marched on "towards this supposed river," when they came to another valley with a clear pond of fresh water, about two musket shot long and broad, where they found vines, and fowl, and deer, and sassafras. This was the present Pond Village. Marching south, they found about fifty acres of plain ground fit for the plough, and some signs where the Indians had planted corn. This "cleared land" was one of the Indian cornfields, and was a part of that fine tableland of good loamy soil, perhaps a quarter of a mile west of the old graveyard.

From this point they struck again for the shore, but finding "the sea sand heavy and our men tired and lagged behind, we gathered them up and struck into the land again." They now came up Great Hollow, where they discovered an Indian grave, or place of graves. They opened one, over which was a mat, a wooden mortar, an earthen pot, and at the end, a bow, and arrows.

It was the custom of the Indians to spread over the graves of their friends the mat on which they died, the dish out of which they ate, etc. These were for their use beyond the



THE MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF MILES STANDISH, NOW BUILDING ON CAPTAIN'S ISLAND, DUXBURY.

Great Water, where they had found a much better hunting ground than this world offered. They always make their graves on high and pleasant places, which could be kept dry all seasons of the year.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows with a head of bone,
By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In vestments for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues.
The hunter and the deer — a shade.

The whole vicinity of Great Hollow to Little Harbor was famous Indian quarters. Only a few years since, where the wind had blown away the sand near the bank on Cornhill, several Indian skeletons were discovered, one in perfect condition, with every tooth white and sound. Indians' graves containing sculls and bones, abundance of arrow heads, and stone hatchets, have been found within a few years. Great deposits of shells marked by a darker belt of green, tell where stood their old wigwams.

Further on they discovered where the Indians had lately gathered corn; here were heavy walnut (hickory) trees full of nuts, and strawberries and vines. These strawberries and vines, in December, have puzzled the reader. Strawberries were then not much, if at all known in England, and it is altogether probable that cranberries were meant, which grow spontaneously on the Cape.

The abundant and spontaneous growth of strawberries in New England delighted the early settlers. Roger Williams said, "This berry is the wonder of all the fruits growing in these parts; it is of itself excellent, so that one of the chiefest doctors of England was wont to say, 'That God could have made, but God never did make, a better berry.' In some parts where the natives have planted, I have many times seen as many as would fill a good sized ship. The Indians bruise them in mortars and mix them with meal, making strawberry bread." Our popular strawberry short-cake probably is only an improvement on the Indian mode. The high hill ending

with the bank now called "Captain Sam's Hill," and formerly "Hopkin's Cliff," was named by the Pilgrims "Cornhill," a name that never should have lapsed, and should receive a fresh baptism of "Cornhill," for all times to come. Since writing the above, we clip from an interesting report the following to this point. The superintendent of the Coast Survey respecting geographical nomenclature, reports that it was very important that the old names of places should be preserved both in orthography and original application, and that capricious changes of names should be discouraged and prevented.

Here had been an old house; here were also a few planks and a large kettle; probably belonged to the *Friendship*, cast away two or three years before. Captain Dermer redeemed some of these men the year before; the rest were murdered by the Indians in retaliation for carrying away the Indians by Captain Hunt. In fresh made graves they found baskets filled with "goodly eares of corne; some of yellow, some of red, and some mixed with blue, which was a goodly sight." The baskets held three or four bushels; as much as two men could lift, and were "handsomely and cunningly made."

They filled the baskets and the big kettle with corn, which two men bore away upon a staff, as did Moses' spies the great clusters of grapes from the brook Eshcol, to the children of Israel.

The clusters of grapes, the figs and the pomegranates, were probably no more a welcome sight to the forty-year pilgrims in the wilderness of Paran, than this Indian corn to these English Pilgrims in the wilderness of America. Before taking the corn they consulted, and concluded that when they should meet the Indians and "parley" with them, the kettle should be returned and they should be satisfied for their corn.

This spirit of rendering a compensation was honorable, but it was the Anglo-Saxon argument of first possessing and then parleying. Be it said, however, to the honor of the Pilgrims, that Mr. Winslow afterwards says "the Indians that dwelt thereabout were they who were owners of the corn

which we found in the canes (caves), for which we have given them full content, and are in great league with them."

The Indian season for planting corn was "when the leaf of the white oak was as big as a mouse's ear." The Pale Face cannot improve on that observation. Not far from the corn they found "an old fort or palisade which we conceived to have been made by some Christians." Probably those of the old wreck before referred to, built by Captain Dermer. A short march from Cornhill brought them to the expected river, "into which we went and found it so to be, dividing itself into two arms by a high bank. Standing right by the cut or mouth which came from the sea, that which was next to us was the less; the other arm was more than twice as big, and not unlike to be an harbor for ships."

Such was the impression made upon the Pilgrims at their first sight of Pamet Harbor. A better description could not well be written. The high bank dividing the two arms well describes old Tom's Hill, or Indian Neck. Sturdy forests, then to the bank, gave a bolder look perhaps and helped the prospect. They saw a savage on each side of the river; but as the two days would be up by the time they could return to the ship, which they had liberty to remain, and having determined to revisit in their shallop, they turned their steps northward, making their rendezvous that night at the Pond, where they built a "barricade" and a great fire, and kept a good watch all night with three sentinels. It was a rainy night and wet their matchlocks so they could not go off. Great trust in Providence had these Bible-reading and God-fearing men, but knew very well they could not keep their matchlocks dry in a rainy night. Theirs was working faith. They never turned their camel loose and committed him to Providence, laying themselves down to sleep; but having first tied the camel and set a watch, then they committed themselves and their camel to Providence. In the morning they sunk the kettle in the pond as a safe place, and trimmed their muskets for the day's march, but some lost their way in the dense woods. They must have come out of the dense woods very near where now stands the Life Saving Station.

Here William Bradford was caught in a deer trap set by the Indians. Stephen Hopkins, who had not much book-learning, but seems always to have had a good store of all kinds of trap learning, had warned them what it was. "It was a very pretty device, made with a rope of their own making, and having a noose as artificially made as any roper in England can make, and as like ours as can be, which we brought away with us."

They finally found their way out of the wood about a mile above the Head of the Meadow, or as the journal says, "A myle too high abouve the creake." On their way they saw three bucks, "but had rather have one of them," three couple of partridges, great flocks of wild geese and ducks. Their return was likely when the tide was in, as they marched sometimes in the woods, sometimes in the sand, and sometimes in the water up to their knees. Having come to the ship, weary and welcome home, their corn was held with great gladness for seed.

The route of their return has also been considerably discussed. Dr. Dexter unquestionably takes the practical view, that they returned essentially as they went. The tide being in, the deep lagoons that penetrate the beach and the marshes would have made a roundabout march at the best.

THE SECOND DISCOVERY.

A few days after the shallop was ready. Master Jones (captain of the *Mayflower*) "to gratify his kindness and forwardness," was made the leader. He took such of his men to manage the shallop as he thought best, making up the whole number to thirty-four.

Touching the antecedents of Master Jones, I have found the following bit of history: "September 17, 1617, while in command of the *Lion*, a ship of Lord Warwick's, sent out under the Duke of Savoy a foreign friend. The *Lion* and *Falcon* gave chase to the *Queen Mother's Junk*, and had not the English fleet arrived, would have rifled her." For this attempt at piracy, Jones was sent home a prisoner on the

Bull, and Lord Rich called attention of the King and Council to the seizure of his ships.

Their destination was the river, but owing to "crosse windes," they were obliged to land near the end of Beach Point, when the long boat returned to the ship, and Master Jones making an appointment to meet the company as soon as the weather would permit, made a harbor that night inside the point.

The company having waded ashore up to their knees, marched toward the river, "six or seven miles," perhaps three or four, which would have taken them in the vicinity of Great Hollow. Snow accompanied the wind all day; at night it froze. They were without shelter or protection that winter night. None but iron men could have endured such hardships. Canon Kingsley says: —

'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard Englishmen,
But the bleak north-easter
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

But continued exposures will break down the hardiest. It is not surprising that nearly half their number contracted colds and coughs, ending in scurvy and quick consumption. Before the song of the turtle was heard in the land forty-four were resting in new made graves. Had it not been, "in the providence of God," a remarkably mild winter and early spring, all must have perished in the wilderness. We are forced to believe that they were improvident of their health, and that much of the exposure and suffering was needless.

The next day at eleven o'clock the shallop took them all on board. "With a good wind we sailed to the river we formerly discovered, which we named Cold Harbor, to which when we came we found it not navigable for ships, yet we thought it might be a good harbor for boats, for it flows there twelve feet at highwater"

They landed "between the two creakes," probably on the beach south of the hill, and marched till night, up the steep

hills and down the deep valleys, the snow lying six inches deep. The shallop followed in the river. Probably the first boat except the canoe of the Indian, that ever entered that stream was this shallop from the *Mayflower*.

They lodged that night under a few pine-trees, and made their supper "on three fat geese and six ducks which we ate with souldiers' stomachs, for we had eaten little all that day."

The journal says they marched four or five miles that day, but as they did not reach the head of the river, as they intended, nor very near it, they reasonably ate their three fat geese and six ducks and rested for the night, near where Dr. Noble's house now stands.

As this is a sheltered place, and discouraging hills were still before them, Master Jones was content to tarry there. It was then their intention ,to go up to the head of the river in the morning, thinking it would furnish fresh water. "But in the morning our resolution held not, because many liked not the hilliness of the soil and badness of the harbor."

Having abandoned their designs of following the river, they concluded, with the English sagacity of looking after the main chance, to secure more seed corn, pursuing their steps to Cold Harbor. From a flock of geese they killed a brace at a single shot, and crossed over, seven or eight at once, in the canoe which they had seen on their first visit. They soon came to the place where they had secured the corn, "which place we called Cornhill." So cold had it been that the ground was frozen a foot deep, and covered with snow, and they were obliged to use their courtlaxes and short swords to dig and pry up the frosty doors to the Indian treasures. "And sure it was God's good providence that we found the corn, for else we know not how we should have done. Also, we had never in all likelyhood seen a grain of it, if we had not made our first journey."

Master Jones who was so forward to accompany them, was now as forward to return to the ship; but the Pilgrims meant business, and were determined to push their discoveries and make a thorough examination So Captain Jones and fifteen of the company left in the shallop for the ship, promising to return in the morning with spades and mattocks. The

remaining eighteen lodged that night in the immediate vicinity of Cornhill. The next morning they followed Indian paths into the wood, which led them to a broad beaten path, which they supposed would bring them to the Indian houses; so they lighted their matches ready for an attack, but it proved a deer track. Having marched several miles (the journal says five or six) and no signs of people, they returned by another route to the "plain ground" west of the graveyard.

The route of this march, the best we can calculate, was up Long Nook and the sandy road to the northeast, which by the cross paths to the northwest would have carried them into the deep valley leading near to the "plain ground," or where the mile-board now stands, south of the graveyard.

Our calculations are more than conjectured. Our old roads through the valleys and crossing to other valleys, were evidently old Indian paths that perhaps had been trodden by the dusky generations for a thousand years. In some parts of the county Indian trails extending sometimes hundreds of miles, were sized by army engineers for military roads, later becoming our great national highways and turnpikes.

All railroad engineers follow the valleys and river-beds as near as possible, nature thus indicating with scientific accuracy, the great channels of travel. Few are bold enough to make arbitrary lines. Sir Isaac C. Burnell, who built the Crystal Palace and the *Great Eastern*, laid out the "Great Western Railway" like the Roman roads. The result was a staggering cost to the company and ruin to the great engineer. In sixty miles he built fifty-seven tunnels, forty-three viaducts, some one hundred and fifty feet high, and half a mile long. The "Royal Albert" bridge over the Tamar at Plymouth, reaching from the heights of Devon to Cornwall, is perhaps the finest arch of masonry in the world.

Near the plain ground they discovered a grave, in which were mats and bows, a carved and painted board, and bowls, and trays, dishes and trinkets. Also two bundles containing a great quantity of "fine and perfect red powder." In the larger bundle, bound up in a canvas cassock or frock, with cloth breeches and knife and pack-needle, was the bones and scull of a man with fine yellow hair. The small bundle con-

tained the head and bones of a child, bound with bracelets of fine white beads. The red powder proved to be a strong "embalmment" in which the remains were preserved, but who they were has ever been a riddle. In the absence of any better reason, it is quite possible they were cast on shore from some wreck — may have been brought more than a hundred miles from the scene of disaster. The canvas jacket, cloth breeches, knife and pack-needle would naturally enough be found on a sailor, and the beads on the child.

Ocean currents have ways past finding out. The brig *St. John* from Galway to Boston, with emigrants, was wrecked on Cohasset rocks, October, 1849. One hundred and forty-five lives were lost. The bodies of a man and woman were picked up near the Highland Lighthouse, that must have been carried from this wreck. When the *Commerce's* crew of ten men were lost from the skiff on a calm, clear night in September, 1844, not a mile from the shore, the bodies of the unfortunate crew were all found, but scattered from Beach Point, Truro, to Barnstable, a distance of thirty to forty miles.

The great respect and veneration of the Indians for the dead would cause them to hold everything found as sacred. All the other articles are such as they bury with their own dead. The Indians understood something of the art of embalming. The red powder was made from roots and bark, largely hemlock, which has well known preserving qualities.

Two of the sailors who had returned with the shallop that morning as agreed, discovered two Indian wigwams without occupants. The houses are described as being framed with long sapling trees, bent something like an ox-bow, both ends being driven into the ground, making an arbor-shaped roof. They were covered to the ground on the outside "with thick and well-wrought mats;" on the inside they were also covered, or hung (the Indian women called them hangings) with new and richly colored mats. Some of their mats were beautifully embroidered with feathers, porcupine quills dyed in gorgeous colors, and other ornaments of rare beauty, rivalling the famed mats and hangings of the East. The mat entered

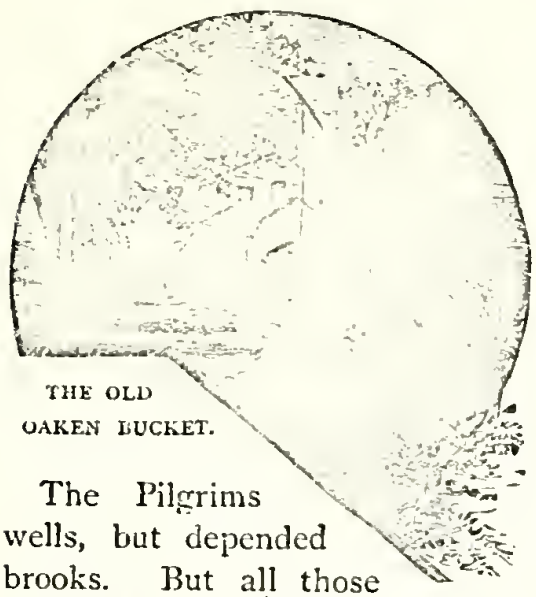
largely into the domestic life of the native Indian, and seems almost the boundry line between barbarism and civilization everywhere. The door was a mat secured at the top, so that without hinges, springs or latch, it need never be left open. A mat covered the chimney, which was a hole left in the roof, and to complete the outfit, the mat was also their bed and winding-sheet.

They found in the wigwams wooden bowls, trays, dishes, earthen pots, hand-baskets made of crab shells and ingeniously fastened with unseen sinews, and a great variety of other baskets, some very prettily wrought. Many of the baskets were ornamented with pictures of birds, beasts, fish and flowers, in high colors. Taking some of the best, the tide ebbing and night coming on, they hastened to the shallop, and that night returned to the ship. "We intended to have brought some beads and other things to have left in their homes in sign of peace, and that we meant to truck with them, but it was not done; but so soon as we can meet conveniently with them, we will give them full satisfaction."

Having returned from what they call "Our Second Discovery," they held a council as to settling there. Many reasons were urged in favor, and some thought it best to go there at once. First, there was a convenient harbor for boats, though not for ships. Secondly, good corn ground, ready to our hands, which we saw by experience in the goodly corn it yielded. Thirdly, Cape Cod was like to be a place of good fishing, for we saw daily great whales of the best kind for oil and bone, came close about our ship, etc. Fourthly, the place was likely to be healthful, secure, and defensible. But the last and especial reason was that now the heart of winter and unseasonable weather was come upon us, preventing other discovery without great risk. Also, cold and wet lodging, so that scarce any of our people were free from vehement coughs, endangering the lives of many.

The objections were: First, there were other places of which they had heard, which were excellent harbor for ships, better ground and better fishing. Secondly, for anything we knew, there might be hard by us, a far better place. Thirdly,

the water was but in ponds, and it was thought there would be none in summer, or very little. Fourthly, the water must be fetched up a steep hill, etc. Dr. Young says: "I suppose they anticipated building their town for protection against the Indians, on the high bank called old Tom's Hill, near the entrance of Pamet River." The bank of this hill is steep; at the foot, and near where now runs the railway track, there used to be a well of pure water, from which for many years the fishermen filled their store.



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The Pilgrims seemed to know little of wells, but depended upon ponds, or running brooks. But all those who know the ease with which wells are constructed, and the availability of water in Truro, will smile at the thirdly and fourthly of the report. The water springs are never dry. The creeks, and all surface water, drains into the bay. With neither silicious, or calcareous, and very little vegetable matter, the water of Truro filtered through a gravel rift, is pure as any under the canopy. I have never seen better.

> How sweet from the cool mossy bank to receive it,
> As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips.

In three things the Cape abounds: pure water, pure air and pure sand, and enough of them. During the deliberation, Robert Coffin, the pilot who had before been on the coast, told them of a great river and good harbor on the headland, over against Cape Cod, about eight leagues distant, and a company was chosen to go upon a third discovery.

So narrowly escaped Truro from being the Plymouth of the New World, and Old Tom's Hill from becoming hallowed ground.

"This day it pleased God that Mistress White was brought abed of a son, which was called Peregrine." This was the first native New Englander, the original Yankee if not the original native American. He married Mary Basset, and settled in Marshfield; was representative to the General Court in 1660 and 1673; died July 20, 1704, vigorous and comely to the last. He left six children. A few years ago his homestead was owned by John A. White, a descendant of the sixth generation. The father of Peregrine died soon after landing in Plymouth. "Mistress White" was married to Edward Winslow May 13, 1621.

Bradford, Allerton, Standish and Winslow lost their wives in a few weeks, and as many Pilgrim wives mourned their brave husbands. In the solitudes of the wilderness and their forlorn condition, they looked to each other for sympathy and waived conventionalities. Practically, they said —

> Let the dead past bury the dead.
> Act, act in the living present —

Like the old Jews, the Pilgrims and Puritans had a providential way of naming their children from local surroundings, or events of time and place. Thus "Peregrine," travelling from one country; "Oceanus," a boy born to Stephen Hopkins, on the ocean; "Reliance," Governor Hinkley's daughter, the wife of Nathaniel Stone, second minister of Boston, born on the day when the English whipped the Narragansetts; was so named by Rev. Mr. Russell as a token of Divine favor, and became a popular name not extinct to this day on the Cape. "Love," "Fear," "Patience," and "Wrestling," were some of the names of Elder Brewster's children.

"Seaborn" was a son of Rev. John Cotton, born on the passage. He married a daughter of Governor Bradford. "Resolved," "Humility," "Remember," "Shining," Desire," and "Faith," were other female names.

"Armemaryvetta," born 1714, was the name of an accomplished daughter of the schoolmaster, Mr. John Rogers, of Sandwich. Scripture names were their delight and duty; the longer and harder, the more religious. "Mahershallal-

hashbaz" (Isaiah viii. 1.), son of William Dyar, born in Newport, 1661.

An old lady who lived in Provincetown, born in Truro, used to thank the Lord that all her family had Scripture names. This was the way she told them : —

> Hezekiah, Jedediah, Shebnah, and Eliakim,
> Sarah and Mary, Hannah and Penina.

While the shallop was being made ready for the proposed trip, the *Mayflower* narrowly escaped being blown up by young Billington, who shot off a fowling piece in the cabin where was an open keg of powder; "yet by God's mercy, no harm was done." This said Billington had a precious knack of getting into scrapes. He was the same that was lost, and found among the Nauset Indians sometime after. Bradford says of Billington, "he came from London, and I know not by what friends shuffled into our company." They seem to have been bad stock and were a source of trouble. The father was hanged in 1630 for the murder of John Newcomer.

THE THIRD DISCOVERY.

On the sixth of December ten men started in the shallop. The weather was cold, the water froze their clothes "and made them many times like coats of iron." Some of the men fainted with the cold. The wind was evidently northeast, so they got under the weather shore soon as possible, and sailed up to Billingsgate Point and into Wellfleet Harbor, which they called "Grampus Bay," as here they saw three grampuses and the Indians cutting the blubber from one of them.

They thought well of the harbor "that a ship might ride in five fathoms of water; but the soil none of the fruitfullest." They saw two brooks of fresh water, the first streams they had seen in the country, also in Eastham a great burying place with the graves "more sumptuous than those at Cornhill." The next morning after prayers they heard the cry of "Indians! Indians!" and the arrows came flying among them. Captain Miles Standish let fly his snap-lock, and after him

another fired. The cry of the Indians was dreadful, and they were ready to meet the Pilgrims.

After a few musket shots, the Indians having discharged a shower of arrows, took to their heels. Their number was estimated no less than thirty or forty, perhaps many more, it still being quite dark they could not well see them, though the Indians could plainly see the white men by their great fire, and thought to take them by surprise — their favorite mode of warfare. But they reckoned without their host. The wily Standish was not to be caught napping — "a man not of words but of actions." After the skirmish eighteen arrows, some headed with brass, some with deer horns, and some with eagle claws, were picked up, which Captain Jones carried to England; many others could not be found in the leaves. Some of the coats hung up in the barricade were shot through and through, "yet by the especial providence of God," none of them either hit or hurt us, though many came close by us, and on every side of us. So after we had given God thanks for our deliverance, we took our shallop and went on our journey, and called this place The First Encounter. The spot located by Mr. Dexter for this encounter is in Orleans, near the mouth of Great Meadow Creek. They coasted around the bay, but seeing no promising opening, kept on to their objective point, with Coffin for their pilot.

A gale with snow and rain came upon them, breaking the rudder and splitting the mast in three pieces, and nearly casting away the shallop. Fortunately, at this crisis the harbor opened and they passed the Gurnet, entering Plymouth harbor in safety.

After a thorough examination which occupied a few days, they returned to the ship with *good news*, which greatly comforted them. Saturday, the sixteenth, they left Cape Cod and anchored safely in the harbor across the bay. And now having followed the Pilgrims through varied experiences to their new home in Plymouth, we take our affectionate leave.

CHAPTER V.

1670 — SETTLEMENT AT PAMET OR PAOMET — 1709.

Indian Spelling. The Old-comers. Settlers of Eastham. The Old South Meeting-House. Nauset. Pamet Lands. Proprietors. Purchases. Drift Fish. Indian Lands. Tom Paine. Earlier Settlers. Cape Cod. Indian Fidelity. Governor Hinckley. Marshpee Deacon. Removal. Provision for a Minister. Nathaniel Ells. Commonage. Star Island. Protection to Trees. New England Ministry. High Commissioners' Court. Hannah North. New Lights. The Declaration. Enoch Pratt. Records of 1703. Drift Highway. Tashmuit. Hog's Back. Ministerial Lands. Mr. Theophilus Cotton. Indian Shell Beds. Rev. Samuel Treat. Calvinism. Awakenings. The Great Snow. The First Clerk. A Colonial Charter.

THE Indian name of Truro was Pamet, from the Indian tribe Pamets, sometimes Pawmits, Payomets and Pamoits. The first seems to be the accepted name, but from a study of the words, I incline to the opinion that Payomet is the more rightful and better name.

The Indians had no written language. There was no authority for correct orthography till Mayhew, Eliot and others from the chaos of guttural sounds constructed an acceptable language. Before Indian words were spelt with as many variations as writers.

It has also been observed that otherwise scholarly men of that period paid little attention to spelling, sometimes taking considerable latitude, even to the extent of occasionally varying their own names. The journal of Mr. John Lathrop, the first minister of Scituate and Barnstable, is a marked instance of wide liberty. In 1640, the "Old-comers" (those who came by the three first ships, the *Mayflower*, the *Anne*, and the *Fortune*) obtained of the Court a grant of land on the

Cape, with reference to removing there, but no settlement was begun. In 1643, they selected Nauset, and made a purchase of the Indians. Finding it too limited to accommodate the whole society, much less for further increase, they concluded that part of their number might remain. In 1644, the following grant was made:

> The Court doth grant to the Church of New Plymouth, or those that go to dwell at Nauset, all that tract of land lying between sea and sea from the purchaser's bounds at Namskeket, to the Herring Brook at Billingsgate, with the said Herring Brook and all the meadows on both sides of said brook, with great Bass Pond there, and all the meadows and islands within said tract.

All north of Herring Brook was Pamet, owned and occupied by the Pamets. The same year of the grant, the following seven families removed from Plymouth: Governor Thomas Prince or Prance, John Doane, Nicholas Snow, Josias Cook, Richard Higgins, John Smalley and Edward Bangs. The old record read, "Divers of the considerablest of the Church and town removed." Thoreau says: "Some of the most respectable of the inhabitants of Plymouth removed to Eastham. Governor Prince's farm embraced about two hundred acres and extended from the Bay to the Atlantic. Some of the bounds, and the old pear-tree brought from England and planted by Governor Prince could be seen not many years ago."

Thomas Prince, the leader in the settlement at Eastham, was born in Gloucestershire, England, 1600, came to Plymouth 1621 in the *Fortune*. His first wife was Patience, daughter of Elder Brewster. While residing in Eastham, he was three times elected Governor. The law required that the Governor should live in Plymouth, but a dispensation was granted in his favor. Mr. Prince died in a good old age, and was buried at Eastham.

The first meeting-house, built soon after the settlement, was twenty feet square, with thatched roof, and portholes, through which muskets could be turned upon the savage foe. It was the house that replaced this, known as "the old Congregational Church in Eastham," 1718–1827, of which Heman Doane, the Eastham poet, wrote: —

The Old South meeting-house, time-worn and gray,
That stood fronting east by the "King's highway,
That goeth to Billingsgate" — so runs the phrase,
In the quaint old records of olden days.

I have seen splendid temples with lofty steeples,
With soft cushioned seats, filled with fashionable peoples,
But none in the tablet of memory will stay
Like the old gray church by the King's highway.

Nauset was incorporated in 1646. The court ordered 1651, that the town of Nauset be henceforth known by the name of Eastham. In 1674 the court ordered that Mayomoyick, Paomet and Satucket be included in the town of Eastham. The first reference to a settlement at Pamet in the town records, is the following :—

. Ordered by the proprietors of Pamet lands, that henceforth there be no cord-wood or timber cut upon any of the common or undivided land belonging to Pamet, to be carried off from said land, under penalty of fifteen shillings fine for every cord of wood, or proportionable for other timber cut upon said land; which to be paid to any of the proprietors of said land, that shall sue for and recover the same before any court of record to try the same within the country. Dated in Eastham June 30, 1696. The persons' names hereunto subscribed were subscribers to the original. Jonathan Paine, Thomas Paine, Stephen Snow, Caleb Hopkins, Ephraim Doane, John Savage and Israel Cole. Recorded June 18, 1701. Thomas Paine, clerk to said proprietors.

The original records have not been found, but previous records are hereafter made, indicating that no transcript was kept till after they moved to Pamet.

The next record antedates the first seven years, and is the oldest reference of the proprietors to a purchase of land at Pamet. That these were not originally on their records, is evident by the order of entry. It will also be noticed that among these names are several that do not appear with that of 1796, "as subscribers to the original." A record of several divisions of upland and meadow settled by the proprietors of the land belonging to Pamet, May 22, 1689:—

The western boundary of these lots is the top of the cliff by the bay. The first and northerly lot is the lot of Ensign Jonathan Bangs on the southerly side of the pond, commonly called Eastern Harbor Pond. The second lot is the lot of William Twining, and is bounded on the northerly side by said Bangs.

The third lot is the lot of Constant Freeman, and is bounded on the northerly side by said Twining. The fourth lot is the lot of Israel Cole, and is bounded on the northerly side by said Freeman. The fifth lot is the lot of Thomas Paine, and is bounded on the northerly side by said Cole. The sixth lot is the lot of Thomas Clark, and is bounded on the northerly side by said Paine. The seventh lot is the lot of Lieut. Joseph Rogers, deceased, and is bounded on the northerly side by the lot of said Clark. The eighth lot is the lot of John Snow, and is bounded on the northerly side by the lot of said Rogers. The ninth lot is the lot of Thomas Paine, and is bounded on the northerly side by the lot of said John Snow. The tenth lot is the lot of Caleb Hopkins, and is bounded on the northerly side by the lot of Thomas Paine.

An Eastham record of 1597, says "the settlers of Eastham made purchases of land of the Indians at Pamet, preparing for a settlement. The next and third record of the proprietors refers to the purchases.

July 24, 1697. An agreement and final settlement of the bounds and ranges between the lands now possessed by the English, from Bound Brook to the fresh water ponds on the westerly side of Pamet and next Eastern Harbor; and the land from said pond to the Eastern Harbor, which is as follows, viz: The description is here given.

A compact with the Indians, referring to drift fish, follows:

And it is agreed upon, that the privilege of the shore belonging to the lands from the pond aforesaid, to Eastern Harbor, on both sides, referring to drift fish, shall be as formerly; that is to say, the English proprietors to have one eight part of all such fish,

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands.

Witnesses, THOMAS SMITH, THOMAS PAINE Jr. } The names of the persons underwritten were subscribers to the original. *Attest*, THO: PAINE, Clerk.

His
JOSHUA × ANTHONY
Mark

DAVID PETER

His
JEDEDIAH Y.
Mark

His
JOSEPH × TOUAMATON
Mark

JEREMY ANTHONY

JONATHAN BANGS

CONSTANT FREEMAN

THOMAS PAINE

THOMAS ROGERS

His
CALEB × HOPKINS
Mark

JOHN SAVAGE

ISRAEL COLE

JONATHAN VICKERY

His
EPHRAIM S. (worn off)
Mark

The records indicate that while the proprietors did not purchase all the land for sale by the Indians, they wished to control the same and to prevent individual members of the proprietors from purchasing on their own account. The above also throws some light on the "original."

Some of the Indians who signed the above agreement claimed some connection of rights through John Quason, son of the Monomositt Saginaw.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, February 4, 1644, Thomas Smith made a proposition to said proprietor concerning the difference that arose between said proprietors and said Smith, about a parcel of land and meadow, which said Smith had bought, and had taken deeds for, of Joshua, Antony and Jeremy, wherein said Smith proffered said proprietors' money for their right of purchase; whereupon it was concluded by said parties, that said Smith and said parties, should bid for said right, and he that should bid most for it should have it.

Methods being agreed upon, the candle was lighted, and money bid, but said Smith outdid the proprietors, he bidding thirty pounds for said right, whereupon it was agreed that the instrument should be drawn against the next day — and the next day said proprietors met again and chose Lieut. Jonathan Paine and Israel Cole to be their agents, in their name and behalf to receive the money from, and give conveyance of said purchase right to Thomas Smith in the name and behalf of the whole proprietie. *Attest*, THO: PAINE.

Clerk to said Proprietors.

June 4, 1700, the proprietors made their first formal declaration on record, to remove to Pamet, by the following: —

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet lands June 4th 1700, it was agreed on that what land at Pamet might be conveniently divided, should be divided; and that they would go thither (God willing) on the last Monday of October next ensuing, and divide accordingly. At the same meeting it was agreed on and voted by said proprietors, that if the neighbors at Pamet or any of them will make a fence below Eastern Harbor Pond, sufficient to stop the sand and keep the tide out of said pond, they shall have five and twenty shillings for his or their pains.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At the same meeting, "the proprietors being deeply sensible of the inconveniency of having many persons in their company buying of lands of the Indians for inconsiderable pay to their great damage, for the preventing of the same did by their major vote nominate and appoint Thomas Paine their

agent, to buy all such lands of the Indians as they shall be minded to sell." Full instructions were given their agent and money pledged as a fund. Mr. Paine served them in this capacity till May 15, 1705, when "he declared to the proprietors that he would no longer serve them as their agent about buying land of the Indians."

The last record, June 4, 1700, was the last made by the proprietors previous to their removal to Pamet. Thereafter all records of the proprietors were duly recorded. Their first record as we have shown, is May 22, 1689.

February 1, 1679, "Sampson," a Nauset Indian of some note, sold Pamet lands about Howe's Point, and Lovell's Creek to the proprietors.

Several of the names recorded are not again mentioned. From other sources, principally the Plymouth records, we learn that as early as 1670, Thomas Paine of Eastham, the water bayle, bought a large tract at Pamet of Governor Prince, lying between Bound Brook (Indian name Sapoanist) and Eastern Harbor, or Lovell's Creek, for which he paid twenty pounds.

He made in 1673 another purchase, upland and meadow, of Jabez Howland, for fifteen pounds, all his right purchased or unpurchased in the same vicinity. All these lands he sold his son Thomas, March 30, 1690.

It must not be understood, according to previous history, that the Eastham purchasers were the first English settlers at Pamet. With them began the regular form of municipal government, and from them we receive the first records. But from these records and a vast amount of direct and indirect history, it is evident enough that settlements were made long before this time, and in connection with the fisheries of Cape Cod before the settlement of Eastham or any others on the Cape.

The local nomenclature, geography, and typography of both Cape Cod (Provincetown) and Pamet were well established at an early day substantially as now. The records of the proprietors are conclusive evidence on this point. They constantly refer to fences, roads, gates, try works, "try-house

lot," "the antient bounds," the old way where Mr. Gold's cellar was, to the neighbors, and many other things that denote a well-settled community. That the neighbors were not a few must be inferred from the record of June 4th, 1700: "That if the neighbors at Pamet, or any of them, will make a fence below Eastern Harbour Pond sufficient to stop the sand and keep the tide out, they shall have five and twenty shillings for his or their pains."

Who these neighbors were may be determined in part. All the names of the proprietors, or subscribers to the original, are given. Also all that thereafter, by purchase or otherwise, were allowed citizens, or admitted as inhabitants, etc. All well-known inhabitants, or citizens, not thus mentioned must have been the old neighbors.

Jedediah Lombard, who owned the "great lot" often referred to, Thomas Lombard, Dr. William Dyer, Benjamin Smalley, Thomas Newcomb, Isaac Snow, Jonathan Collins and Nathaniel Harding, were among this number that we readily recall. These names, as a rule, were not from Eastham, but from Barnstable, another evidence that they were not associated with the proprietors. We have no way of telling how long these people had been there. In the history of the Newcomb family, it will be seen that Captain Thomas Lombard moved to Truro in 1699, but others had been there many years. Reverend Jeremiah Cushing, graduate of Harvard College, 1676, was a minister at Cape Cod for several years before 1700. Son Ezekiel born there 1698. The last item proves that Provincetown was of sufficient importance to sustain a learned minister with a family before the Eastham settlers moved to Pamet.

An old record says: "Cape Cod was at this time a great resort, and the residence of not a few engaged in mercantile adventures at an early period." The existence of substantial buildings and other indications of enterprise are often referred to. It continued to be called "Cape Cod," more generally "The Cape," by the elderly people in Truro within the writer's remembrance.

The fishing points all along the coast were the resort of a

wild, undisciplined and unprincipled crew of traders and fishermen from nearly all parts of Europe. Drinking, gambling, and bacchanalian carousals, were continued sometimes for weeks with unrestrained license. They were the Poker Flats of that day.

Governor Hinckley says: "The ungovernable appetite of the Indians for strong drink was a great hindrance to their improvement. The laws regulating the sale of liquors within colonial limits were disregarded by the covetous English when it was possible for them to do so. There was no place so well suited these lawless fellows to carry on their unlawful traffic, as the head of the Cape, called by the settlers "Cape Cod." It was a place of resort for the fishermen from the settlements on the coast, and a large supply of liquors was brought by them, ostensibly for use in the prosecution of their business. The Indians were not backward in trading with them, and it is probable many of them gave away their last articles of commodity to satisfy their appetite.

"When they had nothing to give, they did not consider it out of place to obtain their liquor by stealth. Before the Court at Plymouth, 1667, were Simon, Monchase, and Assooat, for going on board the boat of Simon Stevens at Cape Cod, and taking away a cask of liquor, and having a hand in embezzling and spending the same. They were ordered to be whipped at the post at Plymouth, which was done accordingly. The great obstruction to the younger generation becoming civilized was the great appetite for strong drink, and the covetous evil humour of sundry of the English in furnishing them therewith, notwithstanding all the court orders and the means used to prohibit the same."

The Indians seem to have a born love for rum. Mr. Stone, the settled preacher at Provincetown, used often to preach to the Mashpees, who were quite devotional. One of the deacons was asked how he liked Mr. Stone. He said: "Mr. Stone one very good preacher, but he preach too much about rum. When he no preach about rum, Injun think nothing 'bout it; but when he tells how Injun love rum, and how much they drunk, then I think how good it is, and think no more 'bout

the sermon, my mouth waters all the time so much for rum." When asked whether he liked Mr. Stone or blind Joe (a Baptist minister) best, he said: "Mr. Stone, he make best sermons, but blind Joe he make best Christians."

There is no intervening record of the proprietors preserved between the fourth of June (1700) and their removal to Pamet, nor of their removal; but that they were there nearly thirty days before the specified time is assured by the following record:

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet lands on October 3, 1700, said proprietors taking into serious consideration the great inconveniency that doth and yet may further accrue to the inhabitants of Pamet, by reason of their living so remote from the place of the public worship of God, and also having a desire to have the name of God preached in this remote place (according to the rules of the Gospel) as soon as it will please God to open a way for the same, and also knowing that whatever person shall be employed in that good work must be accommodated and supported for a considerable substance here, Have therefor for that purpose laid out a parcel of upland at the back side of said Pamet, at a place commonly called Tashmuit, *alios* Clay Pounds, containing thirty and four acres, be it more or less, bounded viz. (Here follows the description.) Only a highway four poles wide is to go through across the land at the best watering place at Tashmuit, where it may be most convenient for watering and least damage to the land. This above said tract of land is by the above said proprietors of Pamet preserved for the use of the ministry of Pamet, or to be exchanged for other land there that may be more convenient, for the use aforesaid, to be kept and preserved for the use of the ministry forever. Voted by the said proprietors October 31, 1700.

Attest. THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

The eastern boundary of this lot was 561 feet by the bank, and 2871 feet (more than half a mile) east and west.

The first record found after their settlement makes provision for the support of a minister. Scarcely are their own tents pitched when the public worship of God receives attention. Great regard was paid by these new settlers to a minister; but it must be remembered that the settling of a minister was the most important and responsible question they had to meet. The following will illustrate these serious obligations At a meeting at Star Island, *alias* Gosport, Isle of Shoals (1732), voted:

That the thirteenth day of July next be observed as a day of fasting and prayer to beg God's blessing on the affair of settling a minister among us.

It may also be proper to state that this church at Star Island was at this time regarded as the most desirable, and the salary among the most valuable in New England. The salary of Mr. Tucke was paid him in merchantable winter fish, a quintal a man. There were from eighty to one hundred families then on these islands; a quintal of fish was estimated at a guinea. Every man a guinea. While his men toiled for fish, he fished for men and guineas.

Whatever may be said of their doctrine, they clearly recognized certain obligations on their own part, and did not mean to be found behind in the part of their coöperation with Providence. "To have the name of God preached as soon as it will please God to open the way, and also knowing that whatever person shall be employed in that good work must be accommodated and supported," they preached and practised. A more prompt, liberal, appreciative sense of duty, dependence and responsibility, with a lofty conscientious faith that God would meet their efforts and open the way, can scarcely be found in Puritan records.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, October 31, 1700, said proprietors made choice of Israel Cole, Constant Freeman, and Thomas Paine junior, for a committee to lay out six acres of meadow at Eastern Harbour, for the use of the ministry where they shall judge it most convenient; and also to survey and lay out all such uplands and meadows as they shall judge convenient within said propertie. As also to exchange part of Jedediah Lumbert's great lot, for land on the south side of the great river. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, February 6, 1701, Nathaniel Atkins and Francis Small were by the major vote of the proprietors admitted to the privilege of the stated commons at Pamet, provided they buy land there and settle themselves upon it *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At the same meeting Lieutenant Jonathan Bangs, Thomas Paine Jr., and Constant Freeman were chosen a committee, or agents, to sell lands in behalf of the proprietors, and give deeds of sea of the same. The products of said lands to be divided amongst the proprietors according to every man's right. From this vote Israel Cole and John Rogers dissented.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet land, February 16, 1701, said proprietors agree that the seventeen acres of land that they are to have of Thomas Lumbert (being part of Lumbert's great lot) should be given to Mr. Nathaniel Eells for his encouragement to settle at Pamet (to preach the Gospel to ye peo-

ple there), and that upon his settlement in order to a continuance there in that work; to have it for his own, and his heirs or assigns forever. Or if he, ye said Eells, should not come there upon that account, then said land should be reserved for any other able orthodox minister that shall be there settled upon the account aforesaid. But in case said Lumbert should not go through with his designe of exchanging his lot as aforesaid, that then the said Eells, or other minister as aforesaid, should have such a quantity of land laid out on any of the common or undivided lands at Pamet, where may be most convenient, together with five acres of meadow at Eastern Harbour, where it may be most convenient to said land; as also privilege for fire-wood, timber, feneing, and herbage (to be used in said Pamet), upon all such lands as from time to time shall lay undivided within said proprietie. Voted by said proprietors.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet lands, February 16, 1701, it was agreed upon and voted by said proprietors that all the undivided lands from a quarter of a mile to the northward of the head of Pamet meadow, so ranging down westerly, the same distance from said Pamet meadow, a mile and a half from the back side, and from thence extending northerly the same distance, at a mile and half from the back side into the woods, until it comes to the head of the southeast arme of Eastern Harbour meadow, and from thence to running down west into the woods a mile and half as above said, should lay for a perpetual commonage forever, for all such as shall from time to time be admitted as inhabitants by the major part of said proprietors, their voices to be accounted according to their proprietie, which land shall never be divided or disposed of to any man's or men's own particular use. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

Israel Cole did not consent to the above said vote.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, June 17, 1701, said proprietors made choice of Constant Freeman and Benjamin Smalley to look after all such men as shall come from other parts to fetch hay from their meadows at Eastern Harbour and to make them pay six shillings a sloop-load, or equivalent thereto, for said hay, which money shall be improved for the support of the ministrie at Pamet; and also to look after all such persons as shall set up Whale houses, or other houses upon any of the common or undivided lands belonging to Pamet; or that shall cut wood or timber upon the same, or any part or parcel thereof; and to agree with them, or any one of them, for the term of their voyages, as they shall see meet, not for less than one shilling a man; or otherwise to warn them to depart off from said land. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

The early settlement and faithful support of a learned ministry, was a bold feature in New England history.

The stamp of the ministry upon the people was well defined. None will hesitate to allow that the ministry tinted the rugged New England character with its finest shadings.

It was a mysterious Providence, a miraculous accident that

educated and carefully trained so many men in the best of English universities, to mould and shape a mighty empire in the New World. Men who cheerfully, earnestly and unselfishly, to the last days of their lives, shared in all the sufferings and deprivations of these pioneers of the wilderness, without draggling their sacred robes.

It was an object of high emulation, as well as of religious principle with the early Congregational Church, to be supplied with an educated ministry. And such without exception they were. Those pastors who having been silenced in England, came hither to minister to the little flocks in the wilderness. — *Dean.*

We need not be surprised that this also became a matter of legislation. So in 1670, "Every town was required to be constantly provided with an able, learned, and orthodox minister, or ministers of good conversation, to dispense the word of God. To be suitably encouraged and sufficiently maintained, by the inhabitants, and in case of neglect longer than six months, a competent allowance for such minister according to the estate and ability of the town shall be made and the town assessed for the same."

For some reason unknown, Mr. Nathaniel Eells, the first honored by the young church at Pamet to be their minister, did not accept. In Dean's *History of Scituate*, 1831, we learn that he was the son of Samuel Eells of Hingham, born 1678, graduate Harvard College 1699. 1704 he was ordained over the Church and Society of Scituate at £ 65 per annum, after negotiations commenced January 12, 1702; a longer time than the average services of his successors, but the work was then for life, and they could afford to hasten slowly. His wife was Hannah North, of Hingham, a relative of the Prime Minister. When she would say, "It is wonderful that so good a man as my husband should have such wayward children," he would answer, "True, and you seem to be sensible that the mischief all lies on the *North* side of the house." We judge this was family pleasantry, as two sons were graduates of Harvard College, settled in the ministry, and the family of five sons and four daughters were all well settled in life. Mr. Eells was a man of great influence and authority

among his people and greatly beloved. They were always glad to see him as he rode up to have his pipe lighted.

He was a violent opposer of the "New Lights," and of Whitefield, whom he refused to his pulpit; opposed itinerating, and wrote a pamphlet to defend his course.

The uncharitableness or sectarianism of Mr. Eells can scarcely be regarded a stain on so fair a record, regarded in the spirit of his time. Rev. Enoch Pratt, in his *History of Eastham*, gives the "Declaration" of the ministers of Barnstable County against this high innovation.

"Itinerant preaching tends to destroy the usefulness of ministers among their people, in places where the Gospel is settled and faithfully preached in its purity; and that it promotes strife and contention, a censorious and uncharitable spirit, and those numerous schisms and separations which have already destroyed the peace and unity, and at the same time threaten the subversion of many churches."

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet lands, June 15, 1703, the said proprietors made choice of Jedediah Lumbert Jr., John Snow, and Thomas Paine, for a committee, in the name and behalf of said proprietors, to run the ranges between all the great lots (so-called) at Pamet, and to erect and set up bounds at the heads of the same according as the records of these lands do direct. And to cause the same to be recorded in Pamet books of record; as also to lay out about thirteen acres of upland at the head of the swamp that goes up from the pond, as near the head of Lumbert's great lot as may be convenient, and to make entry thereof, which with the bounds, thirteen acres of land, is ordered by said proprietors to be reserved for the use of such minister as shall first be settled at Pamet in the work of the ministrie: as also to lay out and bound a drift highway from the northeast corner of the swamp at the wood, to the head of Pamet, in such place and manner as they shall judge most convenient, and the clerk to record the same.

At a meeting of the proprietors, June 15, 1703, it was agreed on and voted by the proprietors of Pamet, that John Steel might have ten acres of upland, and about four acres of meadow, for a reasonable price for money, the upland to be somewhere between the Pond and Anthony's Bottom, and the meadow to be beyond Eastern Harbour. A committee was appointed to agree with said Steel about the price of said land and meadow. At the same meeting John Steel was admitted and allowed inhabitant of Pamet by the proprietors thereof.

At this time "Longnook" is mentioned in the records as being the boundary of land deeded Thomas Paine, proving this another of the old names at least pre-proprietary.

A record of the Drift Highway laid out from the northeast corner of the swamp, at the head of the Pond to the Head of Pamet, by Jedediah Lumbert Jr., John Snow, and Thomas Paine, by order of proprietors of Pamet at their meeting, on the fifteenth day of June, 1703, which was laid out on the third day of July, 1703, which is as followeth, beginning at the northeast corner of the swamp at the head of the Pond by Jedediah Lumbert's, and from thence running up between the bound of Lieutenant Bangs' great lot, and Joseph Young's land, and and so down between Joseph Young's land and the swamp, and so along as the Old way runneth to a white oak-tree marked, which is the southwest corner bound of the thirteen acres of land laid out for a minister, and then it turneth up the valley along by the south side of the above said thirteen-acre lot, till it comes nigh the southeast corner of it, and then it turneth away south by marked trees across the valley, and so uphill in an ascending valley to the top of the hill, and so the highway runneth over the plain nearest southeast by marked trees, into the valley that goeth out of the Great Hollow toward Tashmuit, and so over said valley along by marked trees something more southerly to the Great Hollow; and so over the Great Hollow southerly by marked trees to the Old way, commonly called Savage's Way; and so along said Old way till it comes against Thomas Paine's land where he now lives; and then said way turneth to the right hand by marked trees over the hill to land nigh the southeast corner of said Paine's land, and then it turns away to the eastward, up the side of the hill, and so across the neck by marked trees to the head of a little valley that comes up from said Paine's meadow, and so down said valley to the Old way, and so along the Old way by the side of said Paine's meadow to the head of it, and so up easterly about twenty pole up the valley; and then the way turneth away southerly over into the next valley, and so up along the second valley near half a mile; and then it turneth up the hill to the right hand, by marked trees into another valley, and so on up easterly along said valley, till it comes nigh the head of it; then over the woods by marked trees nearest southeast to the cassiway, where the Old way went over the swamp at the corner of the meadow, and so along the Old way to the range of the house lot of John Snow deceased; and so along the range of said lot to the Old way at the head of the lot, and so up along as the Old way went to the head of Pamet. Entered. THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

With the valuable assistance of Barnabas Paine, who esteems an old bound as sacred as did Old Mortality the tombstones of the Scottish Covenantors, we have been able to make out nearly every point mentioned in the above description of the "Drift Highway."

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, June 17, 1703, granted by said proprietors to Joseph Young, libertie to buy of David Peter four acres of sedge meadow on northeast side of Eastern Harbour to the northward of the Captain's Island. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

Whereas at the time of laying out the lots of upland at the place called Tashmuit, it was agreed upon by the proprietors thereof, that there should be a high-

way laid out through all the said lots by the best watering place, as by ye record of said lands may more largely appear, which highway hath not yet been laid out. Therefore, at meeting of proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, said proprietors did make choice of Thomas Paine, Constant Freeman, and John Snow, for a committee to lay out and bound said highway, according to the directions given in the aforesaid record.

Voted by the proprietors of Pamet, at their meeting at Pamet, June 15, 1703 *Attest*, THO: PAINE *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, June 17, 1703, said proprietors agreed with Thomas Mulford, that for the consideration of seven pounds current money of New England, said Mulford should have one ninth part of all the common or undivided land between the bounds of Eastham and the south side of the great meadow at Pamet, excepting John and Israel Cole's part (which is one sixteenth part) and that upon receipt of the above said sum of seven pounds, the clerk of said company should record the above said land, to said Mulford and his heirs and assigns forever; and it was also agreed on by the parties above said, that whenever John and Israel Cole's part of the above said land should be excepted, so also their part of the above said seven pounds should be abated.

At the same meeting the above said Thomas Mulford was excepted an allowed inhabitant of Pamet by the above said proprietors.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, June 17, 1703, granted by said proprietors to John Snow, libertie to fence up the highway (that goeth through his grass above and below), provided he keep up and maintain easie and sufficient gates for horses and carts to pass at all times, as they have occasion.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

As a previous record refers to John Snow deceased, the above must have been his son.

Jedediah Lombard senior, hath taken up ten acres of land, which is his full proportion for one third of a share. It lyeth betwixt the land of Thomas Mulford, next Hog's Back, and the land of Thomas Mulford next to the Pond, on the southerly side of Pamet great River.

Recorded, Feb. 9, 1703.

The above record settles beyond controversy that "Hog's Back" is an old name. There has been a tradition quite generally accepted that it was named by British sailors during the Revolutionary War. There is a peculiarly shaped hill in that part of the town near the shore, which was then covered with a ridge of pine-trees. The real or fancied resemblance of these trees along the crest of the hill, sug-

gested the contour and bristling equipage of the equine in question. So the Britishers said Hog's Back.

But the record of Thomas Paine of 1703 spoils this tradition and leaves us still ignorant whom to honor. It also establishes very nearly the location of the *bona fide* historical eminence. There is no doubt it was named from this local resemblance, probably by the English fishermen at an early day, and as the record indicates, was first used in its strict local sense, but for nearly a hundred years it has embraced the whole south part of the town. There was a time when the term "Hogsbacker" was resented, but the thrift enterprise and independence of the people at a later date, made them proud of the distinction. The following affidavit twenty or more years later, is further proof if needed, that the name was well understood and honored.

December 7th, 1725: — The declaration of John Lewis of Barnstable. I, being at sea near at a place called Hogg's Back, with the boat's company, I then and there struck and wounded a whale fish, she lying soothing under water, I (can't make the word) — My iron took her upon the rising of her bulge, but she drawing my iron made play, and was soon struck and wounded by James Bearse, and after awhile drawing his iron, she still making good play, was in a few moments struck by Thomas Thatcher, and they and we soon killed said whale.

JOHN LEWIS.

Attest, JOHN SNOW. *Town Clerk.*

December 7th, 1755: — I, the subscriber, being at sea near a place called Hogg's Back, with my company, I saw John Lewis strike a whale fish, she drawing his iron. I soon after struck my iron into said whale upon or near the rising of her bulge and held to her a considerable time, and afterwards she drawed my iron but still made good play, and in a few minutes was struck by Thomas Thatcher, and they and we soon killed the whale.

JAMES BEARSE.

Attest, JOHN SNOW. *Town Clerk.*

Taken up ye seventh of December, 1722, on Truro Shore, near Hog's Back, by Aquilla Rich, son to widow Bethiah Rich, a large canoe. Entered with me December 25th, 1725. JOHN SNOW. *Town Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet lands, July 21, 1703, said proprietors made choice of Thomas Paine and Constant Freeman to be their agents (in their name and behalf) to settle the bounds of the twelve acres of land which they bought of Pepen (with David, Peter, Jediah, and Joseph Tonomatuk) and in

case the said David, Peter, Jediah, and Joseph Tonomatuk refuse to do the same, to sue them for a settlement thereof, in the name and behalf of the said proprietors, as also to run the range with said Indians from the stone by the ditch on the hill on the south side of Moonpoon valley, to the head of Eastern Harbor Marsh; as also to divide the land with Jediah; that lyeth between the lots at the pond and Moonpoon, alias Anthony's Bottom; the charge of writing by all the above said particulars to be paid by the above said proprietors.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

Voted. At the same meeting, that Thomas Paine should, as agent to the proprietors of Pamet, in their name and behalf, act and do in all particulars what is yet to be done, about finishing the bargain with Thomas Lumbert, referring to said Lumbert's changing his part of the Lumbert's great lot and whatsoever said Paine shall do or cause to be done, respecting the premises, said proprietors do hereby ratifie and confirm, as if done by themslves.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

Whereas, the proprietors of Pamet lands did formerly set out for a perpetual Commonage a tract of land on the back side of said Pamet, extending from the back side a mile and a half westerly into the woods, the true intent and meaning of which act was that said Commonage should include about half the breadth of the neck, but the land being now measured, is found to be but two mile and half wide from sea to sea, at Pamet Harbor; and but about two miles wide at the Pond, commonly called Eastern Harbor Pond, which is at least half a mile less than was expected, by which means the said Commonage proves prejudicial to the proprietors; for the prevention whereof the said proprietors did at a meeting at Pamet, July 21, 1703, unanimously agree, and vote, that from the time to come, and forever hereafter, the above said Commonage should extend but one mile and a quarter into the woods westward from the back side, anything in the former act to the company notwithstanding, that being by the proprietors construed to be the true intent and meaning of the above said act.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, Abigail Steel, the wife of John Steel, late of said Pamet, petitioned the said proprietors that they would be pleased to consider the circumstances of her sorrowful condition (her husband being absented from her and left her in a very low condition), and that they would hire her the land where she now lives (that was fenced in by her husband) for a reasonable sum of money yearly. Pursuant whereunto said proprietors have confidence thereof, and grant that said Abigail Steel shall have the use and improvement of the above said lands during their pleasure for three shillings money per annum, to be paid yearly to Thomas Paine their Clerk for the use of said proprietors. Voted by said proprietors.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, it was agreed upon and voted by said proprietors that the seventeen acres of upland that they are to have in Lumbert's great lot, and the thirteen acres of upland at the head

of the Pond swamp, together with six acres of meadow to be laid out on the northeasterly side of Eastern Harbor, shall be for the use and improvement of the first orthodox minister, that shall be orderly settled in the work of the ministry at said Pamet during the time of his continuing in the work of the ministry there; and in case he shall then continue in the work of the ministry, until by reason of age he shall be disenabled from performing the work of a minister; that then the above said land shall be his own and his heirs and assigns forever, anything to the contrary before-mentioned notwithstanding.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, said proprietors made choice of Constant Freeman, John Snow and Thomas Paine, for a committee to lay out and bound six acres of meadow, at the head of the southeast arm of Eastern Harbor meadow, for the use of the ministry at Pamet; and to bound and record the same. As also to lay out six acres of meadow for the minister on the northeast side of said Eastern Harbor, in the sedge meadow, and to bound and record the same with the other lands granted for that use. Voted by said proprietors. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, granted by said proprietors unto Mr. Theophilus Cotton, to him, his assigns and heirs forever, a parcel of upland and swamp, containing about five acres, be it more or less, lying at the head of the Pond swamp in Pamet. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, granted by said proprietors to Mr. Theophilus Cotton, one ninth part of the privilege of the shore, referring to drift-fish within the proprietie of Pamet during the time of his living in Pamet. Voted by said proprietors. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At the same meeting, granted to Mr. Theophilus Cotton, to him, his heirs and assigns forever, about two acres of upland and swamp at the head of the Pond swamp from the ditch at the end next to Joseph Young's, and from thence southerly as far as (the intervening word torn or worn off) with convenieney. Thomas Paine, Constant Freeman and John Snow were appointed to lay out and bound the same. Voted by said proprietors.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At the same meeting Mr. Theophilus Cotton was admitted an allowed inhabitant of Pamet provided he settleth in the work of the ministry at said Pamet; and also that whensoever the commons of Pamet shall be stinted, said Mr. Cotton shall have as good a privilege there as any other one man provided he be settled as aforesaid. Voted. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

As the above are the first and last references to Mr. Cotton, other papers both before and after must be among the lost. It would now be regarded a great treasure could all the missing papers covering correspondence, etc., be found.

Rev. Theophilus Cotton settled at Hampton Falls, Mass.; he was a brother to Rev. Roland of Sandwich and Rev. John, of Yarmouth, sons of Rev. John of Plymouth, and grandsons of the original John Cotton of Boston.

Whereas there is likely to be great damage done to the proprietors of Pamet, by reason of some persons digging shells out of the land belonging to these proprietie, and selling or transporting them off from said land, which otherwise might be of good use to the inhabitants to make lime for their building, for preventing whereof it is ordered and agreed upon by the proprietors of Pamet at a meeting of said proprietors held at Pamet, May 15, 1705. That from and after the first day of June next ensuing, no person or persons whatsoever shall digg any shells out of any of the common or undivided land belonging to said proprietie, or take any shells off from any of the common or undivided land belonging to any part of said proprietors, but only such as shall be voted by the inhabitants of Pamet within the Courts of said proprietie, in penalty of five and sixpence a bushel for every bushel of shells so digged or carried off from said proprietie for the use of him or them that shall inform and sue for the same before any Court of Record proper to try the same.

Voted by said proprietors, May 15, 1705.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

As is known, the New England Indians lived principally on fish, particularly shell fish. Their villages were dry, sunny, sheltered situations, convenient to the shores. For hundreds of years they deposited their shells and bones in the same place, producing the vast shell banks or beds, which at that time could be readily transported. Doubtless the fishermen had also left large deposits, as the English and colonial fleet had supplied themselves with bait from the Cape shores before the days of Dermer.

I have examined a shell bed bordering a swamp, on land of Joshua Knowles, not far from Great Hollow. It is, perhaps, a half-acre in extent, several feet deep, covered by a solid, rich, emerald sward nearly the whole year. The shells are great and soft clams, quahaug, scallop, oyster, razor, cockle, and fragments of deer bones. Arrow-heads are often found. Oysters must have been abundant, as they predominate. The slow waste of the lime, mixing with the decomposition of bones, has produced a soil rich and hot as guano, that might be, it would seem, used to advantage as a fertilizer.

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, Hezekiah Doane and Samuel Treat, Jr. were admitted allowed inhabitants of said Pamet.

Voted by the proprietors. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk*

Samuel Treat Jr. was the son of Rev. Samuel Treat, the regular and ordained minister at Eastham, to whom we have referred for his Christian and humane labors among the Indians at Pamet. He was the son of Governor Robert Treat of Connecticut, and the eldest of twenty-one children Graduated at Harvard College, 1669. Settled in Eastham, 1672. Married first, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. John Mayo, of Boston, who had formerly preached in Eastham, by whom were born eleven children. Married second, Mrs. Eastabrook, daughter of Rev. Samuel Willard, of Boston, by whom three children. Daughter Eunice, by this marriage, was the mother of Robert Treat Paine, the patriot of the Revolution, and signer of the Declaration of Independence,—a name that has been continued to the present day by an honorable line of worthy descendants. Mr. Treat was a Calvinist, primitive and pure, of the strictest order. His was the consistent, irrevocably decreed Calvinism, with all its jagged lines and bottomless chasms, which he forcibly, ably and constantly preached and defended. The following extract from one of his sermons is said to be a fair average of his style, and an honor to his sincere faith: "Consider God himself shall be the principal agent in thy misery. His is that consuming fire; his breath is the bellows which blows up the flame of hell forever; he is the damning fire—the everlasting burning; and if he punish thee, if he meet thee in his fury, he will not meet thee as a man, he will give thee an omnipotent blow."

He preached long, and so loud that he could be heard a great distance from the meeting-house; even above the howling winds of the Eastham plains. He was a good and faithful minister, and had many "awakenings" under his powerful preaching. He died March 18, 1716, during a great snow storm, known in the annals of New England as the "Great Snow." He could not be buried till the snow banks were

tunnelled a quarter of a mile. His body was borne to the grave by the Indians, who sincerely mourned the loss of their beloved pastor and never-failing friend. Mr. Treat had taken a spiritual and temporal oversight of the Indians, studied their language, could write and preach to them in their native tongue. It was through his influence that Mr. Richard Bourne of Sandwich entered upon this work with such marked success. From the town records:

Whereas at the time of laying out the lots of upland at the place called Tashmuit, it was agreed upon by the proprietors thereof, that there should be a highway laid out through all the said lots by the best watering place, as by ye record of said lands may more largely appear, which highway hath not been laid out. Therefore at a meeting of proprietors of Pamet, May 15, 1705, said proprietors did make choice of Thomas Paine, Constant Freeman and John Snow for a committee to lay out and bound said highway according to the direction given in the aforesaid record.

Voted by the proprietors of Pamet, at their meeting in Pamet, June 15, 1705.

Attest, THO: PAINE, *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, June 16, 1707, Hezekiah Purington was an admitted inhabitant by the major vote of said proprietors.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet, June 16, 1707. Granted by said proprietors to Isaac Snow, Jonathan Collins, and Nathaniel Harding, or to any or either of them, liberty to fence across from the Head of Pamet great meadow to the back sea, and again from said Isaac Snow's land, by his new dwelling house to the Pond, and again from the northeast corner of said Pond to the back sea, and to have the improvement of all the land within said fence for seven years next.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

The reader has not failed to observe that the first proprietors were good business men with creditable pretentions to an English education as then understood. Thomas Paine, the first clerk of the Pamet proprietors, was a model secretary. His penmanship is to-day clear, full, and almost plain as print; his rhetoric good standard English, grammar unexceptionable, and his whole record is finished and scholarly.

We have quoted quite freely from the first entries, particularly from 1703, which are quite full. Hereafter we shall be content to give the more important transactions, leaving purchases, boundaries, and all matters of general

sameness and repetition, as of little historic value or interest. No small proportion of the original records are evidently missing. Not till within fifty years has the town provided safes. During the wear and tear of nearly one hundred and fifty years, many books were undoubtedly lost or worn out, and others so badly worn they could not be copied. This will explain many gaps, particularly as referring to the change of the name of the town.

Referring to valuable papers, a transaction has come before me since engaged in this history, that perhaps had better be told in this connection. Information was sent me at the West that a man living in Massachusetts had in his possession the original Charter of Truro, which he would sell. Through correspondence, I learned that the date of his document was 1757. Satisfied from this fact it was not what he had stated, I still had a curiosity to know more about it, but could not bring my party to terms. I finally wrote that after a certain date I would no longer entertain any proposition. Shortly after, two middle-aged men presented themselves, saying they had brought the paper, and handed me rolled up in an old torn newspaper, a yellow-stained, wrinkled parchment, nearly as large and stiff as a cowhide. Catching first a glance at the signature, I saw the name of Governor Berkeley, and the Royal Seal of the Massachusetts Bay. After reading a moment, I said to the men, "Don't you know that this is the Charter of Truro, Nova Scotia?" "No, it is Massachusetts Bay," they replied. I then explained to them what they did not know, and they retired wiser than they came.

This was indeed the genuine charter of the town of Truro, Nova Scotia — the real sheepskin of the old colonial pattern, with the fifty incorporators twice named, and all the verbiage and clerical illumination that distinguished the Massachusetts Bay State documents under *Georgeus Secundus.*

CHAPTER VI.

PEACE, PROGRESS AND WHALING.

Last Officers of Pamet. Purchases of Indians. Waste of Forests. Cattle Owners. The first Windmill. Crows and Blackbirds. Antient Bounds. Fat Office. Fencing the Wolves. Cape Cod Canal. George Washington. The first Suez Canal. The Path to India. The Dream of Europe. Province Lands. Precinct of Cape Cod. Boundaries. Sojourners. 1717 — Missionary Enterprise — 1877. Incorporation of Provincetown. Precarious Existence. Rehabilitation. Lands a Begging. Whale and Whaling. The *Lydia and Sophia*. Oily Flavor. Dr. Freeman in 1794. Burke's Argumentum Piscatorium. Cape Cod Schoolmasters. Richard Paine. Rev. Levi Whitman. Fighting Whale. The Bible Captain. Globiceph Alus Melas. Daniel Rich's Morning Spurt. Captain Henry Atkins. The Ship *Whale*.

AT the last March meeting in 1709, previous to the incorporation of the new town, the following officers were elected:

Thomas Paine, town clerk; Benj. Small, Humphrey Scammon and Isaac Snow, selectmen; Thomas Lumbert, constable; Edward Cowell, tythingman; Josias Cook, grand juryman; —— ——, town treasurer; Beriah Smith and Nathaniel Harding, fence viewers; Thos. Mulford, Jedediah Lumbard and John Snow, surveyors of highways. *Voted*, that the town treasurer be allowed fourpence upon the pound for receiving and paying out the money.

In 1710, Richard Stevens was admitted by the proprietors, and they made arrangements for exchange of land with Daniel Sam, Indian. Also appointed Jedediah Lumbert and Thomas Paine agents to buy lands of the Indians in the township of Truro, when, and so often as any of said Indians shall see fit to sell, and that none others buy. In 1712 at a proprietors' meeting Feby. 28th, it was decided to give Jo Tomamatuk his demand of thirty shillings to quit his claim to land which Jeremy Anthony, Jediah John, and David Peter, Indians, sold to Nath'l Atkins. It was also further ordered that this regulation, and that against cutting wood and timber, be presented to the Court of the General Sessions of the Peace, for their approbation.

Whereas, there has been great destruction and waste made of fire-wood within the town of Truro, by cutting wood to burn lime with, to be transported out of said Truro, which will in a short time cause a scarcity of fire-wood in said town, if not timely prevented; it was ordered that no person or persons whatever, shall at any time hereafter, cut any wood off from any part of any of the common or undivided land within the township of the said Truro, to burn any lime with all, other than to be used in said Town.

February 24, 1711. THO: PAINE. *Clerk*

At this time all the owners of cattle in Truro were Ebenezer Doane, William Dyer Sr., Jonathan Collins, Jeremy Bickford, Josias Cook, Jedediah Lumbert, Jonathan Vickery, Constant Freeman, Samuel Treat, John Snow, Thomas Lumbert, Hezekiah Purington, Thomas Rogers, Benjamin Smalley, Richard Webber, Thomas Smith, Daniel Smalley, Christopher Stewart, George Stewart and William Clark.

At a meeting of the town of Truro convened and held Aug. 13, 1711, ordered by said town that Tho. Paine should have for money by him disburst about getting a township for the town of Truro, and for getting a minister for said town (all done in year 1701). Three pounds to be drawn by him out of town treasury.

THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

At a meeting of the town of Truro convened and held at Truro, December 11, 1711, it was agreed upon by said town that if Thomas Paine should set up and maintain a grist-mill within said town, he should take three quarts toll out of every bushel of Indian corn that should be ground in said mill, and two quarts out of every bushel of English corn so ground, and the town to give said Paine sixty pounds towards the building of said mill. Lieut. Constant Freeman, John Snow and Nathaniel Atkins were then chosen a committee by said town, in their name and behalf to make a full agreement with said Paine on ye town's part, and to take bonds of said Paine for the performance of his part according to the contract of the above written.

Voted by said town. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

Thomas Paine was a noted millwright, having built mills in Yarmouth and Eastham before removing to Truro.

By English corn referred to in the agreement, will be understood the small grain cereals, as wheat, rye, oats and barley, still known in the English markets under the general name of corn. At a meeting of the town of Truro, convened and held at Truro March 16, 1712, said town "voted that they would have ye present town treasurer sue William Dyer Sr., see what said Dyer hath in his hands of ye said town's

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money, being ye remainder of a rate committed to him to collect when he was constable, in case said Dyer will not pay it without suit." At the same meeting the said town ordered the selectmen to look over the former town treasurer's accounts and make a report of the same at the next town meeting.

It was voted in 1711, "That whereas crows and blackbirds do much damage by pulling up and destroying the young corn, every housekeeper shall bring or cause to be brought between the middle of March and the last day of June to the selectmen, eight blackbirds' heads, two crows' heads, or proportionably thereto, or forfeit 3s. 8d. to the use of the poor, and that for additional heads a bounty be paid 1d. for blackbirds and 4d. for crows."

An old Eastham order is harder still on the birds. "Every single man in the township shall kill six blackbirds or three crows, and shall not be married till they comply with this requisition." There were poachers in those days, as "a committee was appointed by the town to cause the law to be enforced to prevent killing of deer at improper seasons." Truro was a noted place for deer; the deep-wooded valleys were good coverts in the severest snows of winter; fragments, and sometimes quite perfect antlers, are still found.

Memorandum, May 6, 1112:—Selectmen of Eastham and Truro met by appointment to run the lines and review the bounds and to erect bounds where there are none betwixt the towns. Persuant thereto, we went to look at the antient bounds at the mouth of Bound Brook, but the white oak-tree with stones by it, we could not find, and judge it may be washed away by the sea. We marked a white oak-tree on four sides, with E on the southern side and T on the northern side, from thence we run east on the meadow to an island inside, from thence we run east on the meadow to an island on Mr. Mulford's meadow, which is the biggest island in said meadow.

At a meeting of the town May 11, 1114 for choice of a representative for the following year, the town made choice of Capt. Thomas Paine for their representative.

At ye same meeting it was agreed upon and voted by the town of Truro, to allow the representative five shillings per day from the time they should be upon the same until such times as the General Court shall by law raise their wages.

About this time wolves came considerably into notice. An old writer says, "The wolves of that period were represented as making no more bones to carry off a pig than a dog a marrow bone." In 1713 the town voted "That three pounds bounty be paid in addition to what is allowed by the Province law for every head of grown wolves." A further clause of the law would interest our modern sportsmen, and offer an inviting field. *Voted*, "That if any person not belonging to the town shall kill any grown wolf within the bounds of the town in form and manner as aforesaid, shall have the like sum of three pounds paid to them in manner aforesaid." Some years later, a reward not only on wolves generally, but particularly on one individual wolf: "To any individual who shall kill *the wolf* that has of late been prowling through this township," etc.

A novel idea of shutting up the wolves on the Cape so they could not get off, or shutting them off so they could not get on, was suggested by building a high board-fence, a Chinese wall, across the Cape from Picked (perhaps Peaked) Cliff to Waygeneset Bay. It was quite generally discussed, but through the indifference of some of the towns, the project was not carried out.

At a town meeting March 31, 1718, said town agreed upon two town acts, or by-laws, viz.: one for regulating of rams, and one to encourage the killing of foxes, and ordered Captain Paine and John Snow to perfect said acts, in order to their being established at ye court of quarter sessions. At same meeting said town ordered the selectmen to cause a sufficient pound to be built in said town in such place as they, ye said selectmen, should think most convenient. At same meeting Joseph Young was chosen pound-keeper.

It is worthy of notice that the proposed line for the fence referred to, was nearly the same as that for the proposed canal between Buzzard's Bay and Cape Cod Bay. It is also a matter of history that the Cape Cod canal is not a new enterprise, but was favorably considered more than a hundred years ago. Samuel Sewell, afterwards Judge Sewell, wrote in his diary about 1770, "Mr. Smith (of Sandwich) rode with

me and showed me the place which some here thought to cut for to make a passage from the South Sea to the North. He said it was about a mile and a half between the utmost flowing of the two seas in Herring River and Scusset, the land very low and level. Herring River exceeding pleasant, by reason that it was pretty broad, shallow of an equal depth, and upon white sand."

In 1776 George Washington wrote a letter in his own hand to Hon. James Bowdoin of Boston, in which he expresses much interest in the enterprise, and recommends a government engineer to survey, etc. Thomas Mackeil was appointed engineer. He made a thorough survey, and reported an estimate of the cost, — £32,148 1 s. 8 d., — carrying out every item, which was submitted with the report, the same year, 1776, by the committee appointed. The estimate of cost by Thomas Mackeil, was in round numbers $150,000.

It is not improbable that the war of the Revolution prevented accomplishing the work.

We hope the Cape Cod canal will not have to wait as long after the survey as did the Suez Canal, first surveyed and undertaken by Necho, King of Egypt, of whom Heroditus says, "When he had desisted from his attempt to join by a canal the Nile with the Arabian Gulf, he despatched some vessels under the conduct of Phœnicians, with directions to pass by the columns of Hercules, and after penetrating the Southern Ocean, to return to Egypt." This is the Pharo-Necho of Scripture, the ancient De Lesseps, who, after he had consumed 120,000 men in attempting to join the Nile and Red Sea, abandoned the work, being admonished by an oracle that all his labors would turn to the advantage of a barbarian. The Phœnician sailors reported "that they had the sun on the right hand on their return," a phenomena that to Heroditus, with the views of his time on astronomy, made it seem incredible; but is now a proof that these early navigators leaving the Red Sea, actually circumnavigated Libia (Africa) without the compass, and returned to the Mediterranean through the columns of Hercules, after an absence of nearly three years. For subsistence, they planted

corn in Libia. This was two thousand years before the Portuguese De Gama, in 1497, discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and the same path to the Indies by which these bold mariners proceeded.

The path to the Indies, and the rich trade of India, has been the grand prize of nations for thousands of years. It is a fact worthy of a better understanding, that nations have become enriched with its flow and declined with its ebb.

A path to India by the west we know was the dream of Columbus which he did not live to see. In the interpretation of his dream a remarkable paper was written in Virginia in 1623. It will be remembered Virginia extended from sea to sea.

Sir Francis Drake was on the back side of Virginia in his voyage about the world, in thirty-seven degrees, just opposite to Virginia, and called Nova Albion, and by the natives kindly used: and now all the question is, only, How broad the land may be at that place from the James River above the falls; but all men conclude it to be not narrow, yet that there is, and will be found the like rivers issuing into a South Sea, or a West Sea, on the other side of these hills, as there is on this side where they run from the west down into the east after a course of one hundred and fifty miles; but of this certainty M. Henri Brigs, that most judicious and learned mathematician, wrote a small tractate and presented it to that most noble Earl of Southampton, the Governor of the Virginia company in England, Annus 1623, to which I refer for full information. And by such a discovery the planters in Virginia shall gain the rich trade of the East Indies and so cause it to be driven through the continent of Virginia, part by land and part by water, and in a most gainful way and safe, and far less expenseful and dangerous than it now is. And they doubt not to find some rich and beneficial country and commodities not yet known to the world, that lies west and by south now from the present plantation.

It must be admitted that they saw the Sleeping Giant. True they were sadly at sea in their geography and dead reckoning. West by south from James River in thirty-seven degrees would almost strike San Francisco; nearer four thousand miles than three hundred as they estimated, from James River to "the back side of Virginia." As Sir Francis Drake died in 1597 on board his celebrated ship *Golden Hind*, at Porto Bello, this was more than two hundred years before a railroad had been thought of; but these "adventurous" men practically grasped the situation, prophetically realized the

results of the Pacific Railroad, and anticipated the long dream of Columbus and Europe, so forcibly expressed, "To gain the rich trade of the Indies, and so cause it to be driven through the continent of Virginia."

The San Francisco of these thoughtful men would have been near Parkersburg. The great valley of the Ohio and the Mississippi and Missouri, the great Rocky Mountain Range, and the Great Western slope, would have seemed a *chiaro-oscuro* to their wondering eyes.

In 1714 the Province Lands hitherto for municipal convenience regarded part of Truro, were constituted a distinct precinct entitled the precinct of Cape Cod. Sept. 24 of the same year the line was settled between the Province lands and Truro, beginning at the easterly end of a cliff near the Cape Harbor, called by the Indians Hetsconoyet, and by the English Comorant Hill, at the jaw-bone of a whale set in the ground by the side of a red oak stump, and thence running by marked range trees nearly on a north and west line about half a point more westerly, to a marked pine-tree, standing by a reedy pond, called by the Indians Wocknotchcoyisset; and from thence by marked range trees to a high hill on the north side near the North Sea (Atlantic) with a cedar post set in the sand hill; and thence to run in the same line to the sea, and running back on the contrary line to the harbor. Signed by

JOHN OTIS,
WILLIAM BASSETT, } *Com. app. by Gen. Court.*

And by Thomas Mulford, Thomas Paine, Joseph Doane, Hezekiah Purington, Jedediah Lumbert and Samuel Knowles; endorsed, Thomas Paine Esq., and Mr. Jedediah Lumbert, agents for the proprietors.

At a meeting of the proprietors April 26th, 1715, it was voted to make application to the next Court of Quarter Sessions, for the County of Barnstable, for a highway to be laid out from Eastham to Truro, and through Truro down to and through the Province lands upon Cape Cod as the law directs.

The following year, 1715, Truro people became restive under frequent difficulties growing out of the anomalous position or municipal character of the new precinct, and presented a petition to the General Court, by Constant Freeman, their representative, praying "that Cape Cod (the precinct) be declared either a part of Truro, or not a part of Truro, that the town may know how to act in regard to some persons."

An order of notice was issued, summoning the inhabitants of the Precinct, "to show cause why they do not entertain a

learned orthodox minister of the gospel to dispense the word of God to them as required by law.

The first public legislation upon the Province lands at Cape Cod, resulted in the following: "An act for preserving the harbor at Cape Cod, and regulating the inhabitants and *sojourners* there." No doubt the squatter and itinerant element of the Precinct, denominated sojourners, produced the anomalous and independent sentiment which provoked the more substantial orthodox settlers.

A grant of one hundred and fifty pounds was made in 1717, toward the expense of building a meeting-house at Cape Cod, "The money to be expended under the direction of Thomas Paine, Ebenezer Doane, and John Snow of Truro. The edifice to be thirty-two feet by twenty-eight stud, and to have a gallery on three sides. The inhabitants to sustain the balance of expense, and keep the premises in repair." Such was the beginning of church building in Provincetown: a government grant to support the ministry and build the meeting-house, and a building committee from Truro. Strictly a missionary enterprise. Compare the Government Mission of 1717, with the stately temples of 1877, pointing tall spires heavenward. Architecturally considered, the Provincetown churches of to-day compare favorably with any in New England.

In 1727 the number of inhabitants of the Province lands were so much increased that the Precinct of Cape Cod was incorporated June 14th as a township, by the name of Provincetown. Doctor Freeman says: "Owing to the peculiar location and anomalous relation, the inhabitants though allowed the right of representation, were exempt from taxation except for town and military duty. The provincial government still continued to provide for the ministry." The following is the act of incorporation:

Be it enacted, etc., that all the lands on said Cape (being Province lands) be, and hereby are, constituted a township by the name of Provincetown, and that the inhabitants thereof be invested with the powers, privileges, and immunities that any of the inhabitants of any of the towns within the Province by law are, or ought to be invested with, *Saving always the right of this Province to said*

land, which is to be in no wise prejudiced. And provided that no person or persons, be hindered and obstructed in building such wharves, stages, work-houses, and flakes, and other things, as shall be necessary for the salting, keeping and packing their fish, or in cutting down and taking such trees and other materials, growing on said Province lands, as shall be needful for that purpose, or in any sort of fishing, whaling, or getting of bait at the said Cape; but that the same be held as common as heretofore, with all the privileges and advantages thereunto in any wise belonging.

All lands sold in Provincetown to this day are sold subject to the above conditions, with a quit-claim title. For many years Provincetown had a precarious existence. Having no interest in the soil, the inhabitants were easily afloat — they were a barometer of the fluctuating interests of the fisheries.

A few years after the incorporation in 1727 a reaction began, and in 1748 only two or three families remained. In 1755 only three houses were standing, and not a family remained. Toward the close of the French war, the tide of fortune again turned, and at the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, there were twenty houses, thirty-six families, and two hundred and five souls. During the war it was in the hands of the enemy; when the war closed, every family had again vanished. Mr. Spear, the minister, formerly the Truro schoolmaster, followed his people.

With the dawn of peace, Provincetown began a new and permanent career of prosperity, which with slight check has continued to the present day. The first eighteen years of the new departure were quite unparalled for a New England town.

In 1800 the population was nine hundred and forty-six, dwellings one hundred and forty-four, eight of which were in the limits of Truro. Later, the eastern district was largely in Truro. This was another "anomalous" feature of this town of many anomalies.

The village stretched along the shore east and west. The easternmost wing soon overrun the original boundary line, and a large number of families found themselves legally and geographically in a *foreign* town, between whom rolled six or eight miles of blue water and nearly twice that of sand hills.

Their social and business life was completely identified

with Rome, but they were not Romans. After frequent petitions, the General Court came to their rescue from time to time, till the present boundary line near the railroad bridge at Beach Point was fixed. Provincetown thinks her buildings will not run over this line for the present, and is not ambitious for more territory. Truro says to her neighbor, to the County Commissioners, and to the General Court, move this boundary at least half-way, and maintain the highways, for which we are oppressively taxed, and your town receives the benefit.

So these miles of most valuable territory that bind the city of the Pilgrims to the rest of the world, and preserve the grand harbor from destruction, go a-begging.

In 1795 King Philip's Lodge of Free Masons was opened, and the building known as the Masonic Hall was built.

Whales in the sea God's voice obey. — *N. E. Primer.*

The whaling business that has been carried on so extensively and profitably in New England originated in Truro, became a flourishing business in Wellfleet, but finally as a Cape enterprise settled in Provincetown, where it has been continued with varying success during the history of the town. From the Cape, whaling extended to the Vineyard, Nantucket and New Bedford, giving them great prosperity and wealth. The whalemen of Truro were distinguished for their enterprise and success, and from the best authority gave the first impulse to the country, and ultimately to Europe.

Whaling was the most important branch of the fisheries on the Cape. When the English first visited our coast, the favorite ground for whale was in the bay, and near the shores. They were undisturbed and found much better food, in pursuit of which were often drawn into shoal water, and not unfrequently left by the ebbing tide, or water-boned, so as to become an easy prey to the Indians. It will be remembered the Pilgrims named Wellfleet Harbor Grampus Bay, on account of the abundance of this species, which the Indians were cutting up.

The tortoise, seal, and shark, and in your bay
The mighty whale and porpoise sporting, they
The power and wondrous works of God display
For our beholding.

These were the "drift whale" so often referred to in the laws of the Old Colony towns, a part of which belonged to the minister and sometimes to the schools.

The English early settlers first pursued the whale in boats, but being soon disturbed in their old hunting-grounds, retired as did the Indians, to new reservations and the frontier.

The boats were then abandoned, and large sloops were adopted. Early in the present century, nine large sloops from Truro were engaged in whaling. One of these was the *Lydia and Sophia*, built in Truro under the bank north of the house of Mrs. Elkanah Paine. She was probably the first vessel built in Truro; and was mostly owned by Capt. Heman Smith Rich. Many of the names had an oily flavor when the Eastham settlers first came to Paomet, as, *Try House Lot*, *Whale House Hill*, etc. The last was the high bank near the South Truro Landing, where were kept the boats and try works and lookouts for the south part of the town.

THE DRIFT WHALE.

Joshua Atwood's lance that he hath made on purpose to kill fin-backs with, hath a three-square head marked W. R.

Received, Feby., 1719–20. JOHN SNOW. *Town Clerk.*

Doctor Freeman wrote in 1794, of whaling in Truro:

Formerly whales of different species were common on the coast, and yielded a great profit to the inhabitants who pursued them in boats from the shore. But they are now rare, and the people who are the most dexterous whalemen in

the world, are obliged to follow them into remote parts of the ocean. Two inhabitants of Truro, Captain David Smith and Captain Gamaliel Collins, were the first who adventured to the Falkland Islands in pursuit of whales. This voyage was undertaken in the year 1774, by the advice of Admiral Montague of the British Navy, and was crowned with success. Since that period the whalemen of Truro have chiefly visited the coast of Guinea and Brazil. A want of a good market for their oil, has however of late compelled them to turn their attention to codfishing. The inhabitants of Truro are employed in the merchant's service. Being in general, industrious and faithful, they soon rise to the command of a vessel. Many of the masters employed from Boston and other ports are natives of Truro.

Burke's speech in Parliament on American conciliation, sometimes called the Argumentum Piscatorium, is a glowing tribute to the whalemen of America.

Look at the manner in which the people of New England have carried on their fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, penetrating into the deepest recesses of Hudson's Bay; while we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold — that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of natural ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. While some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue the gigantic game along the shores of Brazil.

"Ichabod Paddock went from Cape Cod to Nantucket to instruct the people in the art of killing whales in boats from the shore." This was the beginning of the great whaling business in Nantucket, that gave this little island almost a commercial supremacy of the business fifty years ago; and that spreading to New Bedford, made her the richest community in the land. At one time one hundred and ninety-three men from Nantucket were sailing from English ports as captains of whalemen. This means a large fleet of vessels and an immense amount of capital afloat. Some of the present large fortunes in England were begun in this profitable enterprise.

Mr. Richard Paine told the writer that he could remember when there were lookouts at the Pond Landing for whale, and a man was kept constantly on them. When a whale was discovered, the alarm was given by shouting from the lookout,

Towner! which was quickly taken up, and repeated and re-repeated with might of lung. And that he had heard on calm days, the shout at his father's house quite two miles distant. I inquired what was the meaning of Towner; he could not tell, but afterwards, when reading Walter Folger's description of Nantucket, I found it was an Indian word, and signifies that they have seen the whale twice. I have referred to a similar practice in Cornwall during the pilchard season.

Rev. Levi Whitman writing from Wellfleet, 1793, says: "Whale-fishing was the original business; none were more expert than the aboriginal Indians. Before the war of the Revolution, whaling was carried on to exceeding good advantage. The inhabitants had acquired large property which was destroyed and lost during the war."

Captain Jesse Holbrook, father of Colonel Joseph, and that stanch old Democrat Robert, belonged to a famous whaling-gang known as "The Seed Corners." He killed fifty-four sperm whale on one voyage. His reputation as a skilful whaleman secured him an excellent position in a London company for twelve years, as a schoolmaster to teach the English youth the art of killing whale.

An attempt was made to revive whaling in Wellfleet less than twenty years ago, but one of their vessels was never heard from, and the business was abandoned. The Truro losses will be noticed in another place.

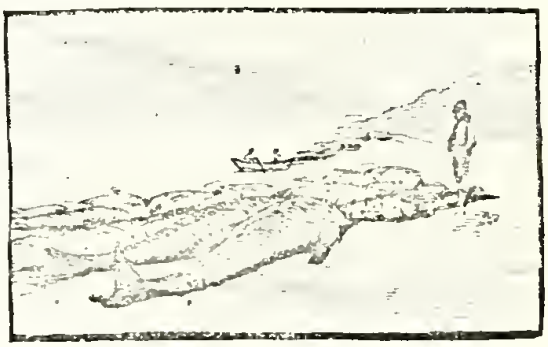
At one time a large proportion of the middle-aged men on Bound Brook Island were whaling captains. In 1810 a boat from South Truro, commanded by Miller, fastened to a right whale, whose antics baffled all approach. She stood on her nose and thrashed the water with her flukes, describing a circuit of three hundred feet. Nearer approach seemed impossible. A hurried messenger was sent for Captain Tom Atwood, a retired old whaleman. He was found at home, quietly reading his Bible. "Yes; tell them I'll come and kill her," said the old Triton, shutting up the good book. He was soon in the boat, and good as his word. He gave his orders according to her manœuvres, was rowed on to the *safe side*, and sent his lance to her life.

And the whale it whistled, and the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold—

The ship *Milton*, an old New Bedford whaler, while cruising in the Northern Gulf, discovered a whistling whale, which they killed. When the headsman placed his feet in his spout holes to cut off his head, he found a harpoon running transversely, which had produced the whistling. By the stamp on the harpoon, it was found that the whale had worn this ornament fourteen years. He yielded one hundred and eighty barrels of oil. A tongue has been known to yield twenty-seven barrels of oil.

The black fish, *Globiceph alus melas* so common on our shores, strictly are not fish at all; but belong to the mammalian family, as the whale, porpoise, or sea hog, and all hot-blooded sea animals, that suckle their young. Sometimes schools of several hundred are driven ashore.

In another place I shall give an account of the Sunday school of 1834. The largest school ever known was driven ashore at Truro, in 1874, numbering 1405, making 27000 gallons of oil. They lay along the shore from Great Hollow to the Pond Landing, the distance of a mile. The cut below shows only the first part of the landing. The occupants of the dory are Boston girls.



THE 1405 SCHOOL OF BLACKFISH.

Many years ago an English tourist walking along the shore under the high bank in Truro, found a very small boy cutting the blubber from a very large black-fish that he had discovered ashore in the morning, when he drove his cow to pasture. He went a mile to his home for a hatchet and knife, killed the big fish, and saved all the blubber, making a good day's work.

One pleasant summer morning perhaps thirty years ago, Captain Daniel Rich who lived on Bound Brook Island, after driving his cow to pasture, looked over the bank, as was his habit. It was lowwater, but some distance along the shore, high and dry, he saw some objects which he thought unusual, and that he would walk towards them. Before going to breakfast that morning, he had marked seventy-five monstrous blackfish, that he sold before night for nineteen hundred dollars.

CAPTAIN HENRY ATKINS.

I have found among the papers of Sir Francis Barnard, Governor of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, 1764, an account made up from observations of Captain Henry Atkins, one of the enterprising navigators that distinguished Truro, referred to by Dr. Freeman. The accounts consist of perhaps twenty-five pages, from which I have make a few extracts:

Captain Henry Atkins sailed from Boston in a ship called the *Whale*, on a voyage to Davis's Straits in 1758. He went ashore on several places southward of Davis's Inlet in latitude fifty-six degrees, but could not discover anywhere the least sign of any persons but the natives having been there before him.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

The captain then went ashore and carried with him some trifles he thought most agreeable to the Indians, who returned to the same place and brought a quantity of whalebone, at least fourteen feet long, and gave him in exchange for about 10 s. sterling value, as much bone as produced him £120 sterling in Boston. The Indians were chiefly dressed in beaver clothing of the finest fur, and some in seal skins. He could not distinguish their sex by their dress, but one of his seamen approached one of them, who, opening her beaver, discovered her sex, which pleased the Indians greatly. * * * * * * *

I shall once for all take notice that the several harbors and rivers named by him were from something remarkable he found in them; as Gull Sound from the prodigious number of gulls, also after the names of his particular friends. On 'Cape Cod' (one of his friends) he discovered pines sufficient to make masts for ships of six or seven hundred tons. September 29th, 1758, he left this delightful Inlet in fine weather, bound to Boston. Searching the coast and trading, put in to Fortune Bay, and left October 16th. Had a five days' passage to St. Peter's Bay in Newfoundland, where the weather had been so cold and tempestuous for fourteen days, could not fish, which Captain Atkins might have done at Fortune Bay the whole time.

Boston, Feby. 16, 1761.

CHAPTER VII.

TRURO OLD AND NEW.

Dangerfield and Poole. Act of Incorporation. Dudley and Mather. Who named Truro? Roger Conant. Etymology of the Name. Truro in Cornwall. History and Associations. Queen Victoria's Description. Granger Hill. St. Mary's Cathedral. Bishop and Archbishop Benson. How a Cathedral is finished. Viscount Vivian. Owen Fitzpen. Truro Market Tablet. Tragothian. Falmouth and Provincetown. Pendennis Castle. Cornish Language. Barbarisms. Cornish Travellers. Handsome Women. Cornish Race. Mild Superstition. Personalities. King Arthur. Land's End. Pronunthian Fountain. Cornish Politics. Election of a Member. Liberals and Conservatives. Cornish Curiosities. John Wesley's first and last Sermon. Holy Wells. Cornish Tourists. Dean of Canterbury. English Inn. Sam Gilbert. Cornish Fare. Cornish Toast. Penzance Pilchards and Pirates. Truro Parish. Old Polick Church. General Washington's Pew and Coach. Truro Station.

ON the records of the General Court of 1709, is found the following order: "The part of the Cape lying between Eastham, and known as the Indian Pamet, shall be a separate town by the name of Dangerfield."

It is quite remarkable that the above record of the General Court is all the known evidence of the town of Dangerfield. It is certain that the name was never recognized by the town, and I have not been able to find in the town, or church, or any other records, any intimations of this order, nor any traditions from any source to this effect. It is a coincidence that a corresponding record exists touching Wellfleet.

Nov. 1, a hearing was had on the petition of Peter, Thomas and Josiah Oakes, agents for that part of Eastham called Billinsgate. The Court ordered, that it be a town called "Poole," the bounds from the bound line of Truro across the neck from sea to sea; extending south to a valley called Bridge (Brush) valley,

and so running as the valley and brook runs across the neck from the Back Side, to the mouth of said Brook, to the Point of Billinsgate Beach: also that the whaling and oyster fishing be in common as formerly.

This is even more reliable than the order for Dangerfield, as the petition is made by well-known and responsible names as agents, but like Truro, was never recognized. There seems a mystery about these two names which awaits explanation.

"Poole" is a town of some note in the south of England. It was here that a mob, with the church warden at their head, assailed Charles Wesley and drove him out of the parish. "The devil reigns terribly here," said the great hymnnologist, as the infuriated pack hooted and belabored him beyond their limits.

The General Court record referring to the new name, is as follows: "An act making Pamet a district of Eastham, a township to be called Truroe." The "District" that was some three or four years ago erected by the name of Dangerfield, was, July 16, 1709, in the petition of Captain Thomas Paine of Pamet, incorporated by the name of Truroe, making the seventh township on the Cape, and August 1, pursuant to provision made, the town was organized on express condition "That they procure and settle a learned godly minister." If ever known as Dangerfield, the act surely would not have said "Pamet, a district of Eastham."

The following is the first record in the Town Clerk's book after the incorporation of the new town.

Pursuant to an order of ye General Court, the inhabitants of Truro were warned and met on the first day of August, 1709, and chose officers for said town for the remaining part of the present year. That is to say: for Town Clerk, John Snow; for Selectmen, Thomas Mulford, Jedediah Lumbert and John Snow; for Constable, Benj. Small; and for tytheing man, Hezekiah Purington; for Town Treasurer, Constant Freeman; for fence viewers, Thomas Mulford, Thomas Lumbert and Beriah Smith: for Surveyers of Highways, Thomas Mulford and Joseph Young Sen.

At this meeting John Snow was elected town clerk in place of Thomas Paine who became the first representative to

the General Court, and continued in other active service as long as he lived.

ORIGINAL ACT OF INCORPORATION OF THE TOWN OF TRURO.

PROVINCE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY, L. S. — An act for making Pawmet a District of Eastham, within the county of Barnstable, a township to be called Truroe.

Whereas, there is a certain tract of land known by the name of Pawmet, at present a District of Eastham, and under the constablerick of that town, consisting of about forty families, and daily increasing —— the said land extending about fourteen miles in length from the Province lands at the extremity of Cape Cod reserved for the Fishery, and the lands of Eastham on the South, and running northerly as far as the lands called the Purchaser's lands, extends over the harbor named the Eastern harbor; according to the known stated boundaries thereof —— the breadth thereof running from sea to sea across the neck of land commonly called Cape Cod. And whereas the inhabitants of said district by their humble petition have set forth that they have built a convenient house to meet in for the public worship of God, and have for some time had a minister among them; humbly praying that they may be made a township, and have such necessary officers within themselves, whereby they may be enabled to manage and carry on their civil and religious concerns and enjoy the like powers and privileges as other towns in this Province have and do by law enjoy. Be it therefore enacted, by his Excellency the Governor, Council and Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the tract of land called Pawmet, described and bounded as before expressed, be and hereby is erected into a township and made a distinct and separate town, and shall be called by the name of Truroe, and that the inhabitants thereof, have use, exercise, and enjoy all the powers and privileges by law granted to townships within this Province; and the constable of the said place, for the time being is hereby empowered and required to warn the inhabitants to assemble and meet together to choose selectmen and other town officers to manage and carry on their prudential affairs until the next anniversary time for election of town officers, and the said inhabitants are enjoined to assemble and attend the said work accordingly.

Provided, that the inhabitants of the said town do procure and settle a learned orthodox minister to dispense the word of God to them, within the space of three years next after the passing of this act or sooner. *Provided also*, that they pay their proportion to the present province tax, as it is apportioned among them respectively by the selectmen or assessors of Eastham.

Boston, July 16th, 1709. This bill having been read three several times in the House of Representatives, passed to be enacted.

JOHN CLARK. *Speaker.*

DISTRICT.—This Bill having been read three several times in Councils, passed to be enacted. ISA ADDINGTON. *Sec'y.*

By his Excellency the Governor, I consent to the enacting of this Bill.

J. DUDLEY.

This is the same Dudley to whom Doctor Cotton Mather addressed a remarkably plain and unqualified letter of which the following is an extract.

Boston, Jan'y 20., 1708.

SIR:—Your *snare* has been that thing, the hatred whereof is most expressly required of the ruler, namely, covetousness. The main channel of that *covetousness* has been the reign of bribery, which you, sir, have set up in the land, where it was hardly known till you brought it into fashion.

The Truro of our history was undoubtedly named by an Englishman, and for the old borough, the present city of Truro in Cornwall. By whom it was named we shall never know, but in the absence of evidence circumstances point more directly to Thomas Paine than any other person.

He was a prominent man, and his influence quite marked in all the interests of the town. His scholarly attainments were equal if not superior to any other of his associates; and as has been noticed, he was the efficient clerk of the proprietors, drew the petition to the General Court, and was the first representative under the new corporation. Many of the Truro family names belong to Cornwall, and it is quite reasonable that they still had friends and associations there. It may have been only a remarkable coincidence that I found in the Truro city directory of 1878 the names of Paine, Dyer, Rich, and Higgins. Few people born in Truro do not stand related to some of these families. With few exceptions, they cover the writer's direct ancestry, and were all among the first residents.

In most instances, the new towns in America were named by some citizen for their own, or a neighboring one in the Mother Country. We instance Boston, by Rev. John Cotton, Lynn, by Rev. Samuel Whitney. These eloquent and learned Puritan ministers, driven from their own flourishing parishes, and hounded through England by mercenary propagandists, clandestinely embarked for America; and the names they loved so well at home they gave to new homes in the wilderness, that to-day are known and honored wherever the white man has trod.

The following from old Roger Conant is also to the point: "Secondly, I being the first that had house in Salem (and never had hand in naming that or any other home), and myself and those that are there with me being all from the western part of England, desire this western name of Budleigh, a market-town in Devonshire, and near unto the sea, as we are here in this place, and where myself were born." As the old Roger Conant of Truro, does not stand confessed, we must gather such other information as clusters around the ancient Cornwall city. The etymology of the name is produced from a list of curious varieties, as *Tre-ru*, i. e., town place on a declining land; *tre-vorou*, the town on the ways; *tre-uru* or *tre-uro*, town or castle on the river; and *tru-ru*, the three streets, or the town on the (Roman) road. All these renderings are not inaptly applied to the situation of Truro, though the last finds most favor. Truro is strictly a Cornish word, and like all Cornish language, has great variety of structure, but the same meaning. We learn from a Cornish rhyme, that —

> By Tre, Ros, Pol, Lan, Caer, and Pen,
> You may know most Cornishmen.

Another to the same effect has been incorporated in an old Cornish verse: —

> And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen?
> And shall Trelawney die?
> But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
> Will see the reason why

The city of Truro of which we present a remarkably correct picture, is in the county of Cornwall, three hundred and a quarter miles from London by the Great Western Railway, fifty-four miles from Plymouth, and thirty-five miles from Land's End. It is prettily located in a valley between the rivers or creeks Kenroyn and Allen, which unite and form the Truro River. It is delightfully sheltered by high hills, the railway passing near the head of the valley, on a viaduct

ninety-two feet high, fairly overlooking the city. The population in 1871 was over eleven thousand. It is a place of considerable antiquity. The site of Truro Castle, belonging to Reginal, Earl of Truro, in the twelfth century, is shown, and is often alluded to by old historians. As early as 1130, the borough of Truro was incorporated by the name of mayo and burgesses. Its first charter obtained by Richard de Lucy, Chief Justice of England, a resident of Truro, dated from the middle of the twelfth century. From time immemorial Truro has been a tin centre. In the reign of King John, 1199, it was made a tin coinage town, which privilege it retained till 1838, when the system was abolished. Kings regulated tin and claimed one fifteenth of the whole as lord of the soil, which was called the "Lord's dish." The port of Truro included Falmouth, about twelve miles distant, and the whole harbor. The mayo of Truro was mayo of Falmouth as well. Its central position, and being on a tidal river capable of accommodating vessels of two hundred tons, has always made it a place of considerable importance.

After the lapse of several centuries, by letters patent in 1876, the Cornish See was revived, and Truro was selected as the site of the bishopric. The event was regarded of importance to the county of Cornwall, but more particularly to Truro. St. Mary's Parish Church was chosen as the cathedral. The ceremony of the enthronement of the bishop, Edward W. Benson, D.D., was performed by the Lord Bishop of Exeter. The arms of the ancient See of St. Germans have been adopted by the Heralds College for the arms of the bishopric of Truro. St. Mary's *Pro Cathedral* was dedicated the Chapel of St. Mary, *Chapelle S. Maria de Truru*, September 28, 1259. In 1328 the high altar was dedicated. The present church building, with exception of the steeple, was completed about 1518. The steeple was finished in 1769. It is a pure specimen of the perpendicular of Henry the VIII.'s time, and one of the few Cornish churches richly ornamented. As the present edifice is very much decayed and regarded dangerous, it has recently been decided to build a splendid cathedral on the same site.

TRURO IN ENGLAND.

Since writing the above, the old St. Mary's has been displaced by a large and costly cathedral now rising, which will be one of the finest churches erected in Europe during the present century. It is to cost £ 100,000, towards the payment of which Lady Rolle has contributed £ 40,000. The corner-stone was laid with much ceremony, by the Prince of Wales, Master of Masons in England.

Since the publication of this book began, the bishop of Truro has been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Archbishop Benson is a moderate High Churchman, and recognizes the strength of the Anglican wing. He is credited with having managed his new diocese with great energy and tact, and with being a popular administrator, which are important gifts for the great Primate of the English Church.

In his first charge as bishop of Truro, he bade his clergy remember joyfully the zealous labor of Wesley towards the close of the last century, that had so influenced the general tendency of religious thought. Canon Wilkinson has been appointed to succeed Bishop Benson as bishop of Truro.

In the old country a church, particularly a cathedral, is never finished. For hundreds of years the work goes on. Bells, and altars, and windows, and chapels, and mural paintings, and sculptures, and images, and tablets are added from time to time. The cathedral at Truro is no exception to this rule. The bells, the clock, the organ, the font of Caen stone, the windows of old stained glass, the pulpit, inlaid with scenes in the Saviour's life, the different figures in the chancel, each had its date and history. The panels were covered with inscriptions old and quaint, the niches filled with sculptures in alabaster, and monuments in marble, alabaster and slate, upright and recumbent.

On a brass band which encircles the oak communion table of 1625, is engraved in Greek, the fifty-fourth verse of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel. To the reading desk there used to be chained a black-letter copy of Bishop Jewell's sermon, preached before Queen Elizabeth, at St. Paul's Cross, London.

Considerable space is devoted to the Vivians, an ancient

and important family of Truro, who are credited with being descended from a Roman general, and are well known in English history and society. Some of the finest seats in the vicinity are owned by this family. Viscount Vivian, father of the present Lord Vivian of Glynn, was a brave soldier. His history and virtues are set forth in sixty "lapidarian lines" on a mural tablet, which as a very good specimen of the English custom so different from our own, and because in the old Truro Cathedral, soon to pass away, I am tempted to present in this history:

In memory of Lt. Gen'l, the Rt. Hon'ble
Richard Hussey, Baron Vivian of Glynn & Truro,
Grand Cross of the Bath and of Hanover and
Knight of the Austrian order Maria Theresa
and of the Russian order of St. Wladimer.
Born in this town July 28, 1775,
(died in Baden Baden Aug. 20, 1842).
He entered the army in July, 1793, and in
1795 and 1799 served as a Captain in the 28th
Reg. in Flanders and Holland under H. R.
H. the Duke of York. In 1799, as Capt. in
the 7th Hussars, he served in the expe-
dition to the Holder. In 1808, he, as
Lt. Colon. of the 7th Hussars, commanded this
Regt. in the expedition under Sir John Moore:
In 1813 he again served in the Peninsula,
with the army under command of Lord Wel-
lington, as a colonel of the staff in command
of a brigade of Cavalry, and in 1818 as a
Major General he commanded a Regiment of cav-
alry at the battle of Waterloo:
he had the honor of being appointed
one of the aquaries of his Majesty King
George the fourth, and groom to the Bed-
chamber to his Majesty King
William the fourth: in 1831 he was named to
the command of the army in Ireland, and
in 1835, he was brought from there,
to fill the high office of master general
of the ordinance; he was privy
councillor both in England and in
Ireland, and during the time he
commanded in the latter country,
he was seven times named one of

the Lords Justices; he sat in all
the Parliaments with the exception of
one only, from 1820 to 1841 (when he
was raised to the Peerage), having been
twice elected for Truro, twice for Winsor,
and once for the eastern division of the
County of Cornwall. His nobleness of char
acter, his charity, benevolence and in-
tegrity enthroned him, to all who knew
him; the widow and the orphan never
appealed to him in vain; and the
deserving soldier always found in him
a friend. He died at Baden Ba-
den on the 20th of August, 1842, re-
joicing in the certain hope of a bless-
ed resurrection to the everlasting life,
confident of the Merits of his Lord
and Saviour.
At his own request his remains were
placed in this Church, by the side
of his beloved parents, and this monu-
ment is erected by his widow and chil-
dren, who mourn the loss of the best
and most affectionate husband
and father.

Among scores of other tablets and interesting history, I copied only that to "Owen Fitz-pen, *alias* Phippen, a great traveller, taken prisoner by the Turks in 1620. In 1627, with ten other Christian captives, he overthrew sixty-five Turks in their own ship, and carried the prize safe into Carthagena. Five of the Christians were slain. The King of Spain sent for him to Court, and offered him rank and favor if he would turn Papist, which he refused. He received the order of knight, and six thousand pounds, and returned to England."

Melcomb in Dorset was his place of birth:
Aged 54, and here lies Earth in Earth.

In the wall of Truro market is a tablet which has occupied a like position in two former buildings, with this inscription:

Who seeks to find Eternal Treasvre,
Mvst vse no gvile in Waight or Measvre. 1615.

Truro is a place of great antiquity and the metropolis of Cornwall. It is described "as the largest, cleanest, best built, and best regulated town in the county, and one of Nature's most beautiful localities. Its principal streets are wide and granite paved, with streams of clean water flowing through the gutters. Its houses are mostly substantial stone fronts. Here all the modes of polished life are visible in genteel houses, elegant hospitality, fashionable apparel and courteous manners. What adds still more to the respectability of the place, a taste for reading is pretty generally diffused throughout the neighborhood."

Truro has a valuable library founded by the late Bishop of Exeter, the Royal Institution of Cornwall, a museum with rare curiosities and antiquities, the County Library, the Royal Cornwall Histicultural Society, and many other institutions of charity and education. Richard and John Lander were born here. A fluted Doric column, with a gigantic statue by a Cornish sculptor, of Richard Lander, commemorates the African traveller and explorer of the Nile. This is also the birthplace of Henry Martin, the Oriental missionary, Dr. Wolcott, better known as "Peter Pindar," and Polwhele, the historian, a direct descendant of Edward the First.

When you visit Truro, put up at "The Red Lyon." On the impost of the doorway are the family arms, and "I. I. F., 1671."—The Footes of Larrabesso. As you enjoy the good cheer of mine host, do not forget that in this house was born "Samuel Foote the alderman, *alias* the Alderman Samuel Foote," the comedian and wit of whom we used to read in "The Columbian Orator," known as the English Aristophanes. Near by is St. Ives, of Adams' old arithmetic memory —

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats.
And every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

Not far away is the celebrated rookery of Tragothian, whither come clouds of birds from Land's End. The rookery so graphically described in *Bracebridge Hall*, is nothing to Tragothian. Thomas Wilde Truro was born in London in 1782. He was appointed lord chancellor and raised to the peerage as Baron Truro in 1850. Died 1855.

Truro River, sometimes called the beautiful land-locked lake, has been compared by Queen Victoria, "a combination of grandeur and sylvan beauty to resemble both the Rhine and the Danube, something like the Tamar, but almost finer, winding between banks entirely wooded with stinted oaks and full of numberless creeks."

"Granger Hill," by Dyer, an old English poet, is a fine description of the scenery on Truro River and vicinity. Trees crowd so near the steep banks as not to leave standing room. The river proper is about two miles long, opening into Falmouth Harbor, one of the most magnificent in the world, which Sir H. James pronounces as exactly the centre of the habitable portion of the earth's surface. The distance between Truro and Falmouth by water is about twelve miles. The pretty little steamer *Resolute* plies daily, making most delightful trips. One need not go far in England to see the grand homes of the Lords of the Isle.

> On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
> In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
> On yonder meadow far away,
> The turrets of a cloister gray.

Among the many fine estates in the suburbs of Truro, that of Tragothian, belonging to Edward Boscawan, Sixth Viscount Falmouth, overlooking the river and bay to the channel, commands, perhaps, the best scenery in England. It embraces thousands of acres of forest, miles of well-kept parks and velvet lawns with wooded river banks. The old Church of Key now belongs to the grounds. The high tower and gate-houses, the great mansion with porches and turrets, tall chimneys and ivied walls, are unmistakable evidence of the inherited wealth and titles of an English

nobleman. On an ancient brass in the Church of Key, is this inscription:

Here lieth John Trenowgth, squeyer, the which dep'td the xiii day of March, the yere of ourr lord god m.cccclxxxijx the yere of King hary the vij the viij on whose soul Ihu have mercy — amen Ind 'no co' fido."

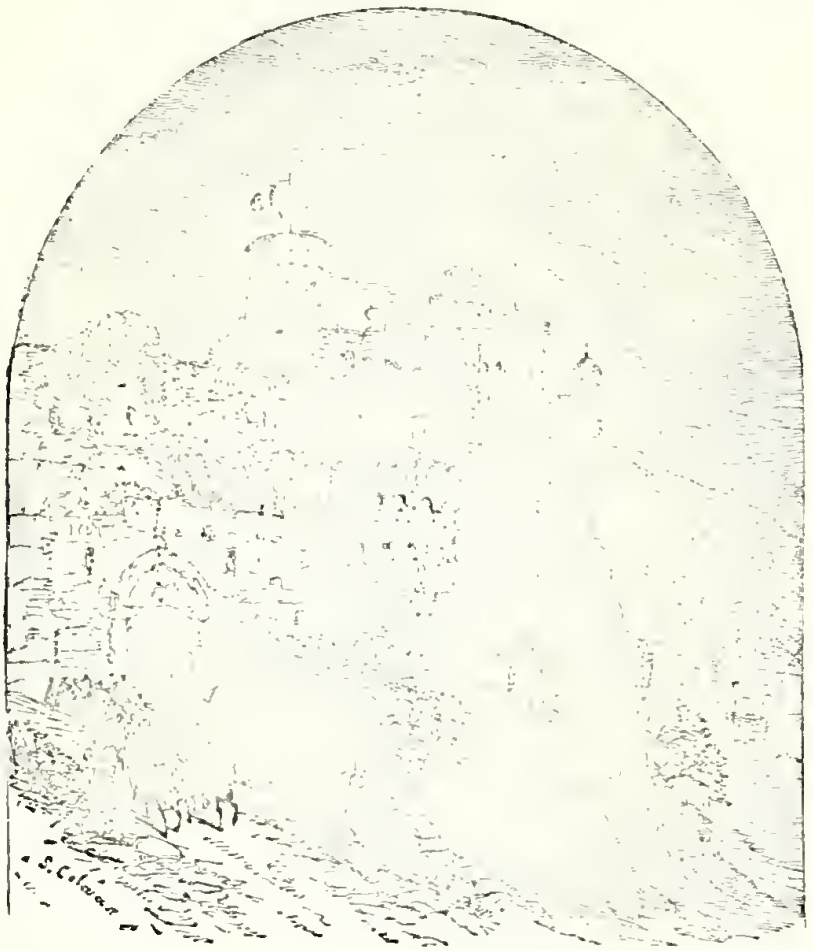
The city of Falmouth, from the river Fal, formerly Penny gwin quic (the head of the creek) is nicely nestled along the shore, with one main street, not unlike Provincetown. Being the same distance by rail, and nearly the same by water, as Truro from Provincetown, with fishing craft of all kinds, coasters and larger vessels, and a broad, open harbor, the association was quite natural. Passing down the river and bay, baronial castles and elegant villas crown the bold heights.

They have their history of saint and sinner, love and hate, glory and shame. The frowning walls of Pendennis and St. Maws, perched two hundred feet on the steep cliffs, the lighthouse, the spacious harbor, with shipping of all flags, is a beautiful picture. Within the ancient walls of Pendennis Castle, kings and queens have found safety. It was here Sir John Arundel in his eighty-seventh year withstood one of the severest sieges on record, and by his gallant defence gained the name of "game to his toe-nails."

Not far away is Mousehole, where, in 1774, the Cornish language was last spoken by Dolly Pentreath. *Dew an Tas Olgallasak* — God the Father Almighty. By a better acquaintance with Cornwall, we begin to suspicion where many of the words and barbarisms, so at war with the King's English, had their origin on the Cape. We instance *housen*, for house, quite common among a few of the old people less than fifty years ago; *banger* for very large; *million* for melon; *sheer* for share, as half a sheer; *sight* for a good many, as a sight of 'em; *bagnet* for bayonet; *puss*, *nuss*, and *wuss*, for purse, nurse, and worse; *chaney* for china, *chimbley* for chimney, and many kindred expressions, some of which still linger,

all of which are in use in some parts of Cornwall. Mousehole is the little town made almost famous by being the birthplace, in 1750, of William Carvosso, the Methodist local preacher, who produced a moral revolution in Cornwall, and whose influence moved the religious life of England.

In many respects, Cornwall is the most interesting portion



A BARONIAL CASTLE.

of England, and demands a passing notice. Where so much is to be seen and known, it is a difficult task to say as little as belongs to this connection. But some understanding of Cornwall is important to a better understanding of our people.

An old traveller wrote: "Cornwall is the complete and replete Home of Abundance, for high churlish hills, and

affable, courteous people. The country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, noble, free gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, handsome and beautiful women." Two hundred years later, another continues: "Its men are sturdy, bold, honest, and sagacious; its women lovely and modest, courteous and unaffected." The women of Cornwall have from time immemorial enjoyed the reputation of great personal beauty. The "half-foreign" beauty, especially their fair complexion, is readily recognized by travellers. The atmosphere is remarkably soft and even. The rainfall forty-five inches annually.

Lundy's Island is an almanac for the fishermen, and has passed into a Cornish rhyme: —

> When Lundy is high, it will be dry;
> When Lundy is plain, it will be rain;
> When Lundy is low, it will be snow.

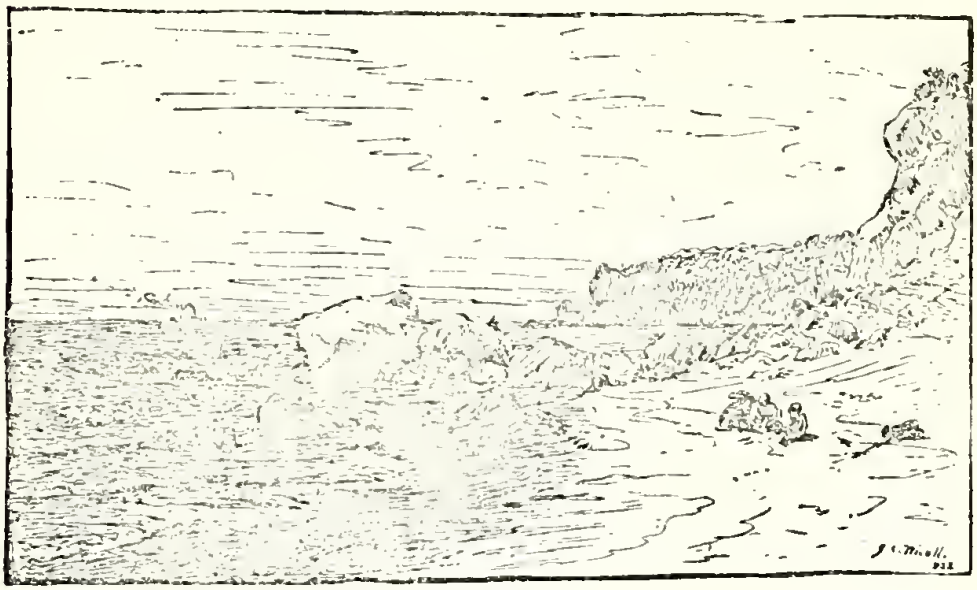
Physically, the Cornish were a fine race. "Lord Bacon said, "They were wont to draw a strong and mighty bow, the length of a taylor's yard." A Cornish regiment of militia covered more ground than any other county in England. Wilkie Collins says: "They are industrious and intelligent, sober and orderly, neither soured by hard work, nor depressed by privations. . . . I never met with so few grumblers. The views of the working men are remarkably moderate and sensible."

Their language has been called one of "mysterious antiquity," but race and situation have determined the character of the people. Says an historian: "Such is the land of the ancient Cornish Britons, that small, but strangely characteristic Celtic race, about whom so much has been dreamed by the learned, and so little is really known."

A strong tinge of superstition pervaded ancient Cornwall. At the present day much of the marvellous lingers among the fishermen and miners. The air is full of old ballads, fables, legends, charms, evil eyes, pixies and fairies. Worse things than a mild superstition might befall a people. A popular professor of Harvard said lately before the Lowell

Institute, that "It must be granted that, with all our gains, we have sustained a loss in the decay of our superstitious beliefs."

Dosmery Pool is among the bleakest and most desolate moors of England. Here lived Tregeagle, who, the legend says, made a league with the devil, and sold his soul one hundred years for a bag of gold. Ever since that ill-fated time, every night the devil, with his hell-hounds, chases Tregeagle across the dreadful moors. His howlings can be



DOSMERY POOL.

heard now, in the terrible stormy nights. Every day Tregeagle has to return to his task of dipping out the Pool with a limpet (mussel) shell, weaving ropes of sand, and making up accounts that always have a sixpence mistake.

This was the home of Jack the Giant-killer, and many exploits of his prowess are supported by tradition. At Trelawn is an old earthwork called the "Giant's Hedge," said to be the work of Jack the Giant, to keep him from idleness. It is built from Laureath to Lostwithal, seven miles.

> Jack the Giant had nothing to do,
> So he built a hedge from Lenin to Lowe.

Not much less a fabled personage than Jack the Giant was King Arthur. Merivale says, "Every trader and small farmer west of Truro is fully persuaded of two things: one,

THE SANDS OF DARK TINTEGAL BY THE CORNISH SEA.

that he will some day make his fortune in a mine; the other, that he is in some way descended from King Arthur." Tintegal (the impregnable fortress) was the home of the blameless king. Here he held his court, and here the Knights of the Round Table assembled. From Tintegal Arthur sallied out to meet the traitor Modred. The people believed in boiled thunderbolt (a rare stone) in much the same way that our fishermen believed that a nape bone taken from a live haddock and carried in the pocket, would prevent rheumatism.

It was of that notable Cornish giant Bellerus, that Milton wrote in Lycidas

> Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
> Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
> Looks toward Namancos and Bayoná hold.

Land's End, early known as Pen-von-las — the end of the earth — the ancient Bolerium — the westernmost point of England, is granite rock sixty feet high. Stern, solemn and

magnificent stands the bare, bleak promontory. Here Charles Wesley stood when he wrote the well-known hymn —

> Lo, on a narrow neck of land
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand!

At this Promethean fountain the Muses are wont to dip their pens:

> The dark blue sky closed round
> And rested like a dome
> Upon the circling waste. — *Thalaba.*

On the summit of the cliff a little inn has lately been erected. About one mile inland, at the village of Senner, is the "First-and-last-inn-in-England." Near is a large stone which was a dining-table for seven kings about thirteen hundred years ago. Deponent sayeth not who were the kings.

Another royal personage was "Old King Cole, that Jolly old Soul," while Jack with the lanthorn (Jack o' Lantern) and Jack and the Bean-stalk all belong to the same mystic crew. Two miles away, plainly seen in the picture, is Longship's Lighthouse; the Scilly Islands twenty-five miles. Certain it is that the line between Celt and Saxon can be traced by an unchanged nomenclature for more than a thousand years. The quaintness and melodiousness of these names, so different from all other parts of England, is a great charm. That such a people, "rooted from an antiquity contemporary with the old Phœnicians," should be self-reliant and self-respectful, with great love of adventure, is

LAND'S END — LONGSHIP'S LIGHTHOUSE.

not surprising. They have been more independent and less led by the popular tide or political partisans, than other Englishmen, sometimes declaring against the government, but twice during the civil wars rescued the royal cause. They rebelled against a tax to pay for the war with Scotland, but opposed Cromwell; this was their note: —

I'll bore a hole in Cromwell's nose,
And therein put a string,
And lead 'em up and down the town
For murdering Charles our King.

Several things may be learned by a visit to England. My experience and observation at an election for a member of Parliament opened my eyes in that direction. I give the benefit of the same to my readers.

I left Blackfriars on the evening of September 25, during a London black rainstorm, and landed in Truro the next morning at sunrise. A fairer autumn sun never smiled upon Cornwall.

I had learned before leaving London that an election for a new member of Parliament was to take place that day, an event I was anxious to witness. Leading politicians from most all parts of the Island, and the gentry of the neighboring counties, are usually present when important elections take place.

"London," said I, in answer to two gentlemen who joined me, and inquired where from? as I left the railroad carriage. "Which side?" they continued, presuming I was an Englishman and had come from London to assist my friends. I evaded this question by Yankee privilege, and learned my interlocutors were from Barnstable, and had come down by the early train to help on the work. Am I in England or Massachusetts? A new member under ordinary circumstances causes considerable excitement. But this was an intensely exciting election, and party lines were sharply drawn. The former member, a Conservative, had died, and the new candidates were fair rivals. The Eastern question and Lord Beaconsfield's policy afforded abundant material

for the Liberal party. The canvass was unusually active, hot, and bitter beyond anything I have known at home. As an illustration of the popular spirit we quote from the placards :—

LIBERAL MORALITY.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF TRURO.

BROTHER ELECTORS:

I find the Liberals are endeavoring to induce you to break your promises, on the ground that it has been stated with apparent authority that a man *may promise one thing and do another!* This is positively WICKED. I cannot believe that such a thing was ever meant; it must have been wrongly reported or misunderstood. Truth and Honour and Honesty are the proud boasts of Englishmen, and the sacredness of a man's word is over and over again enforced in the Scriptures.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S WORD IS HIS BOND. How can we look our neighbour in the face and stand erect as honest men if we promise one thing and do another?

Let us despise and trample upon such Jesuitry, SPURN THE TEMPTER and

STICK TO OUR PLEDGES.

yours truly

AN ELECTOR.

Truro, September 25th, 1878.

LIBERAL TRICKS.

TO THE WORKING MEN OF THE CITY OF TRURO.

BROTHER CHIPS,

The Liberals are trying on a Game in order to deceive us and to CATCH VOTES under FALSE PRETENCES. They say if two Conservatives are elected the Representation will be handed over to the Conservatives for an indefinite time, and there will be no election again for twenty or thirty years. Don't believe it. *It's all gammon.* The exact opposite is the fact. If we send in a Liberal we shall fall back into the old "ONE-AND-ONE" RUT, from which COLONEL HOGG rescued us. Both sides will "rest and be thankful," as in the days of ENNIS VIVIAN and TURNER, and similar comfortable arrangements.

No. When a Liberal talks to you like that ask him to "teach his grandmother to suck eggs," or to tell his tale to the Horse Marines. We are old birds and not to be caught with chaff.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Truro, Sept. 25th, 1878.

All business was suspended. Men and boys in holiday dress, with a bit of ribbon indicating their party, in their button-holes, thronged the streets. The rival parties had their headquarters respectively at the "Royal" and "Red Lyon," where beer flowed like water. In the square between the two houses, the crowd surged like a sea from morning till night. They chaffered and threatened and roared and laughed. As fresh bulletins were scattered among them, they cheered and groaned as men of the buskins and broad chests only know how. The broadest freedom and downright good nature generally prevailed. Free refreshments were supplied, and though rivers of drink and mountains of food disappeared, I saw little drunkenness. The esquires, knights and titled military gentlemen had a private room. I suspect they did not all drink beer. Thousands came from the neighboring towns and joined in the excitement. Altogether, it was such a day as can be found only at an English husting.

After the result was declared, the two candidates appeared upon the balcony of the Royal. The defeated handsomely congratulated the winning man, Col. Arthur Tremain, and he in return thanked the other for his gentlemanly course and freedom from personality through the unusually exciting campaign. Then the crowd that still packed the square cheered again and again and made the welkin ring.

Colonel Sir James M'Gard Hogg, a former member from the borough, said the night before the election, addressing the Conservatives, "That election proved to me that the words of the electors of Truro were truthful, and that when a Truro man looked you straight in the face, and gave you his hand — whether that hand was hard or soft — the grip of the hand and the look of the eye bespoke truth and candor. (*Terrific applause.*) The promises given on that occasion were amply fulfiled at the polls. (*Loud cheers.*)

Cornwall is a land of natural curiosities, some of which are scarcely distinguishable from art. There are stones of every conceivable shape and felicity of name, with beautiful and wonderful legends. Stone crosses sometimes ten feet high, richly ornamented with Runic and relieved by designs

of tracery, are found in all parts. Their use is said to denote primitive Christianity. Says an old writer: "For this reason ben croysses by ye way, that when folk passnygne see ye croysses they shoulde thinke on Hym that deyed on ye croysse and worshippe Hym above al thyng." It is supposed they were erected to guard and guide the way to Church, and the Christian practice of leaving on the crosses alms for the poor.

Here are vast amphitheatres and ruins of the ancient Britons and Romans. One of these natural amphitheatres at Gwennap, was John Wesley's famous pulpit. Here he preached on his first visit in 1743, and his last in 1781, when he said, "I believe two or three and twenty thousand were present. I shall scarce see a larger congregation till we meet in the air." Holy wells are not infrequent. One at St. Clear was used for ducking lunatics. Another, St. Priam's, passing through the cleft of a rock, would cure children of rickets. At Trelawn is the wonderful well of St. Keyne, a holy virgin of 490. Carew describes this well:—

> The person of that man or wife
> Whose choice or chance attains
> First of the sacred stream to drink,
> Thereby the mastery gains.

Southey also wrote a fine ballad upon St. Keyne.

Cornwall is the paradise of tourists; it would take a book to describe them. Some who, like old Hugh Miller, with wallet swung over their shoulder, and mallet in hand, find "Sermons in stones and good in everything." Hosts of others visit for charming scenery, good entertainment and healthful exercise. Said the late Dean of Canterbury:—

> There is a charm in the Cornish coast that belongs to no other coast in the world. The air you breathe has never been vitiated by human beings since it left the Yankees. And the rocks? From the green and scarlet of the serpentine at the Lizard to Hartland Point and Devon, there is not a cliff that is not a study for form and color. Shall I speak of the Cornish seas? There is no sea in Europe which equals the gorgeous clear green of the waters at the Lizard, with its deep ultramarine shadows beneath, and the occasional flecks of scarlet as the veins of serpentine are seen shimmering in the sun.

All tourists testify to the hospitality and frankness of all classes of the people. Natural and unaffected, ready to impart and receive information, shy and curt towards the pretentious and haughty only, they possess that true politeness of which we see so little, and the world is so much in need; that costs nothing, but adds so much comfort to giver and receiver.

THE TYPICAL JOLLY LANDLORD.

Nowhere can the traditional English inn of mine host Boniface be found nearer the old type than in Cornwall. Such an one is Sam Gilbert in the little coast town of Mawgan (Mor gan by the sea), near St. Colomb.

Gilbert's clever ways and stock of Cornish lore are known through all the county round. His little inn with fresh whitewashed walls, white-scrubbed and white-sanded oaken floors, brick-paved kitchen, with the spit turning the juicy joint by the fire, a bountiful table, not without a pewter mug of beer for those who wish, cream — *clotted* cream — and pastry such as is only found in Cornwall, are some of the attractions at Mawgan. The greatest attraction, however, of Mawgan is Sam Gilbert.

The cleanest place I have ever seen, Cape Cod always excepted, is Cornwall. Here are found the nice and happy old customs of our mothers, which we remember with so much pleasure and pride, and which moisten our eyes to review. Such snow-white bedding made fragrant by roses from the garden. Such sweet-scented herbs as are tied here and there, and bountiful branches of fresh-gathered flowers, such shining Delft and pewter, and such a willingness to serve,

tempt even a stranger to endure such homes. It is said the devil dare not go to Cornwall for fear they will put him in a pie. Pastry, or pie, is as universal as on Cape Cod, only of more variety. We need not wonder how we came by the art.

The typical pastry for the working men is meat and potatoes in crust. Pies are also made of eels and pilchards. As the heads press through the crust, they are called "star-gazers." At the table of a Truro minister who politely invited me to dine with him, three varieties of pie were served without the star-gazers. Robin Hood had perhaps lived in Cornwall and cultivated his taste for pastry for which he so belabored friar Henry.

"*Fish, tin, and copper,*" was the standing Cornish toast. Fishing, mining and farming are the employments of the people. Mining began before the Phœnicians. At one time all the tin of commerce came from Cornwall. The product of copper has been immense; some of the mines penetrate under the ocean, and the surface of the land is frightfully disfigured in the mining districts. Tall chimneys, huge stacks of earth, flumes and derricks stand thick. Both fishermen and miners, however, are jack-of-all-trades; he builds his house, makes shoes for the family, is cooper, blacksmith and farmer, perhaps keeps a little shop, and sometimes is a Methodist local preacher. Barring the Methodist preacher, this is a good description of Cape Cod men in my father's day.

Startling stories and strange traditions are told of fishermen and smugglers whose spectral boats lurked in the deep creeks and handy coves of these bold promontories. Smuggling and wrecking, which was a kind of piracy, and from which has come the famous "Penzance Pirates," abounds in old yarns, half of which, if true, would reflect no credit on the bold, fearless men, always found to embark in such contraband, but exciting employment: —

Blow wind and rise sea,
Ship ashore 'fore day.

From time immemorial till the late establishment of life-saving stations, there were always men on the Cape, who from love of the excitement and the slight prospect of a prize, just as some men from love of the chase will undergo great hardship, so these men would leave comfortable homes before daybreak, and brave the fiercest storms and coldest weather to visit the Back Side (the Atlantic beach). Two or three or more would sometimes meet at the bank. One

SHIP ASHORE 'FORE DAY.

or more would follow the surf line north, the other south, till another patrol was met, with whom the news of the morning was exchanged, what had been found, etc., when each would return. Though not intended, and no system maintained, yet really they composed a kind of volunteer unarmed coast-guard, or what under the government service is now called the patrol, which in bad weather kept up a communication all along the shore. The old foot-paths, worn deep above the

banks where these hardy men crossed over are now plainly seen winding along the hills and valleys. This custom was known as "mooning," or "moon cursing," which is from a tradition from the old country of piratical crews who used to decoy vessels on the rocks by false lights, and cursed the moon when she disturbed their hellish work. These customs are all intimated in the stories which are told of old Cornwall life hundreds of years ago.

Large quantities of oysters and fish are caught on the coasts and bays of Cornwall, which find a ready sale in the London market, but the fish of Cornwall is the pilchard, which seems peculiar to this part of the coast. Pilchard to the value of £60,000 were caught in one day at St. Ives. When they fail to make an annual visit, distress prevails throughout the county. They are a species of herring much thicker and finer; and when "scrowled" and eaten at the nick of time, are delicious. It was my good fortune to be at Penzance just at the right time, and can testify to their quality. Four riding a tier, to each plate, is the rule at the Victoria Hotel. The old adage is —

> When the corn is in the shock,
> The fish are off the rock.

Much interest and anxiety are manifest when they are due. A constant watch is kept to give notice of their appearance, which is indicated by clouds of seafowl. The watch from lookouts on the cliffs are called *huers* (shout). When the fish are discovered, they shout *Heva!* (found.) Then a stampede begins, with which the cry for blackfish is nothing; for the whole town moves, and perhaps a thousand boats fly in hot pursuit.

We have referred to three places by the name of Truro; all other known places by this name in the world, can be soon mentioned. A town in Ohio, settled by a small colony from Truro, N. S. Population in 1844, eleven hundred. There is also a post-office in a small town by this name in Knox County, Illinois. But the most important, and that which perhaps makes the name most illustrious, is old Truro Parish

in Virginia, five miles from Mount Vernon, where stands the Old Polick Church of Truro Parish, of which George Washington was the first vestryman on the list. His name could be seen in gilt letters upon one of the pew doors, before the last war, which changed Polick Church to a picket post.

The name was bestowed by the Cockburn family, who came from Truro in Cornwall. The last church was completed in 1769. The first rector was an intimate at Mount Vernon. His salary was £650, paid in tobacco, the Virginia leaf, then bringing eighty cents per pound in Europe. If the truth has been told, he was equally versed in theology and cards, and as ready for the race-course as the pulpit. "To the door of Truro Parish Church, the Mount Vernon coach driving four, with liveried coachman and footman, and with the ancient arms of de Hertburn emblazoned on the panel, drew up amid a crowd of powdered beaus, who vied with each other for the honor of handing Mrs. Washington from her coach." Nor was this the only grand turnout that drove up to Polick Church in Truro Parish. These were grand days in the Old Dominion.

Truro Parish is now known as the village of Accotuck, founded in 1850 by a flourishing colony of New England Quakers.

Since writing the above, the new station of Truro has been established on the Des Moines, Osceola and St. Louis railroad of which Benjamin L. Harding, a native of Truro, is president. A street in Boston has also lately received this name.

THE MEETING-HOUSE ON THE HILL OF STORMS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST IN TRURO.

The Hill of Storms. The Spirit of Elia. Ruling Elders. The Great Landmark Fundamentals and Magna Charta. Error of Historians. The First Meeting-house. Galleries. Fasts Established. First Pew-Holders. Puritan Architecture. The Book of Common Prayer. Rev. Phillips Brooks.

The dark brown years have passed over it. It stands alone on the hill of storms! It is seen afar by the mariner as he passes by on the dark-rolling wave.— *From the Massachusetts Gazeteer.*

THE meeting-house no longer stands on the hill of storms, but the spot consecrated by the dust of generations is here, and in spirit I see its high walls and double row of windows. I tread its aisles; I gaze upon the sounding-board suspended like Mahomet's coffin; I hear the hymns of David, and listen to the tender prayers and "sweetest mind" of Christ's servants; in spirit I am with the author of Elia:

Wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness? Go alone on some week day, borrowing the keys of the good master sexton; traverse the cool aisles of some country church; think of the piety that has knelt there — the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there; the meek pastor — the docile parishioners — with no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquility of the place, till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee.

I see the ruling elders and deacons, and the Christian mothers.

There they sit
In reverence meet;
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Meek and very lowly,
Souls bowed down with reverent fear.

Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed bread and wine,
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.
—*From Kilmahoe, quoted by Dean Stanley.*

For one hundred and twenty years the old meeting-house in Truro, standing on the "wind-swept plain," was the great landmark of Cape Cod. For nearly a hundred years before a lighthouse had lifted its white pillar to guide by day, or thrown out its welcome light by night on all the coast, this temple of our fathers stood bold and shapely on the lonely height. Seen first as the mariner strained his eyes toward the desired land, and last as with thoughts of kindred and hearthstone, it faded from his watchful gaze — perhaps for the last time. It stood near the southwest corner of the present graveyard, facing the south, according to the custom of those days. The heavy white-oak frame was cut on the spot, and when the old meeting-house was demolished in 1840, the timber was as sound as when raised.

Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown gray, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf in constant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away.— *Hurais.*

The first general laws of Massachusetts colony were called "Fundamentals." A comparison with the Magna Charta and Common Law of England may be interesting in connection with the history of the Church.

Magna Charta: — The Church shall enjoy all her liberties.

Fundamentals: — All persons orthodox in judgment and not scandalous in life may gather into a Church estate according to the rules of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such may choose and ordain their own officers, and exercise all the ordinances of Christ, without any injunction in doctrine, worship, or discipline.

Magna Charta: — No man shall be condemned but by lawful trials; justice shall not be sold, deferred, nor delayed to any man. All men's liberties and customs shall be free.

Fundamentals: — No man's life, honour, liberty, wife, children, goods or estate, shall be taken away, punished, or damaged under color of law or countenance of authority, but by an express law of the General Court, or in defect of such, by the word of God, etc. Every person within this jurisdiction shall enjoy the same justice and law without partiality or delay. All lands and hereditament shall be free from all fines, forfeitures, etc. Every man may remove himself and his family if there be no legal impediment.

The Common Law of England: — The supreme authority is in the High Court of Parliament.

Fundamentals: — The highest authority here is in the General Court, both by our Charter and by our positive laws.

The history of the first meeting-house in Truro is only known indirectly. It is remarkable that while the records of the town are generally quite full, they are silent as the grave touching positively the first house of worship. Hence Mr. Freeman and others have accepted the tradition that the first meeting-house stood in the Pond Village, near the present church, where several graves have been discovered, and which gave ground to the report. I have been informed by people now living, that these graves were well known by people of the last generation, and that there has always been a tradition that they were of persons who died before the public yard was laid out on the hill. The first reference to the meeting-house is found in the Act of Incorporation, July 16, 1709.

And whereas, the inhabitants of said District, by their humble petition, have set forth that they have built a convenient house to meet in for the worship of God, and have for some time had a minister among them.

The next reference is —

May 29, 1710, it was agreed upon by said town, that the town-treasurer should as soon as he can with conveniency, buy a cushion for the pulpit in the meeting-house, and an hour glass, and a box to put them in, and to pay for them out

of the Town Treasury, and the selectmen are hereby ordered to add to the next town rate so much as they shall come to.

Voted by said town. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

The third reference is nearly two years later: —

February the 12th and 13th we laid out a road from ye northeast corner of ye meeting-house, to go near northeast through ye woods and to come into the road that leads through Tashmuit neighborhood, where the Rev. Mr. Avery, with the advice of Mr. Cook and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, shall think it most convenient.

THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

The next three cover six years.—

At a town meeting at ye meeting-house in Truro, June 23, 1712, Captain Paine ye Town Clerk, being absent, the town then made choice of Thomas Paine Jr., to serve as Clerk, to serve for the day, and he did serve accordingly.

At a meeting, May 22, 1713, voted that the selectmen should take care to have a convenient piece of ground cleared on the north side of the meeting-house in Truro, for a burying-place, and the charge be paid out of the Town Treasury.

March 31, 1718, at a town meeting in Truro, said town agreed with Isaac Cole to sweep the meeting-house one year next ensuing for sixteen shillings in money, to be paid to said Cole out of ye town treasury.

The following is the last reference, and closes the known history of the first Truro meeting-house: —

At a town meeting convened and held for the choice of town offices and other business notified in the warning for said meeting in March 23, 1719, said town granted liberty to Nathaniel Atkins, Thomas Smith and Jeremiah Bickford, and such others as shall go in with them, to build upon their own cost and charge, three galleries in the meeting-house, in said town, over the old galleries, and for so doing to be admitted to the same privilege in the whole house with the first builders.

Witness, THO: PAINE. *Clerk for the time.*

These several references incontrovertibly establish these facts: —That a convenient meeting-house was built as early as 1709 — that additional furniture was added in 1710 — that the house was located southwest from Tashmuit (which

proves the original locality), and that the graveyard was on the north side. That in 1713 (which is the earliest date found on any gravestone in the yard) it was cleared and prepared for making interments. That a sexton was employed in 1718 at a fixed salary, and that in 1719 the people had so far outgrown the original house, that it was deemed necessary to enlarge by building galleries.

From these facts and the general history, it seems evident that the first house was built quite soon after the settlement, and that the preaching of the ministers referred to from time to time on trial and otherwise, was in this house, and that it was here Mr. Avery was ordained.

No further reference is made to the "new galleries," but at a town meeting, October 3d, 1720—

Said town agreed to build a meeting-house in said town of Truro, twenty-two feet in the height of the walls and forty feet in length, and thirty-six feet in breadth, said house to be built and finished within the space of one year next ensuing, in order whereinto said town made choice of Captain Thomas Paine Esq., Captain Constant Freeman, and John Snow, a committee to make propositions for said building as soon as may be with conveniency, and also to agree with workmen in behalf of the town to frame and finish said building.

At same meeting said town gave orders to the selectmen to make a tax or assessment on the polls and estates of the inhabitants of said town, of three hundred and fifty pounds to pay the charge of the above said building, said rate or assessment, by the last of October instant, and to be paid into the above said committee or agents, one half of it by the first day of April next, and the other half by the last day of September next.

While the records so carefully refer to the new building, it will be noticed that no reference is made to the site, which is conclusive evidence that the house of 1720 was built on the original site, or where stood the first house.

August 14, 1721, the town voted that all the money paid for the privilege of building a pew, should be improved towards the building said house. The pew room, however, not to be sold less than thirty pounds, nor more than forty pounds. *Voted*, to proceed now to sell the sites for pews in the new meeting-house.

No. 1. At the right hand as you go in at the door to Captain Constant Freeman for	£5.10	No. 2. At the left hand to Jno. Snow,	5.00
		No. 3. To Michael Atwood,	3.05

No. 4.	To Jona. Paine,	£3.15	No. 8.	To Thos. Smith,	2.15
No. 6.	To Jno. Myrick,	2.15	No. 9.	To Michael Gross,	2.15
No. 7.	To Thos. Paine,	2.15	No. 11.	To Jed. Lombard,	3.15

The town voted liberty to Mr. John Avery to build a pew in the new meeting-house, on the left hand of the going up of the pulpit stairs.

Voted, that all the room below (except the deacons' seats and minister's pew) be filled up with pews by such persons as will be at cost of the room and building said pews.

The committee for the sale reported August 23d, the three other plots, or places, whereon to build pews have been sold as follows:

No. 5.	To Phebe Paine,	£1.15	No. 10.	To Joshua Paine,	1.15
			No. 12.	To Jona. Vickery,	£3.05

Total amount for purchase of pew room, £39.

September 25, 1721, the town agreed to take its part of the fifty pounds in Bills of Credit, issued by the Province, and "to improve the same towards building of the meeting-house now begun — excepting such part as belongs to the inhabitants of Cape Cod, which part we agree to let the said inhabitants have, provided they give sufficient security for the same." Mess. Jeremiah Bickford, Nathaniel Atkins, and Jona. Vickery were appointed trustees to receive the town's proportion of the said Bills of Credit lodged in the hands of the Province treasurer. To the above appropriation Mr. Thomas Mulford dissented, giving as a reason that he thought it not agreeable to the Act of the Court.

In 1765 it was voted to enlarge and remodel the meeting-house. The pews in the new house sold as follows: Pew Number

1.	To Benj. Collins. It being located immediately on the right side of the front door.	£193	
2.	To Joseph Cobb, left side front door.	183	
3.	To Jos. Atkins, westerly side of pulpit.	214	
4.	To Rd. Collins, it being the old minister's pew.	182	
5.	To Isaiah Atkins, next lower end of the men's front seat.	170	
6.	To Gamaliel Smith, next lower end of women's front seats	174	

7. To Thomas Cobb, next to No. 5. £136

7. To Anthony Snow, next to No 6. 139

9. To Josh. Knowles, next No. 7 118

10. To John Rich, next to No. 8 118

11. To Gamaliel Collins, at lower end of men's hindmost seats. 100

12. To Rd. Stevens, at lower end of women's hindmost seats. 103

☞These 12 pews on the lower floor were to be finished at the town's expense.

The spot for a pew over men's stairs sold for £11 to Zacheus Rich Jr.

The spot for a pew over women's stairs to the gallery to Joshua Atkins for £16

In 1792 more seats were required in the meeting-house, and it was ordered that additional pews be built in the gallery.

Sept. 25, 1721 the town voted "that contributions be regularly taken up as soon as the new meeting-house is finished, and that the inhabitants as often as they contribute, enclose the money so contributed in a piece of paper, with his or her name written thereon."

It was also ordered "that the trustees of the town's fund of bills of credit, pay to Mr. Samuel Eldridge £177, and that said Eldridge return to the inhabitants all that they have paid over one half of what they were rated for the building of the meeting-house; he to return the balance to the agents or undertakers of the building."

So deeply seated in the Puritan heart was the sentiment that "God's altars need not our polishing," that the sensuous elements of religion, beginning with the glory of the tabernacle, the golden mercy-seat, the cunning work of purple and scarlet, belonging to the cherubim, committed by God to Moses amid the thunders and lightnings of the holy mount, with the clustering treasures of four thousand years, were cast out and despised as Aaron's golden calf. Instead of temples for the worship of God, they built rudely-constructed meeting-houses, barren of beauty or comfort, and banished instruments of music as a saturnalian device. In all this they sinned not, neither did they do God service. Their simple forms of worship were surely much more convenient and available in their wilderness homes; and, all things con-

sidered, the change was perhaps advantageous. That it has not been sanctioned by the spirit of the age, witness the adoption one by one of these rejected forms, till little remains outside of proscribed sacerdotal usages. It could well be said of their plain meeting-house: "The architecture was confined to no historical period, although possessed of a certain dignity and comeliness of its own." From the attractive decorations and worshipful forms of the Church of England, to the bare walls and simple devotion of the Puritan, "the bald simplicity of Geneva," were quite diverging imitations, to human appearance, of the Christ life. But the difference was often more apparent than real. The Book of Common Prayer, composed by the saints of the early Church, and never excelled by uninspired pen, was and is a precious aid to devotion. The rites and ceremonies, stripped of the abuses and superstition of Rome, were full of spiritual emotion and holy emulation. Men and women, saints of the Most High, have in all ages blossomed with Christian graces, and clustered with the fruits of the spirit, under these agencies of the Church of God.

How full the words of the old creed are of rich meaning. How the heat of the hot controversy in which they were born, has passed out of them, and hey are deep and clear and cool as wells that draw their water of refreshment from the unheated centre of the eternal rock.— *Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

CHAPTER IX.

1709 — REV. JOHN AVERY. — 1754.

The first settled Minister of the Church of Christ in Truro. Thoreau. The Old Ministry. Good History. Great Battles. Town Vote. Acceptance. Agreement. Ordination. First Members. First Baptisms. Family History. Harvard College Line. Truro Family. Water Springs. Tashmuit — Shawmut. Salary. Dr. Freeman's Eulogy. The Parsonage and Smithy. Canterbury Tales. Records. Moving Cautiously. Advance in Salary. Old Tenor. An even-spun Life. Drawing to a Close. Assistant. Turner, Upham and Angier. Economy. Preparations for Ordination. Death of Mr. Avery. Gravestones. Last Will and Testament.

THOREAU says, "The readable parts of town histories run into a history of the Church of that place, that being the only story they have to tell, and conclude by quoting the Latin epitaphs of the old pastors, having been written in the good old days of Latin and Greek. They will go back to the ordination of every minister, and tell you faithfully who made the introductory prayer, and who delivered the sermon, who made the ordaining prayer, and who gave the charge, who extended the right hand of fellowship, and who pronounced the benediction, also how many orthodox councils convened from time to time to inquire into the orthodoxy of some minister, and the names of all that composed them."

All of which we promise to do, and regret that the scant material left on record will not allow us to tell more of such men. If the lives of the godly and learned ministers of early New England are not good history, we know not where to find it. They belong to the country by virtue of their goodness, learning, patriotism, and sterling worth. They fought some of the great battles of the world without bloodshed,

and conquered many a peace. Wellington said: "The next worst thing to a defeat in battle is a victory." No such grinning spectre hovered over victory in the wars Ecclesiastical of New England. The olive branch and laurel entwined crowned victor and vanquished.

Farther on, Thoreau's honesty compels him to say: "Let no one think that I do not love the old ministers. They were probably the best men of their generation, and they deserve that their biographies should fill the pages of the town histories."

In a previous chapter mention has been made of several ineffectual efforts by the young Church to secure a learned minister. Both Messrs. Eells and Cotton, after preaching some years, declined to be settled.

The name of Mr. John Avery is first introduced in this connection:

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Truro, Feb'y. 23, 1709, in order to take care about a settlement of ye public worship of God amongst them, it was unanimously agreed upon and voted to invite Mr. John Avery (who had for some considerable time been employed in the work of the ministry among them) to tarry with and settle amongst them in said work of ministrie, and for his encouragement and support in said work it was also agreed upon and unanimously voted to offer him sixty pounds per annum, and twenty pounds towards his building when he shall see cause to build himself a dwelling in the said town, and a committee was chosen to inform Mr. Avery of the town's desire and offer in the matter, who accordingly forthwith went and delivered their message to the aforesaid Mr. Avery, who gave good encouragement of his acceptance, but left the result till he had advised with his friends.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the proprietors of Truro, convened and held at Truro May 8, 1710, it was agreed by said proprietors, that if Mr. John Avery shall proceed to the now proposed agreement of the inhabitants into an orderly and regular settlement and ordination in the work of the Gospel, and shall so continue for the space of ten years next ensuing, after settlement and ordination, he shall have five and thirty acres of land at Tashmuit *alias* Clay Grounds.

THO: PAINE.

It was voted at the same meeting that there should be an addition made to the thirty-four acres of land at Tashmuit, formerly laid out for the minister.

The same date Mr. John Avery was admitted an allowed inhabitant of the town of Truro, provided he settles and continues in the work of the ministry in the said town of Truro.

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At the same meeting May 8th, 1710:—

Whereas, it was agreed upon by said proprietors that they would give to the first minister settled in the town of Truro, six acres of meadow on the northeasterly side of East Harbor; it was agreed that four acres more to make up ten acres, which is reserved to be given to Mr. John Avery, provided he settle in the work of the ministry. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Truro May 29, 1710, in order to take some further care about Mr. Avery's settlement in the work of the ministry in said Truro, at which meeting the said inhabitants did again and unanimously manifest their desires of Mr. Avery's settlement in the work of the ministry in said Truro, and the said Mr. John Avery being then present, did accept of said calling, whereupon said town chose Thomas Mulford, John Snow, and Thomas Paine for a committee in their name and behalf, to draw a covenant of agreement with the said Mr. Avery, pursuant to the propositions made on Feby. 23, last past and to sign the same in the Town's behalf: *voted.*

Attest, THO: PAINE. *Clerk.*

At the same meeting the town ordered the selectmen to make a rate or assessment for defraying the charge of the ministry, and other necessary town charges arising within the said town, for the present year as soon as may be convenient. *Attest*, THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

May 29, 1710, Thomas Paine, Thomas Mulford and John Snow were appointed by the town a committee to draw up an agreement with Mr. Avery, and to sign the same on the town's behalf.

AGREEMENT.

Whereas, The inhabitants of the town of Truro did, at a meeting of said town convened and held at Truro, February 23, 1710–11, by unanimous vote, did call and invite Mr. John Avery to a settlement in the work of the Gospel Ministry among them: and for his support and encouragement in said work, did offer him sixty pounds a year salary, and twenty pounds toward his building, when he shall see cause to build him a dwelling-house in said town, and sent by a Committee to inform the said Mr. John Avery of their desire and offer in that matter, as by a record of said town, bearing date February 23, 1710, may more fully appear; but the said Mr. John Avery deferred his answer until another meeting of said town convened and held for that purpose, May 29, 1710, where said town did again show by unanimous vote, their earnest desire of the said Mr. Avery's settlement among them in the work of the Gospel Ministry; and the said Mr. Avery being then present, did accept of said call: Whereupon, said town chose Thomas Mulford, John Snow, and Thomas Paine, a Committee, in the name and behalf of the town of Truro, to make a full arrangement

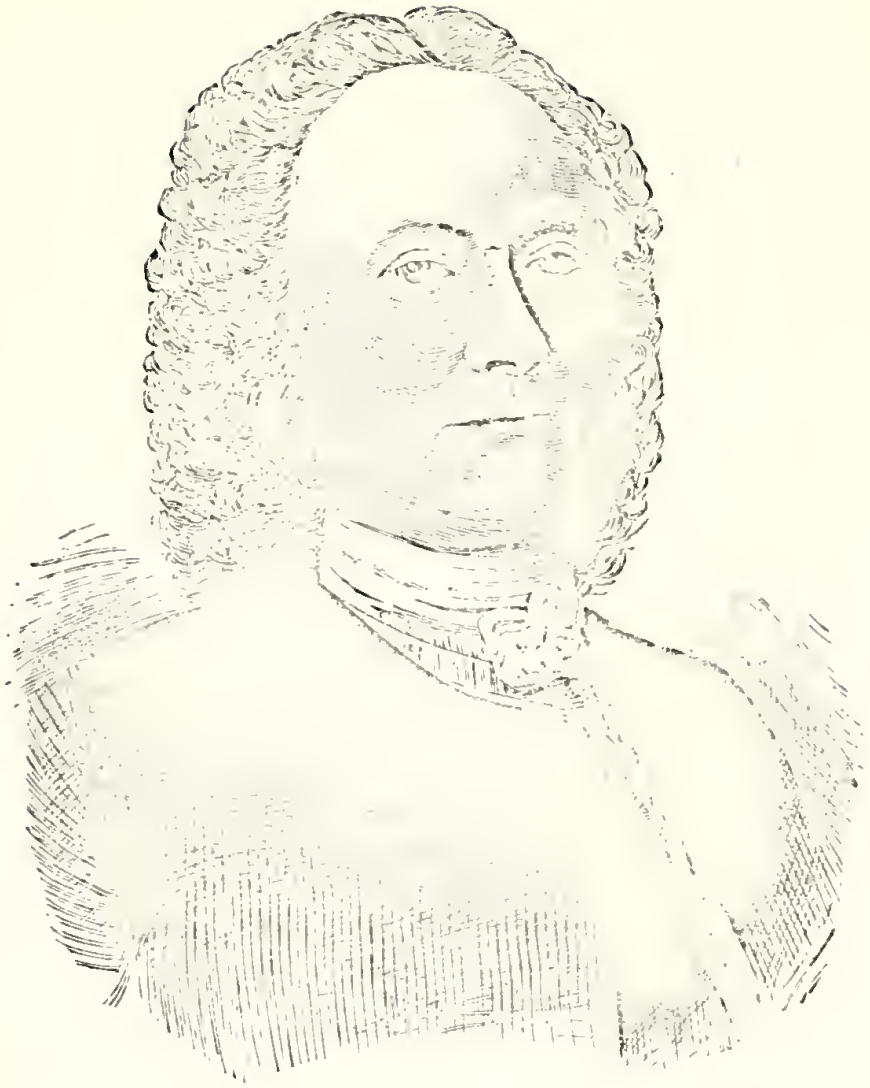
with the aforesaid Mr. John Avery pursuant to their vote at their meeting, February 23, 1710, as by the record of said town, dated May 29, 1710, may more fully appear PURSUANT WHEREUNTO, June 21, 1710, the aforesaid Mr John Avery, for himself and the above named Committee, in the name and behalf of the town of Truro agreed as followeth: that is to say, the above named Mr. John Avery doth agree for himself that he will, God assisting him thereto, settle in the work of the Ministry in the said town of Truro; and the above named Thomas Mulford, John Snow and Thomas Paine, in the name and behalf of the aforesaid town of Truro, do agree with the said Mr. John Avery, to allow him for a yearly salary during the time of his continuance in the work of the ministry, in the aforesaid town of Truro, sixty pounds per annum in money as it shall pass from man to man in common dealing (or in other merchantable pay as it shall pass with the merchant in common traffic) at or upon the twenty-ninth day of March annually; and twenty pounds of like money, toward his building, to be added to his salary, on that year, that he, the said Mr. Avery, shall see cause to build himself a dwelling-house in the town of Truro, aforesaid. In witness whereof, the above named Mr. John Avery for himself, and the above named Committee, in the name and behalf of the town of Truro, have hereunto set their hands.

SIGNED. JOHN AVERY,
THOMAS PAINE,
THOMAS MULFORD,
JOHN SNOW. } *Committee.*

June 27, 1710.

August 13, 1711, the town granted ten pounds to defray the expenses of entertainment of elders, messengers, scholars and gentlemen, at Mr. Avery's ordination, and Lt. Constant Freeman, Hez. Purington and Thos. Paine were appointed to superintend the arrangements, and agree with a meet person to provide. It was also ordered that Mr. Thomas Paine shall have three pounds to reimburse him for money spent in securing the Act of Incorporation, and the services of a minister.

Mr. Avery was ordained November 1, 1711. The order of services follow: The charge was given by the Rev. Mr. Nathaniel Stone of Harwich; the right hand of fellowship by the Rev. Mr. Ephraim Little of Plymouth, who was prolocutor; hands imposed by Mr. Stone, Mr. Little, and Mr. Joseph. Metcalf of Falmouth; the ordination sermon was preached by Mr. Avery, from "That text 2d Cor. 2–16, who is sufficient for these things." It was then the fashion for the learned Orthodox ministers to preach their own ordination sermons. Why not? The male members who that day united in embodying a Church, were Captain Thomas Paine, Lieutenant Constant Freeman, Mr. John Snow, Mr. Hezekiah



JOHN AVERY.

Doane, Mr. Benjamin Smalley, Mr. Hezekiah Purington and Mr. Thomas Mulford; seven besides the pastor. Around these eight men centred the moral power and influence of the new town. Mr. Hezekiah Doane was chosen deacon and ruling elder, being nominated by the pastor and accepted by the Church. He served faithfully in these offices till his death, 1718. January 1718, Mr. Constant Freeman and Mr. John Snow were chosen by the Church to proceed in the deaconships. Mr. Freeman served faithfully till January, 1726. Mr. John Snow for some irregularity, was never proved in the office as a ruling elder. Mrs. Ruth Avery, the wife of the pastor, was the first admitted to the church. The first baptisms were November 11, 1711, John, the son of the pastor, November 18, 1711, Elisha, son of John Snow, and Solomon, son of Josias Cook.

Rev. John Avery, the first minister settled in Truro, was born in Dedham, February 4, 1685–86. He was the son of Robert and Elizabeth Lane, and the grandson of Dr. William and wife Margaret, who emigrated from England 1650. He graduated at Harvard College 1706. Married first, November 23, 1710, Ruth, daughter of Ephraim and Mary Little, of Marshfield. Married second, 1733, Ruth, daughter of Samuel and Mercy Knowles of Eastham. Married third, 1748, widow Mary Rotch of Truro, or Provincetown, who died 1755. He had five sons and four daughters, all born in Truro.

We here present the John Avery Harvard College Line:

1. John Avery, b. 1685. Grad. H. C. 1706, d. in Truro, Apr. 23, 1754. as above. 2. Son John Avery, b. in Truro, Aug. 24, 1711. Grad. H. C. 1731, m. June 13, 1734, Mary Demming of Boston, three dau. and two sons, d. 1796. A Boston Merchant. 3. Son John Avery, b. in Boston, Sep. 2, 1739. Grad. H. C. 1759, m. April 28, 1769, Mary, dau. Hon. Thomas Cushing; was the first Sec'y of Mass., continued in office thirty years. Eight daughters, two sons, d. June 7, 1860. 4. Son John Avery, b. in Boston Feb. 13, 1775. Grad. H. C. 1793, m. Apr. 9, 1799, Harriet, dau. Henry Howell Williams of Noddle's Island. Both lost at sea 1801. Left an only child. 5. Son John Avery, b. Jany. 5, 1800. Grad. H. C. 1819, m. Mch. 6, 1828, Sarah, dau. Samuel G. Derby of Weston. Had dau. and son. 6. Son John Avery, b. in Lowell. Jan. 5, 1830. Grad. H. C. 1850, m. Anna Corinne Hodges Civil Eng., now living in Yonkers. N. Y. Three sons. 7. Son John Avery, b. Sept. 11, 1870.

There is no portrait of the first Truro minister. The excellent engraving on the other page is of his son, the second John Avery, the Boston merchant. Ephraim, 3d son of Rev. John, b. in Truro, Grad. H. C.; settled in the ministry in Pomfret, Ct. Dau. Ruth m. Rev. Jona. Parker of Plympton. Abigail m. Elisha Lothrop of Conn., afterwards judge. Elizabeth m. M. Dupin, a printer of Boston. Robert moved to Lebanon, Ct. John inherited the estate in Truro; d. there at 62, having been a useful and quite prominent citizen. His family will appear in the general connection.

The name is nearly extinct in the male line in Truro and Provincetown. John Avery has always been well represented in the family connections — at present by Captain John Avery Paine, a retired master mariner, lately port warden, and John Avery Hughes, retired, both now of Somerville, Mass.; mothers were both Avery. There may be others.

Dr. James Freeman in his description of Truro, pays the following tribute to Mr. Avery: "The inhabitants of Truro that personally knew Mr. Avery, speak of him in very respectful terms. As a minister he was greatly beloved and admired by his people, being a good and useful preacher of an examplary life and conversation. As physician he was no less esteemed. He always manifested great tenderness for the sick, and his people very seriously felt their loss in his death."

From the best evidence we can gather, he was a good man, a tender, watchful shepherd of his growing flock, a wise councillor, and an excellent citizen. As pastor, doctor, lawyer, smith, and farmer, he must have led a busy life, and had but little time for speculative philosophy or other outside interests. I have found no record, excepting a few Church entries, nor a scrap from his pen. All the records are scant, touching his long active life. I find he was a subscriber in 1729, for Prince's Chronology, a popular and expensive work of that time, patronized only by men of learning or wealth.

At a meeting of the town of Truro, May 7, 1718, leave was granted to Mr. John Avery to move his fence that stands in

the watering place at Tashmuit, provided said Avery makes as good and convenient a watering place between the former watering place and the dwelling house of Josiah Cook. The watering place to which this record refers is still used for the same purpose as in 1718. It was on account of this never-failing spring and others near by, that supplied the Indians in summer's heat and winter's cold, that all this neighborhood was called by them Tashmuit. In the dialect of the Mashpee Indians, *ashim* signifies *a spring*. In the bounds of Sandwich and Falmouth there was an Indian village, Ashimuit, or Shumuit, where was a large spring held in great esteem by the natives, and is still used by the inhabitants. *Shaum* — river — is the old Indian name of Sandwich. There is a spring near the rock, and another near the source of the river, or brook, that passes through the village. We have also in *Mishamuit*, a great spring, and in *Shawmut*, fountains of living water. Words of similar origin and application could be multiplied from these fertile sources, as, Ashim, and Multaleshumuit, which contain the compound ideas of spring and drink. Hence the derivations : Tashmuit, Ashimuit, Ashim, and Shawmut ; all meaning a spring. Shaw says in 1800, Blackstone's Spring is yet to be seen on the westerly part of the town near the bay. Dr. Shurtleff tells the history of the old spring in Spring Lane in his late work. When the eastern section of the post-office foundation was laid, living fountains of pure water were uncovered, which were supposed to be the same. The workmen drank from the unfailing supply till the time came to close it again. Who shall next roll away that stone and when, is not written.

Mr. Avery's house was at Tashmuit, Highland, a few rods east of the house of Mrs. Rebecca Paine, a short distance north of the Highland House, and near the well-known spring. It was a two-story house, with ell. The old plaster, hard as granite, and bits of thick English glass can now be found on the spot. The smithy, where the good minister, clad in leather apron, shaped the glowing iron with muscular arm, stood just southwest of his house by the road. Clinkers and slag still mark the place. It is thought that Mr. Avery

belonged to a family of smiths, and learned the trade when a boy at home. His salary of sixty pounds a year does not sound large, but was liberal for the times, and, like Goldsmith's village preacher, —

> Who passing rich at forty pounds a year,

it was undoubtedly regarded a superior living. With a comfortable house, land for farming, plenty of wood, timber, and meadow, as voted May 29, 1710, and the doctor, lawyer, and smith, it is not surprising that he accumulated a fine estate, as evidenced by his will.

> This noble example to his flock he gave:
> That first he wrought and afterwards he taught;
> Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught,
> And this new figure added he thereto,
> That if the gold rust what should the iron do?
>
> —*Prologue to Canterbury Tales.*

July 1723, voted to add ten pounds to Mr. Avery's salary, making it £70.

At a meeting of the town of Truro July 19, 1725, orderly warned for the ends set forth in the warrant for calling the same. Mr. Thomas Mulford was chosen moderator, and a vote was called whether the town would make any addition to the Rev. Mr. Avery's salary for his further support and encouragement in the work of the ministry in said town. It passed in the affirmative; then the question was asked whether the town would add so much for the said Mr. Avery's salary, as to make it a hundred pounds in the whole. It passed in the negative.

Then the question was asked whether the town would add so much to the said Mr. Avery's salary as to make it ninety pounds in the whole for the year next ensuing. It passed in the affirmative by a majority of votes.

Attest, JOHN SNOW. *Town Clerk.*

At a church meeting Oct. 1725 it was proposed to the church by the pastor, whether a confession of faith was not more agreeable to the rules of the gospel, to be required of those that desired to be admitted to full communion, than a relation of experiences? It was answered in the affirmative, and voted henceforward to be the practice of the church.

At a church meeting Dec. 29, 1725, it was proposed to the church, whether adult persons owning their Baptismal Covenant, and putting themselves under the watch and government of the church, should have their children baptized tho' they through fears, did not come up to the communion? Answered in the affirmative, and voted to be the practice for the future.

As an assurance that this carefully-worded, cautious, but nevertheless advance step was not hurried through without due consideration, we are assured by a note at the foot of the journal that "the church had six weeks' consideration before ye vote."

At a meeting of the church 1726, it was proposed to the church, whether such persons, being members of the church, that made practice of selling strong drink, contrary to the good laws of the Province, without license, should not be looked upon by the church as offenders, and accordingly dealt with. (Being left several months before to the Church's consideration.) It was answered in the affirmative and so voted.

At a church meeting, Nov. 30, 1726, it was proposed to the church, whether it was not according to gospel rule to choose Ruling Elders according to the practice of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. After six weeks' consideration an answer was defined by the pastor and was given in the affirmative.

In January 11, 1727, the persons before nominated (viz.): Mr. Thomas Mulford and Mr. Constant Freeman, were ordained ruling elders. Mr. John Myrick and Mr. Moses Paine were ordained deacons March 31, 1727. Mr. John Myrick and Mr. Thomas Paine were chosen ruling elders Nov. 13, 1728; ordained 15, 1728. Mr. Jonathan Vickery was chosen deacon Nov. 13, 1728.

June 21, 1730, the town raised Mr. Avery's salary to one hundred pounds. In 1747 it was raised by a vote of the town to two hundred pounds old tenor. Owing to the depreciation in old tenor, the last advance in Mr. Avery's salary was much more apparent than real.

The following memorandum found in the diary of a gentleman who died in 1756, refers to this early inflation which shows history does not go backward. "Men that have salaries and set fees, have been very much wronged, and it has raised the price of almost everything double, and what will be the event of it God only knows." The real value of old tenor is better understood from a Sandwich record: "In 1749 it was voted in Sandwich to extend a call to Mr. Abraham Williams, at a yearly salary of 400 pounds O. T., or the payment

in mill dollars of £2.5 per dollar." So in 1749, one hundred pounds were worth about $44.00, or eleven per cent.

It seems but a little while that we have followed the history of this town, and but yesterday when Mr. Avery came among them in the strength and freshness of youth. The children whom he baptized have become gray-headed fathers, and his stricken form gives token that his long useful life is drawing to a close; and that his work is well-nigh done. For forty-five years as a minister of the Church of Christ he has continued the even thread of an unblemished life.

"Nov. 6, 1752, it being thought advisable to hire some suitable minister to assist Rev. Mr. Avery in preaching the gospel this winter, Mr. Joshua Atkins and Deacon Barnabas Paine were appointed to look out for some one. The town agreed to bear Deacon Paine's expenses, and the cost of shoeing his horse, to go to Barnstable for this purpose, and Mr. Atkins' expenses, if he hires a horse and rides out of Boston in pursuit of the same object." It will explain the above action by saying that Deacon Paine's trip to Barnstable was to secure the services of a son of Rev. Mr. Spear of that town, and that Capt. Atkins being in Boston on private business, the Church became responsible for any extraordinary expense. "January following a committee was chosen to converse with Rev. Mr. Avery respecting an assistant, and it was agreed to give him £100 old tenor for the present year, he giving up the right to the parsonage property, both wood and improvement." "July 30, it was agreed to give a call either to Mr. Charles Turner, Mr. Caleb Upham or Mr. Samuel Angier, to preach the gospel on probation. The committee of supplies were Messrs. Benj. Collins, Joshua Atkins, Barnabas Paine, Joseph Smally, and Rd. Collins." "Aug. 13, 1753, voted by the Church to give Mr. Charles Turner a call to the pastoral office in this place. Jonathan Collins, Moses Paine, Deacon Joshua Freeman were appointed by the Church to give him a call."

Aug. 15, 1753, it was voted to give £80 per annum, either in money or merchantable pay as it shall pass with the merchant, in common traffic, and the improvement of the parsonage lands, for the support and encouragement of an

orthodox minister regularly called and settled in the Gospel Ministry in this town, provided he allow Rev. Mr. Avery £13. 6S yearly from his salary.

Also voted to present the much-respected Mr. Charles Turner Jr., whom the Church of Christ in this town have by their unanimous vote, called to the pastoral office, with a copy of these proceedings concurring with the church in the call.

Mr. Turner declined this call. When at another meeting the former vote was reconsidered and they voted to give him £80 lawful money, with the same provision in regard to Mr. Avery, which last offer Mr. Turner accepted.

Messrs. Joshua Atkins, John Rich, and Moses Paine, were a committee "to draw a covenant" and Messrs. Joshua Atkins, Rd. Collins and Rd. Stevens a committee to make all necessary arrangement for the ordination appointed for the last Wednesday in Nov., and for the entertainment of elders and messengers.

On the 23d of April, 1754, after an uninterrupted ministry of forty-four years, the Rev. John Avery, the first minister of the Church of Christ in Truro, died. In the old graveyard near where stood the meeting-house, stand three well-preserved slate stones with the following inscriptions:

Here lie the Remains of
ye Revd. Mr. John Avery
who departed this life ye
23d of April 1754 in the
44th of his ministry and
the first Pastor Ordained in
this place.
In this dark cavern, in this lonesome grave,
Here lies the honest, pious, virtuous friend;
Him, Kind Heav'n to us priest and doctor gave,
As such he lived; as such we mourn his end.

Here lies burried the
Body of Mrs. Ruth
Avery Wife to the
Rev. Mr. John Avery
she Deceased Oct. the
1st 1732 in the
46th year of her age.

Here lies burried the body
of Mrs. Ruth Avery ye
second wife of ye
Rev. Mr. John Avery
she died Nov. 1 A D
1745 in ye 51st
year of her age.

Walter T. Avery of New York, a descendant, has re-consecrated the graves of his ancestors, by enclosing the lot with granite posts and heavy iron rails. Mr. Avery has also generously encouraged other improvements in connection with the yard.

THE WILL OF REV. JOHN AVERY, OF TRURO.

By the Will of God, Amen, the Eighteenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four, I, John Avery of Truro, in the County of Barnstable, in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, Clerk, being in a weak and low condition as to bodily health, yet thanks be to God, for that measure of understanding and memory that I yet enjoy, therefore calling to mind what the servant of God says: Job 30, 23. I know that thou wilt bring me to Death and to the house appointed for all Living. I think it therefore proper for me to settle the affairs of my body and soul, that when my great change cometh, I may have only this to say, viz., to resign my soul into the hands of God, whose I am, and with whom I Desire to dwell forever, I do therefore make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament, that is to say, In the first place I give and recommend My Immortal Soul into the hands of the Great God, My Creator and Redeemer, hoping through the Active and Passive Obedience of Christ my Redeemer, to Obtain forgiveness of all my sins, the Justification of my person, and an Inheritance among them that are sanctified by the Holy Spirit; and as to my body I desire it may be decently buried at the descretion of my Executors, hereafter named, to remain in the dust till the General Resurrection, at which time, I believe it will be seminally raised again by the Mighty Power of God, and through Grace appear like unto Christ's Glorious body; and as to my lawful heirs of the Worldly Estate with which God hath been pleased to favor me with on Earth, My Will is that My beloved wife Mary Avery still wait upon God (as I hope she hath long done) to order all things for her who hath always been the Widow's God, as well as Judge in his holy habitation; Psal. 68, 5; and as to my beloved children my will is that they take care above all things to get ready for a dying day; that they don't cumber themselves so about worldly things, as to neglect the better part, but Labour to get durable Riches and Riteousness, that so they may upon good ground be able to apply that word of Comfort to themselves in Psalm 27, 10, When My father and my Mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up. And as to My Worldly estate my will is that all those debts and duties as I do owe in Right and Conscience to any person whatsoever, be well and truly satisfied and paid in convenient time, after my decease, by My Executors hereafter named, and as to the Remainder of My Estate after Debts and funeral Charges paid, I give and bequeath as followeth: In the first place I give and bequeath to my well beloved wife Mary Avery (over and above what she is to have out of my Estate by my agreement with her before Marriage) the use and Improvement of my westerly bedroom and my Study appertaining thereto, and the use and Improvement of my Woodland on the Easterly side of the Highway that leads from Neighbor Eldreds to the Meeting-house in said Truro, these privileges for her

so long as she Continues to be my Relict or Widow, and shall think fit to Dwell in this town.

2ndly. I give and bequeath to my beloved son John Avery, to him, his heirs and assigns forever, my silver Tankard and forty-three pounds sixteen shillings and Eight pence lawful money, Which he has already received, as may appear by a note, under his hand, to him, his heirs and assigns forever, said Note of hand in Old Tennor is three hundred twenty-eight pounds fifteen Shills: and 4d.

3dly. I give and bequeath unto my beloved son Ephriam Avery the note of land he Gave me before the year 1739, and also all the money he has Received of me, to him, his heirs and assigns forever.

4thly. I Give and bequeath to the children of my beloved Daughter Ruth Parker, deceased, namely Ruth Bishop, Jonathan Parker and Avery Parker, all the Goods and household stuff together with my negro Girl named Phillis, all which their mother received of me in her life time, to them, their heirs and assigns forever, to be equally divided among them.

5thly. I give and bequeath to my well beloved Daughter Elisabeth Draper, all the Goods and household stuff she hath already received together with my Indian Girl Sarah, who now lives with her, to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

6thly. To my son Robert Avery I have already given by deed of Gift My Interest in the Town of Lebanon in the Colony of Connecticut.

7thly. To my son Job Avery I have already given by deed of Gift My Lands in this Town of Truro My Dwelling house and buildings appertaining thereto, My Pew in the meeting house, as also my young negro man named Larned, nevertheless it is my will that my son Job take care to make out to Mary my beloved wife the Priviledges expressed to her In this my last Will and Testament.

8thly. I give and bequeath to my well beloved Daughter Mary West forty pounds lawful money, which she hath already received; and my will is that Six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence lawful money to be paid to her out of My Personal Estate, to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

9thly. I give and bequeath unto my well beloved Daughter Abagail Lothrop, forty pounds lawful money, which she hath already received, and six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence, to be paid to her out of my personal Estate, to her, her heirs and assigns forever.

Finally. And all the remainder of My Personal Estate I Do give to my Children above named, to be divided into nine shares, and my will is that my son John Avery have two shares, and that the children of my daughter Ruth Parker (deceased) have one share in unequal partnership among them, namely, that my Grandson Jonathan Parker (who has an Impediment in his sight) receive one half of said share and that my other two grandchildren, namely Ruth Bishop and Avery Parker, receive the other half share, equally between them, and my other six shares to my other children, above named, in Equal Divisions. Moreover I do Constitute and appoint my well beloved sons John Avery and Job Avery, to be my Executors of this my last Will and Testament, and hereby do utterly disallow, revoke and disannull all and every other former Test'mts or Wills, and bequests and Executors by me, in any ways before this time named, willed and bequeathed, Ratifiyng and Confirming this and no other, to be my last will and Testament

In Witness thereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal this Day and year above Written.

Signed Sealed Published Pronounced and Declared by The Said John Avery, as his Last Will and Testament, in presence of us the Subscribers.

SAMUEL ELDREDG.
MOSES PAINE.
BARZILLAH SMITH.
NATHANIEL BREED.

Further it is My Will that my two negroes Jack and Hope, have the Liberty to choose their Master among all my Children, and they with whom they choose to live, give nothing for them, and that they shall not be sold from my children to any person Whatsoever, and this was added before I signed this Will and Testament.

JOHN AVERY.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THEY WORSHIPED, OR LAW AND GOSPEL.

Saturday Night. The New England Sabbath. The Deacon and the Host. Going to Meeting. The Hour Glass. Long Sermons. Legislation. Pilgrim Polity. Confederation. Tyrants and Taxation. Whipping Post. Sunday Laws. Muskets to Meeting. McFingal. Matchlocks. Fines. Quakers and Indians. Reaction. Ye Constable. Funeral Fashions. Drums. Tithing Man. Naughty Boys and long Prayers. Uprising and Downsitting. Days of Humiliation. Mr. John Lothrop. Thanksgiving. Wonder working Providence. Edward Johnson. The First Grave. Silent Habitations. God's Acre. Wm. H. Lapham. Decoration Week. A Worshipful Spot. Sentiment and Superstition. The Benighted Traveller. Entombed. The Bewitched Captain. Southey and Tregeagle. Spiritual Visitants. Cotton Mather. Winter Evening Tales. The Chimney Corner. A Scared Boy. Love of the Marvellous. Old Chapman.

SATURDAY night was the beginning of the Sabbath. Everywhere was the quiet hush that betokened the coming Lord's day. The Saturday night atmosphere that pervaded the house suppressed the tumultuous exuberance of youth, and early planted a reverent love for the New England Sabbath. The varied experience of the week passed in pleasant family review, till the father lifted the family Bible.—

> He wales a portion with judicious care;
> And, 'Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

In those days everybody was expected to go to meeting and stay through both meetings. Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Yarmouth, said: "It was the fashion for all the families to go to meeting, and he did not know of a family of respectability that did not make a practice of going regularly." Our comment would be upon the moral excellence of the fashion.

It was one of those beautiful Puritan fashions that had its fountain in the best of the English head and heart. Some of the stanch men rode in the saddle, the good wife on a pillion with the baby in her lap, and the next in order in front or behind. The family horse was loaded like a dromedary and carried as many on his back as a Germantown rockaway. One of the old deacons whose duty it was to furnish the Sacramental bread and wine, lived a long distance from the meeting-house and always rode a white horse. Every first Sabbath of the month, the deacon could be seen cantering up the long sandy road, with the consecrated jug dangling from his saddle.

Since the disestablishment of the Romish Church in Mexico, no person is allowed to carry the "host" through the streets unless in a covered carriage; but no Government minion challenged the faithful deacon as onward he rode with a high consciousness as a king's messenger of doing a noble service. And indeed he was doing a service where kings are the humblest messengers.

It must have been a pleasant sight to have stood by and observed the people from near and far throng the sacred temple. I love to stand by the present little church on a bright summer Sabbath, in full view of the ocean on the east, and the bay on the west, both touched by white sails, tracing their courses by diverging paths, and watch the worshippers, as singly, two by two, or in families, and little groups, they seem to rise out of the hills from the east and from the west, from the north and the south, like travellers to a great city; for Sunday morning all paths lead to Church, as all roads lead to Rome.

They come up from the bridle-paths that wind among the hills and valleys, as the old Scotch Covenantors used to come up to worship among the Cartland Crags of the Highlands. Most everybody walked to meeting, and walked miles. The children's toilets soon made, they trudged off in good season. The older boys and girls regarded the coming and going together as no penance. In summer time the girls carried their shoes and stockings in their hands, to save them from

the wear and tear of the bushes and the long sandy walk. When near the meeting-house, they left their old shoes under the trees and came into meeting with —

> Shoon as black as sloe,
> And hose as white as snow.

Among the duties of the sexton was to turn the hour-glass. The sermon was expected to close with the last sands of the glass. How the children — perhaps not only children — watched the glass, and how they were sometimes disappointed, fully appears in the reports of the time. Some of the old ministers had great gifts of continuance. In Scotland, during the seventeenth century, if the pastor discoursed two hours, he was valued a zealous servant of the Lord. Forbes, an old Scotch divine who was vigorous as well as voluble, thought nothing of preaching five hours. Some of these old divines had a wig full of learning, and as freely they had received, freely they gave.

In the early days of the Colonies everything was legislated. They were less catholic than St. Paul, who would have men, in some things, a law unto themselves. It was said "the General Court made the laws, the Church made the General Court, and the clergy made the Church."

An English writer says: "The Puritans were more fanatical than superstitious. They were so ignorant of the real principles of government, as to direct penal laws against private vices, and to suppose that immorality could be stemmed by legislation." We leave the last clause of this statement on its own merits. While we freely admit the folly of over law-making, whether by the General Court of 1640 or 1880, we respectfully submit, that neither the Pilgrims nor Puritans were ignorant of the principles of government. This must be said with a poor grace of men who fought with crowns and mitres for the first principles of independency, that in 1620 proclaimed the spirit of democracy, and in 1643 confederated the two colonies upon terms of peace and equity, making an epoch in their history. In the articles of confederation, entitled "The United Colonies of New England," it

required no prophet to see the United States of America. If two colonies could be successfully confederated, why not thirteen, or thirty-six? Ignorant of the principles of government, indeed! They were statesmen, with a genius for government and law, who wrought with a plastic civilization, and have shaped the destinies of mankind.

The history of tyrants, of bad and weak rulers the world over, has ever been wicked and unjust laws, by which the people have suffered cruelty, oppression, and unjust taxation. However absurd some of the laws which I am about to present may now seem, we shall not fail to observe that the motive was always to make the people better and more equal, to produce a higher moral standard and a purer Christian life. Injustice, luxury, and self-aggrandizement, were the sins unpardonable in the Puritan code.

In 1635 each meeting-house had the appendages of stocks and whipping-post. As a practical illustration of the rare adaptability of the law-makers and law-keepers, it is related that the first victim of the stocks was the carpenter who built them. For charging more than the authorities regarded a fair price, Chips was put in durance till he put a satisfactory price on his work. He was hoisted on his own petard. In 1665 the town voted, "That all persons who should stand out of the meeting-house during the time of divine service, should be set in the stocks." The stocks, by Hudibras: —

> There's neither iron bar nor gate:
> Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate:
> And yet men durance there abide,
> In dungeon scarce three inches wide,
> With roof so low that under it
> They never stand, but lie or sit.

In 1640 it was ordered that profane swearing should be punished by sitting in the stocks three times, or by imprisonment; also, that for telling lies, a fine of ten shillings should be imposed for each and every offence, or sitting in the stocks two times. This may seem a severe punishment for the luxury of lying, but it is a marked modification on

the old law of having the tongue pulled out. In 1665 the Court passed a law to inflict corporal punishment on all persons who resided in the towns of the Commonwealth who denied the Scriptures. It was ordered by the General Court "That whosoever shall shoot off a gun on any unnecessary occasion, or at any game, except a wolf or an Indian, shall forfeit five shillings at each shot." In 1685 an unfortunate Benedict was fined for "disorderly keeping house alone." No persons were allowed to become housekeepers till they were completely provided with guns and ammunition. Laws were enacted prohibiting the Indians to sell, lease, or give their property, without consent of government. Also prohibiting arms, ammunition, canoes, or horses, to be sold the Indians. They thus forestalled the modern doctrine of holding the Indians as wards, and anticipated those famous resolutions: — "First. *Resolved*, that to the saints belong the spoils. Second. *Resolved*, we are the saints." William Chase was presented for driving a yoke of oxen about five miles on the Lord's day. Three shillings a day for mowing was regarded as excessive wages, and such as charged more than that amount were "presented." The dresses of the men and the dresses of the women were regulated by law.

In 1641 twelve persons were enjoined "to bring their muskets, with shot and powder, every Lord's day, to the meeting, with their swords and furniture to every piece, ready for service if need should require." Hence McFingal wrote: —

> So once for fear of Indian beating,
> Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
> Each man equipped on Sunday morn,
> With Psalm-book, shot, and powder horn,
> And looked in form as all must grant,
> Like th' ancient, true church militant,
> Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
> Who fight with quills, like porcupines.

In 1643 men ordered to be raised were to be provided with "musket, firelock or matchlock, a pair of eandoliers, or pouches for powder and bullets, a sword and belt, a worm

and scourer, a rest and knapsack." The old-fashioned match-lock guns had to be fired with a match, usually a slow-match; consequently a "rest" must be carried to steady the gun while the match was applied.

Rev. Mr. Matthews, of Yarmouth, was fined for preaching without the allowance of the magistrate, ten pounds. It was "ordered, that card-playing be punished by a fine of fifty shillings, and that servants or children at dice, cards, or other unlawful games, be corrected by their masters, for the first offence, for the second to be publicly whipped. Joseph Allen, for being at a Quaker meeting, was fined ten shillings; William Newland, for entertaining a Quaker, was fined five pounds. We must not cling to the delusion that all the Quakers of that day were the sleek, unruffled type. "Thomas, thou liest," said the Quaker Norton, in the General Court, to Governor Thomas Prince. It is a matter of history that as soon as the oppressive laws that roused the lion in this sect were abolished, they became lambs again. There were other turbulent men besides the Quakers, that the magistrates had to meet. The Old Colony was no Saint's Rest. One Joe Burge, of Sandwich, was often before the court and fined for selling rum to the Indians. On one occasion he was fined five pounds, when he had the bad taste to swear in court, and was again fined.

About 1700 the long-bent bow began to lose its force, and a reaction in public sentiment became apparent, which resulted in a popular expression for less law, especially in the churches which were becoming schismatic, "the people preferring to improve their own gifts."

"A man was fined five pounds for taking upon himself to cure the scurvy, by a preparation of no value, which he sold at a very dear rate, and to be imprisoned till he shall pay his fine, or give security for it, or else be whipped, and shall be liable for any man's action of whom he has received money for the said preparation."

In 1667, two young women in Sandwich petitioned the town to be relieved from a fine imposed for laughing in meeting, on an occasion when the tithing-man was driving

some yelping curs out of the meeting-house. In 1651 it was ordered that if any lazy, slothful, or profane person, in any of the towns, neglect to attend public worship, they shall for each offence pay ten shillings, or be publicly whipped. In 1661, a man in Eastham was fined one pound for lying about a whale. This is supposed to be the original "Fish Story."

Tobacco was another source of legislation. Its origin was imputed to the devil. Much opposition was made against it in England. King James' frown greatly increased its popularity. Old Joshua Sylvester poetized:

> If there be any herb in any place
> Most opposite to God's good herb of grace,
> 'Tis doubtless this, and this doth plainly prove it,
> That for the most, most graceless men do love it.

The tobacco plant seems indigenous to the Western world, and at the time of its discovery was unknown to civilization. The East had its hashish, described by Whittier:—

> The Mollah and the Christian dog
> Change place in mad Metempsychosis,
> The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
> The Rabbi shakes his head at Moses.

It remained for the West to introduce the most popular narcotic known to man, and that has followed commerce around the world. The Indians almost existed on tobacco. Their dreamy, idle temperament seemed constitutionally adapted to this intoxicant.

Roger Williams says he has known an Indian to go alone into the forest, with a small pouch of corn and a large pouch of tobacco, and be absent weeks. To the Christian accomplishment of rum-drinking was quickly added the savage one of eating and drinking tobacco.

An old record says: "The early farmers devoted perhaps quite as much time to the tobacco yard as to the cornfield. It was his physic in sickness, food and comfort at all times."

> A Proclamation, or Approbation
> From the King of Execration, to every Nation
> For Tobacco's Propagation.—*The Water Poet.*

During the early wars, it was drawn with other rations by the soldiers and sailors. Smoking tobacco then called *drinking*, was carried to a great extravagance. Divine service was often disturbed by the clink of flint and steel to light their pipes. The burnt sacrifice ascended joyfully with their prayers.

Here was new work for the court. In 1669 they passed the following: "It is enacted that any person or persons that shall be found smoking of tobacco on the Lord's day, going to, or coming from the meeting, within two miles of the meeting-house, shall pay twelve pence for every such default, for the Colonies use to be increased," etc. The enactment against smoking within two miles of the meeting-house was soon construed to have no bearing on those who have a mind to smoke *in* the meeting-house. It is said all enjoyed the fragrance, though all did not join in making it. Joshua and Jedediah Lombard were fined for smoking on the Lord's Day outside of the Yarmouth meeting-house. It was also enacted, "That if any persons take tobacco while they are empaneled upon a jury, to forfeit five shillings for every default, except they have given their verdict, or not to give it till the next day." Admitting that when the jury required a clear head, tobacco must be set aside.

In was the duty of the constables "to attend att ye great doores of ye meeting-house every Lord's day, to keepe ye doores fast, and suffer none to goe out before ye whole exercises are ended." There was a committee chosen to seat the people. First, the aged who served the town. Second, those who have borne commissions. Then as respect to age, or rates, or town taxes, etc. Behind all, ready for service, the men of military titles were seated. In some places, the young men and maidens in the gallery — separated by a high railing and separate steps. The boys were on benches by the wall, under ward of the tything-men. The men sat on the right, the women on the left. These rules were probably mostly during the early history of the Colony and before the privilege of building pews at their own expense became the fashion.

Funerals were expensive, and if carried out to the extreme fashion few could afford to die. I apprehend, however, that the style of "shoes and clogs," "hose and gloves," "necklace for the negro," "a large beaver hat, and a light gray bob-wig for a brother minister," and "eighteen pair of men's white cotton gloves," was not practised much in Truro. An old record states: "The same quantity of rum and sugar were necessary for burying a minister as for raising the meeting-house." It is quite refreshing, even in our age of abuses and errors, to know that the world has perhaps never had less positive follies, if we fairly consider all the conditions.

There were no bells in those days, but every town had a drum, as by colonial law; a fine of forty shillings was demanded of every town two months without one. So the drum performed double duty; to drum the people out to meeting, and to give warning of the lurking savage. It required, it is said, an educated ear not to confound the drum ecclesiastical with the drum military. Some of these extreme forms, though a part of Old Colony history, had either passed away, or were considerably modified by practice in Truro at the time of which we write.

As long ago as 1745 there were bad boys: as at that time "tiding men" were appointed to take care of the boys, that they don't play in meeting on the Sabbath, and keep the dogs out of the meeting-house. Fifty years ago the tiding-man was a recognized officer in our churches, but, vastly shorn of power, he was a shadow only of his former glory.

Hudson in his *History of Lexington* says: "To be a tithing-man was as honorable as to be a selectman or a magistrate."

I find the following description of the tiding or tithing-man in his palmy days, in an old New England history: "Some staid and vigilant person was chosen to have inspection of the audience during the public exercises. His frequent rounds kept the urchins in order; the badge of his office was a pole with a knob at one end, and a tuft of feathers at the other. With the knob he rapped the men's heads, and with the feathers he brushed the ladies' faces when he caught them napping. It is said this officer was once rebuked for

rapping the head of a nodding man whom he thought was drowsing, when in fact he was only *nodding assent* to the sermon." In 1748 Mr. Thomas Cobb must have been that "staid and vigilant person," as he was appointed to *correct* the boys. But the boys still continued to play, as four years later, "a man was appointed to take care of and *chastise* the boys who play in meeting." The boys did not improve, and a few years later "Charles Annis, Benjamin Lewis, and Solomon Dyer were appointed to correct and *whip* the boys that are disorderly on Sabbath days at or about the meeting-house." Perhaps the great trouble from the boys arose from the mistake of having them sit in the galleries free from parental oversight. The boys or girls that could sit together through two of those long services and not play, probably died young and went straight to heaven. The pews were square, and the prayers long. It was the good custom, and the only worshipful one after kneeling, for all to stand through the prayer. To make more comfortable room, the seats were all hung on hinges, and lifted during the service. The boys were self-constituted custodians of the uprising and downsitting; a little rivalry made lively clattering at the close of this solemn ceremony. The pews were finished with a balustrade perhaps ten inches high; less ornate and higher, but nearly the same style as used on the pews of the new Trinity Church in Boston. Through these loop-holes the children could watch each other and report discoveries.

Days of humiliation were set for prayer and fasting. These were figuratively days of sackcloth and ashes, in which they supplicated the Divine interposition. Rev. Mr. Lothrop, of Barnstable, refers to these Humiliations in his journal, March 24, 1640:

"In regard of England and for others and our owne particular." "January 10, 1641, in regard to ye wett and very cold spring, as also for the quelling of strange and heretical tenets raised principally by the Flamilists, as alsoe for ye healing of a bloodye Coffe amonge children, especially in Plimouth." "September 23, 1642, Ffor old England and Ireland and for the prevention of ye Indians here and our

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

own Sinns." May ye 10th, 1643, Ffor old England — and for our Selves." "March 24, 1652, Thanksgiving for the Lord's admirable powerful working for Old England by Oliver Cromwell and his army against the Scotts."

The first Thanksgiving is thus introduced: — "Our harvest being gotten in our Governor sent four men on fowling that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labor." The good old Governor when he sent the four men fowling for the first Thanksgiving dinner in 1621, touched a common chord of sympathy that in 1881 finds nearly fifty millions of thankful disciples.

> There's Hezekiah and Zephaniah,
> And all the children living,
> There's Anna Maria, Jane and Sophia,
> Will be to our Thanksgiving.

Some years after, when a severe drought prevailed in Plymouth, the Governor set apart a day of solemn humiliation and prayer. Soon after, in gratitude and pious acknowledgment for the blessings of copious showers and promising supplies, a day of Thanksgiving was called.

To better convey the religious eccentricities and zeal of early New England, we quote a few passages from the quaint work, *Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England*, by Edward Johnson of Woburn, in N. E., published in London in 1654, quite popular in its day. The phraseology and ready adjudication of things spiritual and temporal, of the Church militant and military, of the soldier of the Cross and of the soldier of fortune, of pride and humility, of supererogation and superstition, could only have been produced in an age that produced an Oliver Cromwell:—

As large gates to small edifices, so are long prefaces to little books, therefore I will briefly inform thee, that here thou shalt find the time when, the manner how, the cause why, and the great sacrifice which, it hath pleased the Lord to give to this handful of His praying saints in New England.

When England began to decline in Religion, in vain idolatrous ceremonies, and the desecration of the Sabbath, Christ creates a New England to muster up the first of His forces. Could Cæsar so suddenly fetch over fresh forces from Europe to Asia, Pompey to foile, how much more shall Christ call over the

nine hundred league ocean at his pleasure, such instruments as He thinks meet. Your Christ has commanded the seas that they shall not swallow you, nor pirates imprison your persons or possess your goods. Let the matter and form of your Church be neither national nor provincial, but such as is plainly pointed out by Christ and His apostles. You shall be fed in the wilderness, whither you are to go with the flower of wheat, and wine shall be plentiful among you. But above all, beware of any love, self-conceited opinions, stopping your ears from hearing the council of an Orthodox Synod, but impart Christ's mind to each other.

Beware of a proud censorous spirit, and should Christ be pleased to place in his building more polished stones than thyself, make it a matter of rejoicing and not of envy.

Wait on the Lord Jesus and he shall stir up friends to provide for you: and in the meantime, spare not to lay up your coin, for powder, bullets, match-arms of all kinds, and all sorts of instruments for war; you shall see in that wilderness wither you are going, troops of stout horsemen marshaled, and therefore fail not to take ship lusty mares with you, and see that with all diligence you encourage every soldier-like spirit among you, for the Lord Christ intends to achieve greater matters by the little handful, than the world is aware of: wherefore you shall seek and set up men of valor to lead and direct every soldier among you, and with all diligence to instruct them from time to time.

Although it may seem a mean thing to be a New England soldier, yet some of you shall have the battering and beating down, scaling, winning and wasting the overtopping towers of the Hierarchy. Let military skill be kept in high esteem among you, gentlemen; corporals and fellow soldiers, keep your weapons in continual readiness, seeing you are called to fight the battles of the Lord Christ.

The church of Christ being thus begun, the Lord with the water spouts of his tender mercy caused to increase and fructify. And now let every ear listen, and every heart admire and enlarge itself to the astonishment of the whole man, at this wondrous work of the great Jehovah. That in thrice seven years wrought such fearful desolation and wonderful alterations among our English nation, and also in this dismal desert, wasting the natural inhabitants with death's stroke, and that as is found, touched the Massachusetts, who were a populous nation consisting of thirty thousand able men, now brought to less than three hundred, and in their room and abode, this poor Church of Christ, consisting at their beginning but of seven persons, increased to forty-three Churches in joyful communion one with the other, possessing one God, one Church, and one Gospel, and in those Churches about seven thousand seven hundred and fifty souls in one profession of the rules of Christ, and that which makes the work more admirable in the eyes of all beholders, men's habitations are cut out of the woods and bushes, neither can this place be entered by the English nation, but by passing through a dreadful and terrible ocean of nine hundred leagues length.

Behold his swiftness all ye that have said, where is the promise of his coming? Listen awhile, hear what his herald proclaims. Babylon is fallen, is fallen, both her doctrines and Lordly rabble of Popes, Cardinals, Lordly Bishops, Friars, Monks, Nuns, Seminary-Priests, Jesuits, Ermites, Pilgrims, Deans, Prebands, Arch-deacons, Commissioners, Officials, Proctors, Singing-men, Choristers, organists, bellows-blowers, vergers, Porters, sextons, beads-men, and bell-ringers and all others who never had a name in the word of God.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

MRS HANNAH
wife to Capt
THOMAS PAINE
died July ye 24th
1713 in ye 52 year
of his age

The above inscription is upon a blue slate headstone in the old graveyard, which, according to English custom of the time, was the churchyard as well, and for nearly a hundred years was the only one in town. It is almost remarkable that while a thousand graves are unnoticeable and unknown, the stones sunk nearly out of sight, this, erected to the first-known grave, and to the mother of a noble race, stands steadfast and natural after one hundred and sixty-eight years. The lichens have not gathered, nor has the attrition of storm and sunshine wasted the record thereof.

The yard has been enlarged and improved, and re-fenced from time to time, but never was in better condition than at the present. For many years the central and eastern part became considerably overgrown with beach-plum and other spreading bushes and vines. A few years since it was cleared at considerable expense, but the rapidity of this growth requires constant attention. Here undisturbedly reposes the dust of many generations, and every year adds to the number from many parts of our own, and sometimes from foreign lands. It is not a *city* of the dead. No lavish store of marble pomp marks this poor dust. No rival shafts of sculptured art claim homage in this God's Acre: —

> Their name, their years spelt by the unlettered muse,
> The place of fame and elegy supply.

Instances are not wanting where visitors have become strongly attached to these quiet haunts as a last resting-place. Mr. William H. Lapham after twenty-three years of railroading in Ohio, retired, and purchased a home in Albany, N. Y. He first came to Truro as a seashore resort, became

attached to the place, and thereafter became, as have many others, an annual visitor. It was his dying request to be buried in the old graveyard, which request was complied with. A recumbent granite slab markes his grave, bearing his name and age.

DECORATION WEEK.

Annually unseen messengers with noiseless footfall and spirit hand, decorate these graves with living flowers, exceeding white as snow. They come with the falling dew, in the light of the stars and the first blush of the morning. They fall alike on all: —

> Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past.

And if possible, on the sunken graves, where crops the blue, mossy stone, with Death's head and cross-bones roughly chiseled, there a double bank is thrown. Not for a day only, but for many days and nights they linger, till, like a vesture, God folds them up and lays them away.

Lean reverently on this southern fence facing the north! Before you are the graves of our fathers. The dead alone reign here. On this spot they worshiped. Right and left glides off a beautiful tableland, of which this is the centre. The sky bends to the ocean, the ocean bounds the horizon as the eye sweeps the compass. Scenes more magnificent may have met your eyes, but utterances more infinite and peaceful never touched your heart.

> God! God! God!
> Thou fill'est our eyes
> As were the skies
> One burning, boundless sun,
> While creature mind
> In paths confined
> Passeth a spot thereon.
> God! God! God!

These silent habitations have always been regarded as favorite haunts of disembodied spirits that walk the earth

unseen both when we wake and when we sleep. A superstitious awe used to hang around graveyards. This was no exception to the rule, and no doubt there was full occasion to credit reports of sounds and sights. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." Around this high building with projecting porch and its hundred little caves of Æolus, the wind-god listened to angry-voiced clamoring, or weird and mournful dirges which hastened the belated traveller on his lonely way. Much, however, of this superstitious coloring was a sentiment that effected very little the sterling courage of men or women

Incidents are related that denote the highest order of courage. A man on his way home from Provincetown was overtaken by night and a terrific northeast storm. It was almost impossible to pursue his journey, but he finally reached the meeting-house, under the shelter of which he stopped to recruit.

As the gusts of wind swept around the corner, he recognized a human voice. A few moments more and it seemed plainly the voice of a child. He listened till he was satisfied there was a living child in the graveyard, and not far from where he stood. In the darkness, and wind, and rain, it seemed impossible to search among the graves that fearful night. He climbed over the fence, and on his knees crawled over the graves, and stones, and wild brush, guided by the voice. He first thought it was a child bewildered and lost, but as he approached the sound, it seemed to arise from a grave, when the terrible thought came to him that it must be a living person entombed. He was soon over the grave, and felt with his hands an aperture from whence came the voice. As he bowed his head to the ground, he felt a warm breath. One desperate effort, he thought, will settle this case. He thrust his hand into the opening in the grave, and seized the object and lifted it out. It was a lamb!

The Rabbis say that ten measures of witchcraft were sent into the world, of which the Egyptians got nine. The other tenth must have come to Massachusetts, and Cape Cod had her share.

I have heard of no witch hangings on the Cape, but there were many who believed in these demoniacal agencies. I might say nearly all yielded a general assent to the delusion. If such men as Cotton Mather, John Wesley, and Chief Justice Hale, openly supported the theory by Scripture, what could be expected of the people who read the Bible constantly, and believed to a literal interpretation, every word of the sacred page?

Captain Sylvanus Rich of Truro, the father of the late Captain Sylvanus of Bangor, was an enterprising young sailor of his time. On one occasion, having loaded his vessel with corn in North Carolina, bound for Boston, and being detained by bad weather he went on shore for a bucket of milk, and soon after his return, went to sea. Captain Rich was not an exception to the spirit of the day. Soon after sailing they encountered a fearful gale of wind. The captain declared from the first that the old woman who sold the milk was at the bottom of the mischief. The gale continued till all the sails were blown away, and the vessel had drifted nearly to the Grand Banks. During all this time the captain was a victim of a terrible hallucination. Under this powerful spell, his flesh fell away like a sick man's, and he was fast wearing out. He declared to his crew in all sincerity, that every night the old woman came into the cabin through the lazaret, saddled and bridled him, and drove him over the hills and through the woods of Truro, and around Bound Brook Island. He said he couldn't stand it much longer, which was apparent to the terrified crew.

He did not, like Southey on his favorite horse Nobs, pirouette, and glide through the diaphanous air; but like poor Tregeagle, with the Devil for his rider, he had to carry the witch wherever she drove. In vain his crew tried to persuade him that he was deluded. At last, when matters had become desperate and nearly hopeless, and they were drifting a wreck on the ocean, they were fallen in with a ship, fortunately commanded by his own son, Sylvanus Jr., who supplied all his wants. This broke the charm: the captain once more himself put his vessel in order and proceeded in safety on

his voyage disturbed no more by spectral old women flying through the air on broom-sticks, or riding the ocean billows in tiny eggshells.

The critical essayist Blair observes: "The marvellous, it must be admitted, has always a great charm for the bulk of readers." There is, it must be confessed, a subtle, unexplained, inherent clinging of old superstitions and strange fancies around our hearts. There are times when we not only allow such visitants unannounced, but bid them a glad welcome — invite them into our best room and easy-chair, and gird ourselves to serve them. If we do not believe in these wayside ministrations we love to cherish them. It is a wayward love, wandering in high-fenced gardens, or far-away nooks. Sometimes —

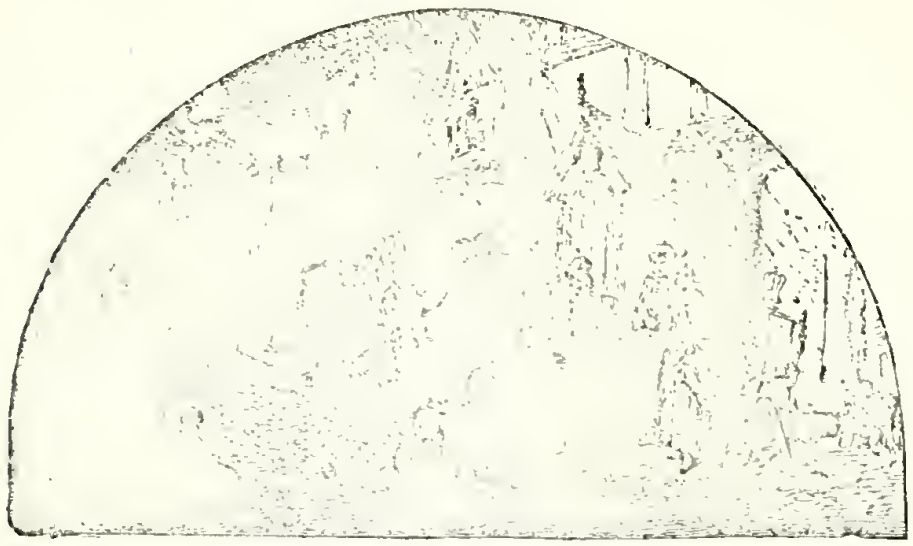
> Over the water I pass without ferry,
> Over the water I pass without wherry.

About the time of which we write, a wave of the marvellous swept over New England. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnolia*, tells a story of a ship that sailed out of New Haven Bay with a large number of returning pilgrims on board, and was never again heard of, although the form of it (the ship) was seen for many years afterwards hovering about the coasts, particularly in stormy weather. The novel writers of the day built their most popular sensations on this fascinating sentiment. It was a day of signs and wonders, of dreams and visions. Perhaps the majority of the people believed directly or indirectly in ghosts and spirits seen and unseen. Fifty or sixty years ago the memory of these stirring themes was fresh in the minds of the old people, and they were delighted to talk them over.

The high-piled wood blazing in the huge, deep fireplaces, were favorable to winter evening tales. The preparatory process of the Elizabethan literature, dazzling the civilized world with its genius, was the early minstrelsy: tales told by the fireside in the long winter evenings, and songs sung as Shakespeare speaks of, by women as they sat spinning and knitting in the sun.

While the merry fireblocks kindle,
While the gudewife twirls her spindle,
Hark the song which nigh the embers,
Singeth yonder withered crone.

It was the custom in Truro, and to a considerable extent still prevails, for the neighbors to drop into each other's houses without ceremony. Every neighborhood was sure to have some favorite resort where a room full would be found most every winter evening. Here would be reiterated for



SPINNING AND KNITTING IN THE SUN.

the hundredth time possibly, but always to some new wonder-eyed and open-eared boy, the old stories. Some families enjoyed the reputation of accepting all stories at sight. When a boy I heard a young man tell an evening's experience which is still fresh in my memory. He is now "well on" to three-score and ten, a most respectable citizen of Truro, measuring out the sands of life in peace and comfort. He may recognize in this recital his experience of sixty years ago. He had a great relish for stories, and his grandfather's was a wonderful place for story-telling. Many an evening found him stowed away in the chimney corner, a mighty listener. One night in his favorite place, the stories turned on ghosts, and were unusually exciting. Although he knew he had to go home alone, yet he felt chained in the chimney corner,

afraid to go, and afraid to stay. At last he mustered courage to start. The distance was not far, but it was a dark, misty, scarish night, when common objects wear fantastic shapes, and the air is full of half-shadowy forms, without the dim-twinkling stars.

A heterogeneous crew,
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black and some looked blue,—
They twisted themselves about.

When half-way home, where the road was narrow, with a steep bank on the right and a high fence on the left, he saw a coffin lying directly across the road. As he could not readily climb the bank or fence, he followed his first impulse, to jump with might and main. A ten-year-old Cape Cod boy can jump like a grasshopper, but instead of clearing the coffin as intended, when well-poised, his foot was grasped by a strong grip, and he dragged into the coffin, where he lay scared to death. After laying still a few seconds that seemed an age, he ventured to use his lungs and heels, when presto! the coffin became a two-bushel corn basket, that accidentally had rolled from a neighbor's cart, and which his excited imagination had conjured to a real coffin. The strong hand that grabbed his foot was the basket handle, which he did not clear in his leap for life. Had it not been for the obtrusive handle, this boy would have taken oath that he jumped a coffin lying across the road.

It is related of "Old Chapman," the British Captain who lived at East Harbor, and would sometimes get high, that one night returning home with some hale, mettlesome fellows, as they approached the meeting-house, Chapman ran ahead, but in the darkness was not missed. He stationed himself at a point in the graveyard, where he knew his companions would pass, and when they came fully abreast, he roared with a voice that shook the hills, "Arise ye dead and come to judgment." Nobody arose, but tradition says there was some of the fastest running that night ever known in East Harbor Village.

CHAPTER XI.

GEOLOGICALLY AND OTHERWISE CONSIDERED.

Clams and Clamming. Scollops and Pilgrims. Ocean Flora. Fertility of the Ocean. Planet Sinking. Salt-water Lawns. English Hay. Ah Sin. Pond Acreage. French Alchemy. Rev. Mr. Ward and Professor Shaler. Geological Speculation. Physical Structure. Bart. Gosnold. Lost Territory. Points Care and Gilbert. Gosnold's Geography. Georges Bank. Nantucket Shoals. Matthias Rich. Captain Eldredge's Chart. Loss of the Byron. The Sparrow Hawk. Deacon Doane. Marvellous Changes. Amos Otis. Professor Agassiz. Map. New England Storms. Amputation. Driving Stakes. Science. Song of the Carbons. High Head. Hitchcock. Pretty Landscape. Coombs. Merrivale. English Weather. Clay Pounds. Highland Light. Diluvial Elevations. Mountain Waves. Lagoons. The Question settled. Corn hills. Tashmuit. A Deserted Village. English Cannon Balls. East Harbor. Old Lewis Cameron. A lonely Grave. Good Farms. Bank Dividends. Land Empirics. Barnstable Coat of Arms. What Ireland Deserves. Kendall. A Green Old Age. Solid Knowledge.

"AS happy as a clam," is an old proverb; we have no good reason to regard the saying a slander on the molluscan. There is nothing in the world festive about the clam; on the contrary, he is a sober, plain, every-day home-body. As Charles Lamb said of the snail, "knock when you will, he's sure to be at home." Judging by his habits, we should say he was quite content with his lot, and indulges in no ambitious day dreams. If he does but little, he has but little to do, and should not be charged with shirking. The clam has been a great friend in many trying times. The Pilgrims and Puritans particularly, were under lasting obligations to them, for honoring all drafts upon their bank at sight. He is a valuable acquisition to our tide-washed territory, and makes the unsightly margins of shore and creek more valuable than the rich alluvial lands of the Miami, that shake like Lebanon with

an annual crop of corn. Somebody that pretends to know, says: "The most productive land in the State is the clam-flats. They cost nothing for fencing or top-dressing; they are self-planting and self-supporting, and the more the soil is turned, the faster the crop matures, and the greater its abundance." It is not true that the more the soil is turned the faster the crop matures, nor is it true that where the Cape farmers plant potatoes they will dig clams in autumn. Captain John Smith wrote in 1616, "You shall scarce find any bay, or shallow shore, or cove of sand, where you may not take many clampes or lobsters, or both at your pleasure." Could Smith "go a-clamming" on some of the old places he mentions, he would make exceptions. Many of the shores and coves have been over-cultivated, and require a long rest to become again a fruitful soil. A genuine Cape Coder is never in love with lakes and rivers that have no tide and no clams.

These soft-shell clams (*Mya arenaria*) are the most valuable of all the conchiferous family, the oyster excepted. They are now scarce in Truro, and becoming so in all the Cape towns. Cape Cod clams, Cape Cod cranberries, and Cape Cod eggs always command the highest market price. Clams were once a considerable winter industry; one hundred dollars or more were not unfrequently earned during the winter months, digging them for salt bait. Their consumption for food has rapidly increased with railroads, are now extensively shipped, besides being canned for export. The large or giant sea-clam (*Mactra Solidissima*), sometimes called the sea hen, grows in the soft sand near the coast, and is caught by raking; at extreme low ebbs are often found on the bars; within a few years have been used as bait by the winter bank fishermen, which has created a large demand, and employed hundreds of men. *Mesodesma aictata* is a very small clam of the giant specie which is washed ashore along the Cape. The quahaug (Indian) is a round, thick-shelled clam, tight as an oyster; will live a long time out of water. The mussel (*Mytilus edulis*), abundant around the marshes, and washed up in large clusters from the ocean, is not eaten on the Cape: in France and many other countries are largely culti-

vated for food. Poles are planted, on which the mussels come like chickens to roost. The scollop shell (*Pectren concentricus*) often used for pincushions, which is plentiful, was the pilgrim's crest — his badge of pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They are abundant on the shores of Palestine. We conclude our list with the cockles: the *Natica heros* is the most prominent, but are found in considerable variety.

In 1840 Gould discovered of mollusca one hundred and ninety-seven species in Massachusetts, showing how much more prolific with life is water than land. Among his list many belong exclusively to the North Shore; others to the South. Among the crustacea are the lobster, crabs, and horseshoe, or horse-foot, sometimes called the king crab (*Lunulus Polyphæmus*), the tails of which the Indians used for arrow-heads. A paper in a late number of the *Popular Science Review*, made upon a report of Prof. Farlow, of the United States Fish Commission, makes Cape Cod a dividing line between the Arctic and Adriatic flow. Upon this theory the Gulf Stream, that wonderful factor in physical geography, loses its force at Cape Cod, and strikes toward the European coast. Above this line marine vegetation is of an arctic flora, distinct in many features from that of the Long Island. The difference between the flora of Massachusetts Bay and Buzzard's Bay is greater than between Massachusetts Bay and the Bay of Fundy, or Nantucket and Norfolk.

The United States Fish Commission is now in its infancy, and deserves especially the fostering hand of Government. Prof. Baird is accomplishing an important work in the interests of science. We hope he will push his discoveries and investigations not only in this inviting field, but by giving practical encouragement to our fisheries. If some branch could be developed in more southern waters for winter, it would be a great benefit. We are glad to know that the professor has the coöperation of the fishermen, which must result in great good.

Quite valuable portions of the Cape are the extensive salt marshes which are always flooded twice a day at high course tides, and when fairly green, are as handsome as the most

fertilized meadows or well-kept lawns. When favorably situated, they spread over the sandy flats with surprising rapidity. First appears a tall coarse sage; this in a few years becomes thick and rank. When mown and carted on the uplands, after a few good showers and October suns, it becomes excellent hay. The cattle eat it with great relish without salt, leaving scarcely one of the coarse quills. Cape Cod cattle need no salting. The air and food furnishes all the condiment required. In Nauset, from 1800 to 1840, it was estimated that flats had grown to meadow capable of cutting three hundred tons of hay. In process of time as the marsh gathers, it becomes higher and firmer, and the sage shorter and finer, till perhaps ultimately short grass may come in. When deep ditches are dug for draining or channels, branches of trees, leaves and acorns, in good state of preservation, are often found ten feet or more below the surface. First the thick matted sod, a foot or more of solid fibre imperishable by sun or frost; then black mud or sand, and finally the old soil. These indications determine that in some not very distant past, a continuous tidal wave has submerged the deeper valleys, or else that this part of our planet is sinking, which has let in the ocean. Without being able to prove such a theory, my judgment and observation incline to the latter horn of the dilemma. The boundaries of the marshes are made by the creeks; when the creeks change their course, the owners are left without a title. Forty years since very little English hay was cut in Truro. Within fifty years extensive diking has shut out the ocean; swamps and low places have been filled, so that now more than half the hay cut is fresh.

According to the lamented Anson Burlingame, our late Envoy Extraordinary to the Flowery Kingdom, an acre of water, well situated, is more valuable in China than an acre of rich land. We have yet much to learn from Ah Sin. By the report of the Fish Commissioner, there are in the State of Massachusetts 196,342 acres of lakes and ponds well adapted to fish culture. Barnstable County has a domain of 37,892 acres, as follows: — Provincetown, 320; Truro, 1265; Well-

fleet 4868; Eastham, 880; Orleans, 2748; Brewster, 1400; Dennis, 979; Yarmouth, 3100; Chatham, 5960; Harwich, 1974; Barnstable, 8140; Falmouth, 4838; Sandwich, 1600. Barnstable County has one fifth of the fresh water acreage of the whole State. Her salt water acreage not yet reported. It should be remembered in this showing that an acre of fresh water is even more valuable surrounded with the clean scant soil or sillicate of Cape Cod, than if rich as the banks of the Nile. France has 493,750 acres of lakes and ponds, from which she receives an annual rental of ten million of francs — two millions of dollars. The revenue from the Cape acreage, at the same ratio, would be eighty thousand dollars per annum.

Before referring to the geology of the Cape, of which we know so little, we introduce the correspondence of Rev. Mr. Ward and Prof. Shaler, who seem to be in the same boat with ourselves as to a satisfactory theory:

CAPE COD FOSSILS.

Prof. Shaler, Harvard College: —

DEAR SIR: I send you by express a small piece of quartz rock found in a Harwich field the other day by one of our townsmen. It attracted his attention as it lay on the ground, as something peculiar and strange; and he picked it up and brought it into Dr. Munsell's office, for examination.

All who have seen it at once pronounce it a petrifaction of some animal's head. As our sandy Cape does not produce such things, we have had many conjectures in regard to its origin, where it came from, how it got here, and what it might betoken. We are told by scientists that away back in primordial times, when the icebergs were the only ships that sailed the ocean, they brought us down from the regions of eternal frosts the heavy boulders that are strewn over the Cape, as ballast for our shifting sands; and this suggests to us that some Arctic fellow may have slipped in this specimen I send you as a hint of the existence of something more than icebergs in that unknown country the Great Bear watches over and guards so jealously against all approach. Perhaps the solution of the vexed Polar Question, that has so long baffled our exploring expeditions, may be wrapped up in this little piece of quartz rock. At any rate it is not our intention to trifle with your feelings, and we most sincerely trust that we do not give you a geological stone when you are hungry and asking for geological bread.

Anxiously awaiting a reply, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

B. C. WARD,
Pastor Cong. Church.

1875.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October, 1875.

DEAR SIR: I am very much obliged to you for the chance to see the quartz pebble which, with your favor, is just at hand. I am sorry to say that the specimen, despite its curious form, is only a quartz pebble. Not that I mean to speak disrespectfully of quartz pebbles; this I should regard as great a breach of decency as did Sidney's Smith's friend the "speaking disrespectfully of the equator."

The pebble was probably formed as part of a dyke or vein, and took its shape from the adjacent walls where it was deposited; the softer matter which imbedded it has since broken away, leaving the mass in the grip of the glacier.

I spent some time last Spring looking over your Cape gravels, and trying to read the riddle which is written there. Your Cape is a great interrogation point, but its questions are hard to answer.

Thanking you again for your consideration, believe me

Very respectfully yours,

N. S. SHALER.

REV. B. C. WARD, Harwich.

The topography of the Cape and the well-known coast changes constantly going on, opens a broad field for geological speculation. What we shall say is generally accepted theory and our own observations, making no pretensions to scientific knowledge.

There seems reasonable ground for the opinion that the shoals and bars lying between Nantucket and Cape Cod were once terra firma, and the uniting territory of these now separate counties. This admitted, and we are forced to the conclusion that Great South Shoal, the terror of mariners, and other shoals interjacent, including Georges Bank, all carefully described hereafter, were either connected or groups of islands. All the territory referred to is physically of the same structure.

When Bart. Gosnold made his first observations of Cape Cod in 1602, so accurately described by Archer, after doubling Cape Cod, by proceeding twelve leagues from the harbor, he discovered a point "a good distance off," with breakers near it. These he called Tucker's Terror, and the point, Point Care. He "kept his luff," doubled Point Care, and "bore up again" with the land, where he anchored. He saw many shoals near, and "another point that lay in his course" six nautical miles south of Point Care. This he named for his mate, Point *Gilbert*. The next day he sailed

round Point Gilbert, and found an open sea, where he anchored a league beyond, in Lat. 41° 40′. Evidently there was then no point or shoal where now is Monomoy Point, or such a careful observer as Archer would have recorded it. He continued on to the Vineyard Islands, where he began an "abode."

Point Care was the same north headland named "Ile Nawset," by Captain John Smith, in 1614. The old people of Eastham and Orleans, within the memory of men living in this generation, knew about the island, and of a rocky place about the middle of the isle called Slut's Bush. From the best-connected facts, the north side of Isle Nauset was in Eastham, near the Three Lights. Vessels now pass over Slut's Bush. On a calm day stumps and rocks may be seen at the bottom, and the fishermen not unfrequently get their nets and anchors entangled. During severe gales the stumps are sometimes washed ashore. As Slut's Bush was midway of the isle, Point Care must have extended several miles into the ocean.

Point Gilbert is better defined. When the English settled on the Cape, Webb's Island lay nine miles east by south from Chatham, containing about twenty acres covered with savin. The Nantucketers used to cut wood there.

This island has been washed away more than a century, but a large rock known to have been on the island has been sounded in six fathoms, and is now known as Crabb Ledge.

We will now for a moment study Gosnold's Geography. His ship lay anchored in a bay near the shore between Eastham and Chatham, as seen on the map, formed by land on the north, which he called Point Care, and on the south, Point Gilbert. The Captain does not state the length of these points, but he says the distance between them was six nautical miles, which is a nautical form of description from headland to headland; always being understood that the headlands are nearly of corresponding proportions: as the old English and American Treaty on the Fisheries, used to read, "from headland to headlond." We have shewn that Webb's Island, which was evidently Point Gilbert, was nine miles east. We

have now the extent of this Bay and of the two points east of Cape Cod in 1602, where now a straight line of seacoast runs from Chatham to the Highlands of Truro.

Isle Nauset, embracing Point Care and Slut's Bush, and Point Gilbert and Webb's Island, have been removed to make Monomoy Point, now extending ten miles south of Chatham and the contiguous shoals and rips, where was an open sea when Gosnold anchored in 1602.

In the light of these facts our theory finds strong support, if not positive proof. Ships have sailed for a hundred years, where stood terra firma in 1602, nine miles from the present coast line. The distance from Chatham to southwest Georges is about sixty miles. One sixth nearly of this distance is here accounted for, which well sustains the opinion, that at no very distant day Georges Bank was connected with groups of islands, if not mainland, extending to Nantucket and the Cape. Old Skipper Joseph Wharf, the father of the late Joseph, used to say that he had played ball on Georges, and men were living fifty years ago, who said they had seen long strings of gulls sitting on the dry sandbars.

It used to be quoted as history that an Amsterdam Company once proposed purchasing the right to build there a port. As my authorities are all long since dead, I make the record for what it is worth.

Matthias Rich of Boston, in connection with his experience of the October gale of 1841, which will appear in another place, has furnished me with a paper on this topic, from which I make what seem to me practical observations, and from which it will appear that shoals extend all the way from Georges Bank to Nantucket.

"The Great and Little Round Shoals lie southeast of Chatham in sight of land; vessels going to the Vineyard by the South Ship Channel pass between them. The old South Shoal lies twelve miles south-southeast from Sancoty Head — the bottom hard fine sand; a pole will rebound as from a rubber floor. The New South Shoal lies twenty-two miles south-southeast from the east end of Nantucket; is soft sand. A lightship is now stationed here. This is a dangerous shoal,

out of sight of land. Captain Eldredge has lately published a new chart of Nantucket Shoals, the best extant.

He has discovered and surveyed a shoal about ten miles northeast of New South Shoal, on which is thirteen feet of water, called "Eldredge Shoal."

Captain Rogers has discovered another shoal, say five miles east of the Eldredge, with seventeen feet of water, which has been called "Rogers' Shoal."

In easterly gales the sea breaks fearfully on both these shoals, and the swift-running tide, always to the leeward, throws seamen out of their reckoning. Captain Eldredge and others who have studied the situation, now think the fishing fleet in the October gale of '41 were lost on these new shoals, as a careful examination of the chart shows that had they weathered these, they surely would have cleared the New South Shoal.

As partially corroborating this statement, I will here give my own experience. In the summer of 1845, while fishing in the South Channel in the schooner *Waldemar*, a southeast gale came on suddenly. We first lay to under double-reefed foresail, which we were soon obliged to take in, and lay nearly two hours under bare poles with lee rail under water. During this time we passed through what we called a *tide rip*. The waves seemed to leap on board from every quarter, threatening to swallow us up.

Soon after passing through this rip the gale moderated, when we were surprised to find sand in large quantities wherever it could lodge when the sea was washing over our vessel. The mortises high up aft were full of sand, and considerably washed into the furled sails.

"When the gale came on a vessel was near, which we expected to see, and looked for when it was over, but no vessel was in sight. The next day in working back we discovered considerable stuff belonging to some fisherman, and as the *Byron* of Gloucester was lost in that gale, I have no doubt she was the one near us, and was lost on the shoal which we passed over. I knew we were a long distance east of the South Shoal. It is my present conviction that these are the

shoals lately discovered by Captains Eldredge and Rogers, and that they thereby have conferred a great benefit upon our coast marine."

STORY OF THE SPARROW-HAWK.

There has always been a tradition handed down, that old Ship Harbor received its name from the ship *Sparrow-Hawk*, cast away there in the early days of the Colony, and that she had long been buried by the sand somewhere in Orleans. The sixth of May, 1863, Solomon Linnell second, and Alfred Rogers of Orleans, discovered on Nauset beach an old wreck that had been uncovered within two days. When first discovered it was embedded in mud, over which had rested for many years a high sea beach that the encroachments of the ocean had removed. The rudder found a few feet distant, is now deposited in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth.

The timbers of oak were sound and clean, and with the keel and stern-post, were sent to the well-known ship-carpenters, Doliver & Sleeper, who revived or re-constructed the old ship, and wrote an interesting letter referring to her model, etc., which was published in a pamphlet, with a history of the *Sparrow-Hawk*, called "The ancient Wreck," giving an account of "one of the greatest curiosities of the age." Substantially, this is the story: The *Sparrow-Hawk* sailed from England in the fall of 1626, was run ashore in the night, and beat over the bar into Polanumaquut Harbor in good condition. This was the origin of old Ship Harbor, then in Orleans or Eastham. A subsequent storm drove her high up, where she was abandoned. Owing to other changes of tide and wind she sunk in the beach and was covered by the shifting sand. Another change brought still water, always favorable to the rapid formation of salt marsh, which spread its matted roots like thongs of steel over the sand, and the *Sparrow-Hawk* was entombed.

Old Deacon Doane and his sturdy sons and grandsons for generations, not to say hundreds of years, had struck their broad swathes and piled here their ample stacks of hay, all

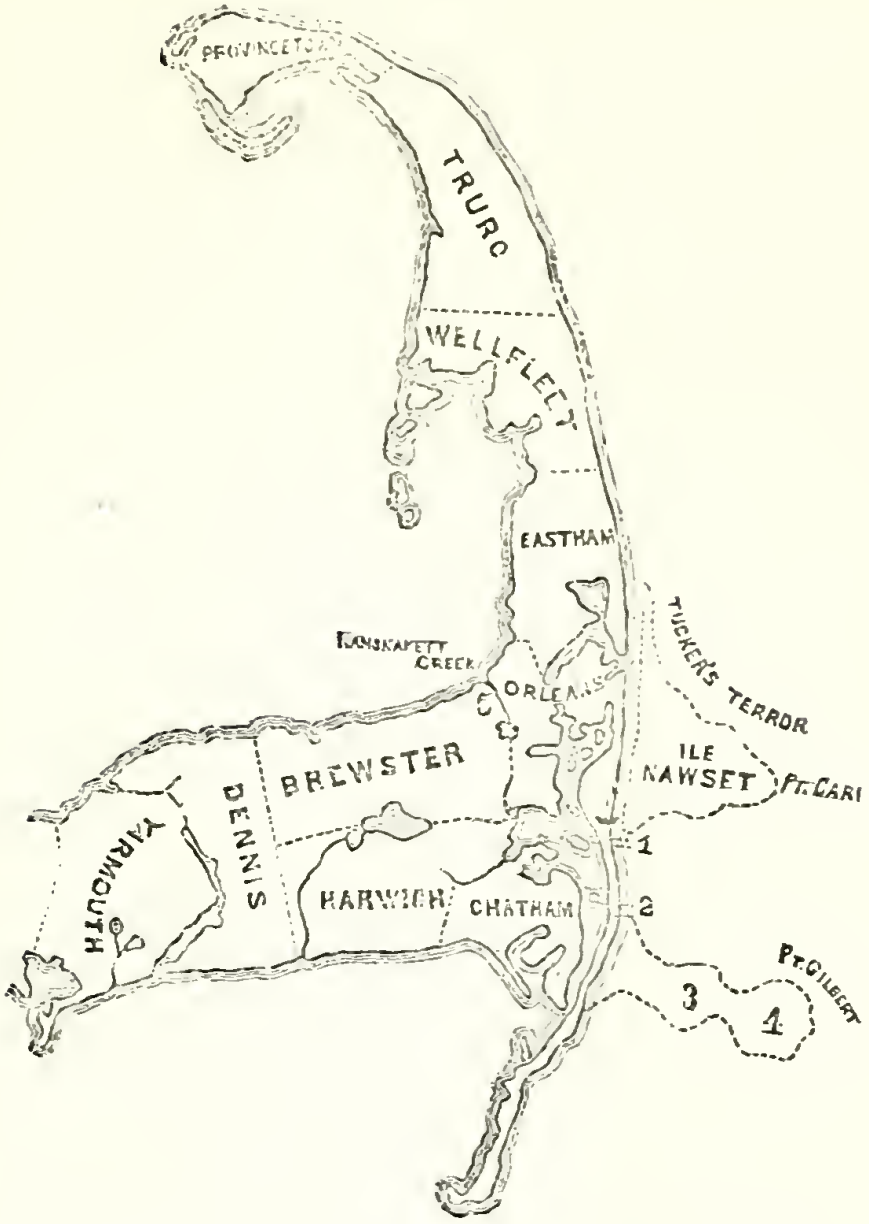
unconscious of the ocean relic beneath their feet. In the meantime, old Ship Harbor moved to Chatham, drifting sands cover the Doane meadows, and a solid beach is formed, against which the broad ocean frets and scours for another hundred years. Inch by inch its restless jaws, crying like the horseleach's daughter, "Give! give!" steal away the high-piled sandbank till, after two hundred and thirty-seven years the Puritan ship, sticking fast in the same old marsh, is disentombed, becoming an object of historic interest.

If asked why the records of Bradford and Morton and Prince and the old mariner Gosnold have not been better interpreted, the answer is ready. If the configuration to-day agreed with 1626, nothing would be easier; but they are as unlike our present coast and harbor lines as are the descriptions of Sinbad the Sailor, or Ghanges Khan.

Well does Mr. Amos Otis say: "Where Monamoick Bay was, there is a straight line of seacoast; where an open sea then was, now the beaches meet the eye; and where were navigable waters now we see sandy wastes and salt meadows."

Better than any written description, I here present a copy of the map published in 1865, by Mr. Otis in his *Discovery of an ancient Ship*, from which I mostly gather this history. The general configuration of the Cape is delineated, and the supposed boundaries of Isle Nauset and Point Gilbert outlined. Mr. Otis remarks that Professor Agassiz is the author of the geological theory which the accompanying map delineates, and quotes the Professor as saying to his statements after repeated visits and careful examination: "I found it as satisfactory as any geological evidence can be."

Hoping that new discoveries may be made and new history brought to light, I most respectfully encourage a careful study of these outlined eastern headlands of 1602, and all the facts herewith submitted referring to the extraordinary changes of the past, as known in the history of Cape Cod. Also that in every town, the physical changes constantly taking place should be noted with accuracy. Since 1865 a portion of Chatham has been washed away, necessitating the removal of the lighthouses and several dwellings.



PART OF CAPE COD.—POINT CARE AND POINT GILBERT OF 1602.

I have seen another map, now in the hands of Mr. David Pulsifer, in the Secretary's office at the State House. It is not my fault that I am not able to place that valuable map in this history. It is called "The Sea of New England;" was made by Captain Cyprian Southack in 1717, while in the discharge of his duties as a government agent, sent out to look after the pirate ship *Whidah* wrecked on the back side of

Wellfleet, near the tableland of Nauset, in the memorable gale of April 26, 1717.

THE FIRST CAPE COD CANAL.

The map shows an open channel from the bay to the ocean, following nearly the present boundaries of Eastham and Orleans. On the channel, as made in this map, a whale boat is drawn, with this notice:

> The place where I came through with a whale boat, being ordered by ye Governm't to look after ye Pirate Ship *Whida*, Bellame, Command'r, cast away ye 26th of April, 1717, where I buried one Hundred and Two Men Drowned.

It is generally accepted that this channel was made by that gale. How long it remained in a navigable condition is intimated by the following record referring to the same storm:

> The sea forced a passage through, making the Cape and island, and a whale boat passed through the channel. It required a general turnout of the people, and great efforts to close it up.

As late as 1804 committees were appointed by Eastham and Orleans to report upon the practicability of uniting Town Cove and Boat River Meadow by a navigable canal. Application was made to the legislature for authority to raise funds through a lottery. A connection was made, but owing to too much or too little current, the channel could not be kept open.

There is also described a channel from Nauset Harbor in Orleans to Chatham, cutting off Monomoy Point, which is here called Webb's Island, the extreme southern end being Monomoy Point. In this last description the old captain evidently was tangled in his geography, as all authorities agree that Webb's Island was east of Chatham. The only towns mentioned on the map are Truro, Eastham, Yarmouth, Barnstable and Sandwich.

During the long, terrible northeast storms that not unfrequently visit our coast, surprising, and almost incredible

changes take place, suggestive of the results of thousands of years. A North Truro correspondent of the *Provincetown Advocate*, writing from the Highland, says: "There was an upper beach between the bank and highwater of some eight or ten rods, upon which the tide never came. This was a pleasant resort, to see the sea roll in; and, in storms, to witness its fury to the best advantage. The whole of this upper beach has been cut down nearly twenty feet during the late storms."

Surprising changes are constantly going on in the physical world. Witness the coral islands of the Pacific, and the sand islands of the Arabian Sea. I believe the changes referred to are of quite modern date, but will not venture further. The science of geology is rich in years of relative, if not of absolute time, which she applies with royal freedom. Under her broad wing, I should not hesitate to be more definite, say to locate the time in the tertiary period, as it is understood that in this single æon, between the Eocene and Recent period, not more than five hundred millions of years are claimed; that is to say, not ten hundred millions of years. On this basis, not over four hundred millions of years are deemed necessary to place the crust of our planet in a condition for the support of animal and vegetable life.

Millions of æons have rolled away,
In the grand chorale which the stars rehearse,
Since the note, so sweet in our song to-day,
Was struck in the chord of the universe.

We feel but the pulse of that viewless Hand
Which ever has been, and still shall be,
In the stellar orb and the grain of sand,
Through Nature's endless paternity.

We send our greeting through breathless space,
To our distant cousins, the nebulæ,
And catch, in the comet's misty trace,
But a drifting leaf from the tribal tree.

—*Song of the Carbons.*

When visiting Truro from Provincetown, either by steam cars, milk wagon or stage coach, take a seat with the driver.

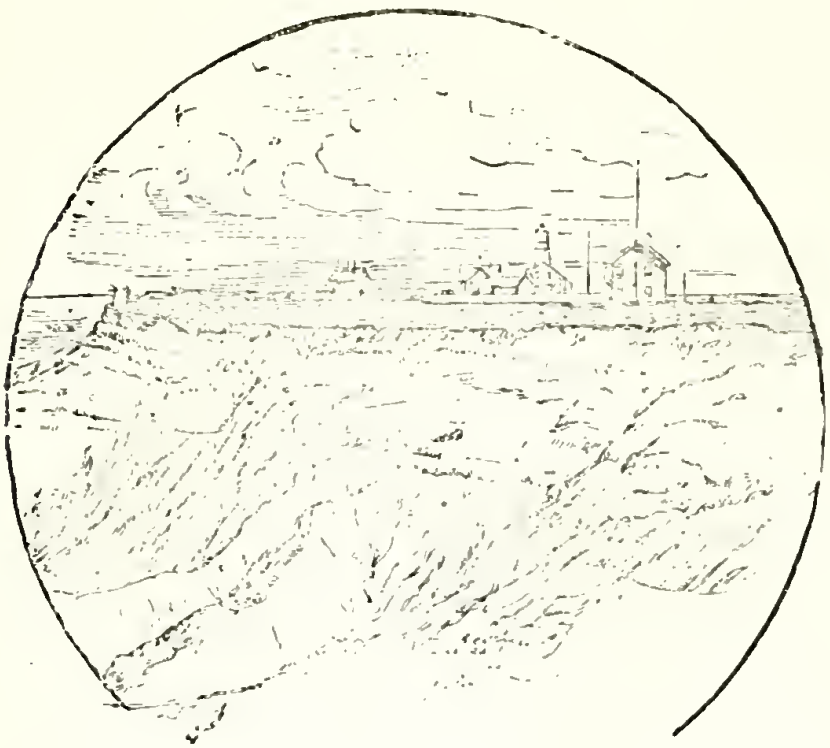
As you cross the bridge at Beach Point, fancy yourself upon the deck of a vessel, and imagine the long beach before you blue water with a short sea. If on the old stage coach, and the road bad, it would not require a vivid imagination. The well-rounded headland just a few points on your port bow will appear to you as it is, as natural a formation of old Mother Earth as any land you ever approached. If you have been a sailor it will impress you as have a score of solid old headlands stretching out in glad welcome to receive you. This headland, the "High Head" of Truro, is regarded by Hitchcock, and I think by all geologists, as the end of the diluvian foundation of Cape Cod. This formation, averaging from one hundred to *possibly* three hundred feet above the ocean level, extends south nearly the whole length of the Cape, Professor Hitchcock says: "averaging from two to three hundred feet." It is generally a tableland, cut longitudinally, with considerable regularity, into deep "hollows," or vast gulleys, from the ocean to the bay. Also abundance of *irregular* depressions called valleys and "bottoms," which the traveller comes upon with as little warning as upon the wonderful cañons of Colorado.

The hollows of Truro are perhaps more regular than any other part of the Cape. They are delightfully sheltered from the bleak winds and storms. The soil is much more fertile, and here the trim, fast-anchored houses stand, fearless of wind or wave. Thoreau says: "Generally the old-fashioned and unpainted houses on the Cape looked more comfortable as well as picturesque than the modern and more pretentious ones, which were less in harmony with the scenery, and seemed less firmly planted."

Cape Cod houses, nicely painted, with their half-dozen typical, well-whitewashed outhouses and tight board fences, picturesquely dotted along the hillsides, fall pleasantly upon the eye, especially toward the sunsetting, and make a pretty landscape picture. They remind one of the little walled cities of Palestine that used to illustrate the Sunday-school books years ago.

Sometimes when the hollows are reposing in soft sunshine,

the bleak northwest winds are sweeping over the hills and plains requiring pea-jacket and mittens to keep comfortable. My father had sheltered valleys and little nooks here and there about his "farm" where he worked in shirt sleeves



CLAY POUNDS AND HIGHLAND LIGHTHOUSE FROM THE BEACH.

most every sunny day of the year. The same peculiarity of "longitudinal hollows" prevails in Cornwall, called there "Coombs," but with much greater fertility of soil and exuberance of vegetation.

Bare, bleak and solitary as this northwestern county may be, it is enlivened by the numerous and beautiful coombs or valleys, which open into it, and which nearly all preserve an absolutely straight course east and west from their origin in the moorlands to the sea. Few scenes of the simpler kind remain better impressed on the memory than the prospect down one of these tranquil valleys.— *Merivale.*

Gales from the west are violent, bending the trees nearly horizontal, setting the gravestones at angles, and carrying the salt from the ocean across the country; yet the climate is generally mild. Snow and ice and the gloomy fogs of

London are unknown. Though lying between fifty and fifty-one degrees of latitude north of Newfoundland, invalids frequent Penzance and Truro, for the sub-tropical atmosphere. On New Year's Day geraniums, carnations, fuchsias, and all kinds of roses are found in abundance. Vegetables are found late and early.

The Clay Pounds of Truro are not only a great natural curiosity, but as well an object of speculation to the geologist — another of those interrogation points suggested by Professor Shaler. Nearly surrounded on three sides by the sand hills, the other facing the ocean, a perpendicular wall. Here are several acres of pure blue clay, rising one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet above the ocean. When Isaac Small, the grandfather of Thomas Fields and I. Morton Small, sold government the lighthouse site, it embraced ten acres. Since then (1797) considerable of the bank has crumbled away. The clay vein runs across the Cape in a southwesterly direction, cropping out on the bay side, just south of the Great Swamp. Detached projections have been washed by the fierce storms into sharp pinnacles and graceful Gothic points, as delicate as if done by a sculptor's chisel. These are the Highlands of Cape Cod, the most dangerous point on the Cape. No place, perhaps, has witnessed more shipwrecks, and nowhere does a northeast gale agonize with more terrific fury than against these clay cliffs. The writer's grandfather saw a vessel pitchpole into the surf, and not a wisp of her was seen after.

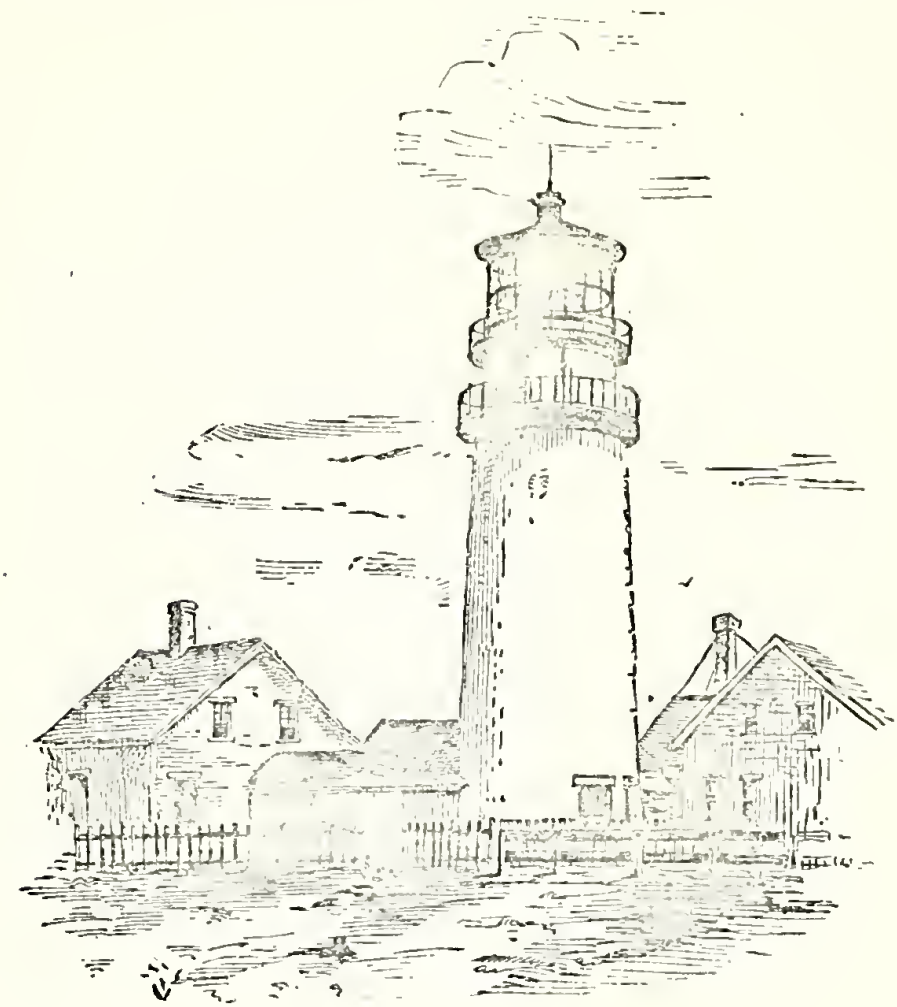
The Highland Light, with powerful Fresnel reflectors, two hundred feet above the ocean, crowns the Clay Pounds.

> Like the great giant Christopher, it stands
> Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave.

Considerable comment has been made upon the associated word, *pounds*. The broken parts of the cliffs have many holes or pockets or pounds, into which the water lodges, making pools or wells, which the firm clay holds in *pounds*. I am quite persuaded this is the true idea of the name.

Professor Hitchcock says the pounds are the highest clay

cliffs he has ever seen, and that the layers are perfectly horizontal; but he is in doubt as to their extent. To quote his own words: "At present I rest in the opinion that *probably* the plastic clay may exist beneath a considerable portion of Nantucket and Cape Cod; but it is concealed by a more recent

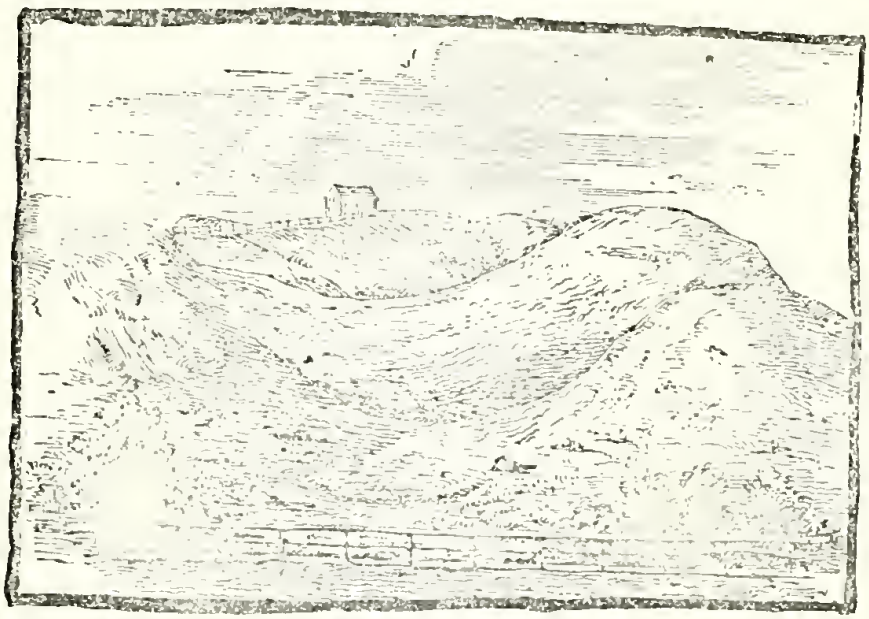


HIGHLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

tertiary or diluvial deposit." I have observed by the ocean shore, at a very low water level, and where the tide has cut out the sand, considerable ridges of clay, more mixed with modules of hydrate of iron, than at the Clay Pounds. Sometimes the surf casts up fragments of the same mixture.

It would indicate that large deposits of clay, different from the pounds, are contiguous, if not underlying the promontory. Professor Hitchcock further observes: "The hills of Truro are the most striking examples of diluvial elevations and depressions in the State — the surface of an agitated ocean, or rather what is called a 'chopped sea.' It is worth a journey the whole length of the Cape to see such remarkable efforts of diluvial action." The especial location referred to is in the neighborhood and southwesterly of the South Truro graveyard. I have secured a drawing from the striking example referred to by Professor Hitchcock, taken more than fifty years ago, which I here present.

Comparing the "elevations and depressions," hundreds of feet high, to a chopped sea may provoke a smile to a Cape



EXAMPLE OF DILUVIAL DEPRESSIONS AND ELEVATIONS. — *Hitchcock's Geology.*

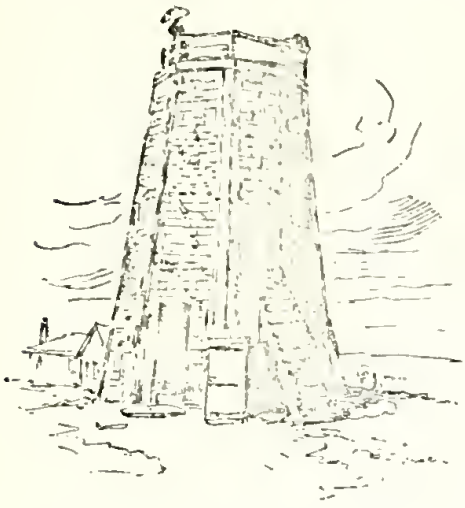
Codman, who knows that *mountain waves* have a mean low altitude, the highest waves known in the North Atlantic being about forty feet, or less than twenty feet mean.

All north of High Head, with all the beaches and the whole of Provincetown, where there is scarcely found a rock large as a gull's egg, is considered illuvial; has been at sometime cast up by winds, waves, and currents.

From various causes scant vegetation gains a foothold on some tide-tost bar or rift, which collects other moving sand and drift, till ultimately by this process, hills are slowly piled, covered with verdure and perhaps trees. By natural phenomena these may be again stripped, and again blown into the sea. I have seen a bank of sand five or six feet high, cast up by a single tide, and removed by perhaps the next. Beautiful little ponds called "lagoons," the most perfect bathing establishments in the world, are often formed on the Atlantic beach in a day. Sometimes they remain months, and sometimes disappear in a night. All the steam engines in the world, and all the king's oxen, could not remove till Doomsday, so much sand as the hungry currents swallow in a day. It being fairly established that the principal portion of Cape Cod is diluvial, the slanderous, oft-quoted remark, that "it is the last place the Lord made," falls to the ground. Henceforth know ye "that when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," then the foundations thereof were lain, and the work of his hands pronounced he good. Old travellers have noticed the little, conical, grass-grown hillocks, thick through the old fields and pastures of Truro. Dr. Freeman refers to them. Years ago these piles were quite noticeable, and gave the rolling surface an appearance of African ant villages, as described. It used to be the fashion to "half-hill" and "hill" the Indian corn, which meant to raise a monument to every hill as high as could be piled with a corn-hoe. The foolish fashion, the little mounds, and the laborious mound-builders, have all passed away, but many will recall the custom and remember the grassy little peaks.

From most any elevation in Truro, the Highland — the ancient Tashmuit — and Highland Lighthouse may be seen. The little hamlet, composed of the spacious and comfortable looking Highland house, the dismantled old grist-mill, which for more than a century did honest work, and the few neighboring houses, may also be seen near by. North of the Highland house a short distance, once stood the house of Josias Cook, the common ancestor of the numerous Cook

family now living in Provincetown. A few rods further north was the substantial two-story parsonage of Mr. Avery, before mentioned. Here was a considerable neighborhood. On the left still stands the house of the late Mrs. Paine, from whence went the youthful husband to the wrecked *Charlotte* and an ocean grave. This house was once owned by Dr. Young, a practising physician. He said Truro was too healthy for a doctor to make a living, so he sold out and moved to Wellfleet. Houses once stood both sides of the road to the Head-of-the-Meadow. The widow Annis and the Job Avery houses have been removed almost within the present generation. The house of Mr. Bowley, the grandfather of the Provincetown stock, stood near the present Life Saving Station. It was while smoking his pipe at the cool of the day, under the shadow of his own apple-trees, that the cannon balls from the English man-of-war, disturbed the old gentleman's meditations, by ploughing up the ground around him.



DISMANTLED GRIST-MILL.— HIGHLANDS.

From the Head-of-the-Meadow to High Head, was uniformly the best land in town, perhaps originally, in the county. A loamy soil everywhere thick with shells as the shores of Lake Ponchetrain. Dwellings of good dimensions and long corn houses, and ample barns for hay and stock, stood in all these valleys. The names of the owners may be inferred from "Paul Dyer's Bank," "Ridler's Bank," "Steven's Bank," etc. I suppose all these settlements came under the general name of East Harbor, although in later years East Harbor was understood as the little cluster of houses where lived Captain Ebenezer Atkins.

It was from these homes that came the thirty-two men who lived "north of the pond," and were killed or died in service

during the Revolutionary War. It can be well said of these green spots scattered among the deserted valleys, sites once of bustling life, now turned to pastures and pineries, whence came men of firm stride, of strong arm and stern purpose, as old Lewis Cameron said by Scotland, "Glens, that could once send out a hundred bayonets; belonging now entirely to some lowland grazier." A large family of Paines, Benjamin, Elkanah, Joshua, Phineas and Elisha, were raised among these hills. Old Robert Newcomb, who used to try out dog-fish livers, by the light of which to "study the holy Scriptures," had a house here. Houses stood thick down the broad valley to the shore, where the railroad crosses, and near the crossing and bank. A grist-mill once stood on the high bluff by the shore.

A LONELY GRAVE.

About midway of East Harbor, near a dismal swamp, with not a habitation in sight or sound, with not a tree or rock or post or sign of life, where the hills rest tier on tier — Alps piled on Alps — and the valleys circle deeper and deeper, is the solitary grave of Thomas Ridley, who died of small-pox, 1776. One hundred and two years after, on the 28th of January, 1878, I stood by this forlorn spot. It was one of those mild winter days in January, that omen a dubious winter night. The sun at last struggled through portentous clouds and sunk in the distant waters in a blood-red chariot with wild black horses and purple-clad footmen.

> And topples round the dreary west
> A looming bastion fringed with fire.

The dark slate headstone lay scattered in fragments about the grave. By careful matching, the name and date was made, though part of the stone was missing.

Professor Hitchcock's visit to Truro was fifty years ago. He expresses considerable surprise to find such productive farms as the Messrs. Small, at the north part of the town. "When one has proceeded so far toward the extremity of

Cape Cod as to judge from the landscape around him that he has got almost beyond the region of vegetation, his attention is suddenly arrested by excellent farms in the northern part of Truro. Three miles beyond his house (at East Harbor) Mr. Small took me to a field of several acres, where the soil appeared of a dark color, and abounded with fragments of shells, particularly the round clam, or quahog. Fifty bushels of Indian corn had been raised upon an acre without manure. An analysis of the soil showed the following proportions: —"

Carbonate and sulphate of lime	21.30
Phosphate of lime	.35
Soluable geine (humus)	3.75
Insoluble "	1.50
Silicates	73.10

After the salt and lime, the residue, silicate (flint), nothing but the common white sand of Cape Cod. The above analysis demonstrates how far our sand enters into productive soil. White sand is barren. Red sand has more life — is more likely to be mixed with loam. A little clay or loam mixed with red or dark sand produces a soil of superior character. A larger share of silicate or sand is more desirable in farm lands than is generally understood.

There are on the Cape thousands of acres of valuable cranberry bogs, fine vegetable gardens, and patches of rich meadow, that have been redeemed from swamps and salt marshes. These improvements are in their infancy. More acres are still seething in their native sloughs, and millions of tons of virgin sand-banks waiting by their margin for strong hands and a wheelbarrow. These stagnant marshes and oozing bogs, are susceptible of the highest cultivation under the sun. With the labor and fertilizers that are devoted to other lands in the State, they would bud and blossom as the rose. For English grass, pears, quince, small fruits, all kinds of vegetables or corn, a large product is possible.

The income on well-managed cranberry bogs is sometimes quite fabulous. In 1874, a middle-aged man died in Harwich, who had for several years devoted his leisure time and some little money to cranberry bogs. His entire outlay was com-

paratively small, as he had not made it a business. The year of his death, the net income to his family was nearly equal to one hundred thousand dollars of Government bonds. So these sand banks may pay respectable dividends. Over seven thousand barrels of cranberries were shipped from Harwich in 1882. All visitors at the Cape are surprised at the product of the soil. They wonder over and over how sand can bear a crop. There are many causes that enter into this apparent phenomena that need not here be fully explained, but as surely prove sand a fertilizer. When seasons of great whirlwinds, called sand showers, carry the sands from the desert of Gobi, in China, miles away over the country, these years are always marked as of unusual fertility and plenty. Who, familiar with a sandy soil, has not noticed how much greener grass grows where a little sand has overrun the surface. For certain soils, it is well-known that a top-dressing of fine sand is more valuable than manure. It contains fertilizing agencies, and clearly shows chemical action, perhaps by absorbing gases and stagnant water, and loosening the soil to heat and air. For bedding cattle, especially in warm weather, a fine dry sand bank would be better than the hay or straw rick: for man, beast, and the compost heap.

Barn yards that become like cellars, should be kept level by constant filling; and a load dropped wherever moisture stands, would not only make a clean absorbent, but add to the product. Hygienically considered, sand freely distributed in low, damp, typus-breeding spots, would save doctors' bills, and perhaps preserve cherished lives. Nothing is so cheap and clean and perfect a protection from ice-falls.

On the south shores of Cornwall, may be seen at low water, long trains of carts, perhaps a hundred at a time, winding their way to the farms among the hills, laden with a fine dark sand washed up by the channel. This mixed with the hard, red, clayey soil, produces fine results. The money spent for fertilizing English farms would drive crazy an American farmer unacquainted with the process.

The established rental (1878) for good farm lands in Ireland, is four pounds per acre. Twenty dollars a year for an

acre of land, to be paid out of the soil! An amount that would purchase a Government Patent to a quarter section of land in our great West as fair as the sun blesses. The estimate in Ireland for acreage product is one steer, one cow and calf, three calves, or four or five sheep.

I am well persuaded that about our creeks, marshes and swamps, may be found deposit sufficient to make the light soil of the Cape more productive than average farm lands of Massachusetts. Could these be spread broadcast in the fall, receive the action of winter frost and snow, a little lime at ploughing, with usual fertilizers, a goodly harvest would follow. To a greater or less extent, all this is within reach, without, comparatively, money or price. If done at all, it would be at a time when man and beast neither toil nor spin. As I understand, geine is the most essential element for crop results. By referring to the analysis of the land that produced fifty bushels of corn per acre without manure, only 3.75 parts were geine. This shows quite conclusively, how small a proportion our soil requires of the right food supply, to produce crops, and may suggest some systematic or scientific application of feeding our land.

The doctor who gives but one kind of medicine for all diseases, would be no more an empiric than the farmer who gives one kind of medicine for all diseases of land. Unquestionably, our soil, though light, originally was quite fertile, and being fed with rich atmospheric supply, bore excellent crops; but the bond-masters required brick without straw. I speak advisedly, saying there is not a spot in New England that gives better returns for the outlay. I have seen corn growing in the sandy soil of Truro at the rate of a hundred bushels per acre. This was a small lot, under high culture, but it demonstrates the possibilities. I have travelled in, and am somewhat familiar with, all the great corn States of this country. The average acreage product of any State, would probably fall below our ideas.

The Western farmer can now afford to raise our corn at a profit, because he works the rich virgin prairies at a nominal cost, free of fertilizers. But Western lands are under nat-

ural laws, and will in time wear out; they must be restored or abandoned. I have seen millions of acres in Mississippi and Alabama, once valuable cotton plantations, literally starved to death and turned out of doors.

A traveller observes, that where the over-cultivated fields of Truro were exhausted of geine, large patches of *Hudsonia*, *H Ericoides*, or false heath-plant, and of the *H Tomentosa*, or poverty grass, so well known, were frequent. They grow a thick mat upon the soil, and, he thinks, cannot fail to collect some vegetable and animal nutriment.

Thoreau, with sharper eyes, notices that while the north and east side of these patches, exposed to the rough winds, are sere and dead, the leaward or sunny sides are flourishing in bright green, and smiling with delicate yellow flowers. In a field of Sableaux, he thought it should be the coat-of-arms of Barnstable County, and he should be proud of it.

Wherever this plant strikes its roots, the surface is fast, for it casts a thousand anchors out of the stern, and every other part of the ship, and holds on. Being an air-feeder, it mats the ground with its roots like clover, and wherever ploughed under, a tall hill of corn or extraordinary rootabagas are sure to flourish on the turn of their fortunes.

Called by a better name, the poverty grass might be regarded almost a beautiful plant; it is ten thousand times handsomer that the cactus, often cultivated, and possibly may be put to some practical use.

The unsightly furze or gorse of England and Ireland, that until lately has been supposed of no use but a shelter for foxes in the chase, when cut young and mashed has been found a valuable feed for cattle. Many of the mines of Cornwall that have supported and improved that country, are now partially idle. Distant colonies have divided their bread. It is now determined to cultivate large tracts of furze and heather lands, heretofore regarded wild and worthless. There are this day in volcanic Ireland, millions of acres of fever-breeding bogs — an acre nearly for every inhabitant — that if wisely administered, would employ every idle man in Ireland, whose name is legion, and ultimately do more for the Green

Isle than all the terrorism on the one side, and cobweb legislature on the other, from the days of O'Connell down to that prince of demagogues, Parnell. Labor, and a wise improvement of the soil, are the checks and balances; the political economy written in the first law to man.

Kendell wrote in 1807: "The surface of Truro is in a great part hilly, with a soil of gravelly loam, supporting lofty wood, and hollowed into verdant and well-watered vales, but with tracts of sand near the inlets to the sea, either drifting in the wind or supporting a thick growth of beach-grass. Several rivulets and ponds present themselves, and the whole landscape has much that is romantic."

Where stood the "lofty wood" which Kendell saw seventy years ago, is now barren hills. The most imperative duty to every citizen on the Cape, is to plant trees. Let every waste spot be covered. It is no longer an experiment, but a profitable investment, as has been proved over and over. A pleasant old gentleman said to me: "I was sixty-five year old when I fust planted pine seed. My neighbors said, 'What on 'arth are you planting pine seed for? You don't never expect to raise pine-trees?' but I have cut with my own hands and enjoyed burning them trees for years. If I was younger, I would cover every foot of old land I own or could buy." I have measured symmetrical trees twenty-five inches girth, in a flourishing forest, where twenty-five years ago was a bleak, wasted, sandy hilltop. In some parts of France, particularly Bayonne, vast acres of land once a drifting sand desert, now constitute the wealth of the inhabitants.

Cover the barren, sand-scarred hills, and the deep sheltered valleys, with the ever-verdant, healthful pine. Bring back the birds, and the beast, and most to be desired of all, the summer showers, that are now driven away by the heated atmosphere. Let them fall on the just and the unjust. The Cape has need of the old Cornish adage, "A shower every day, and two on Sunday." Let them come.

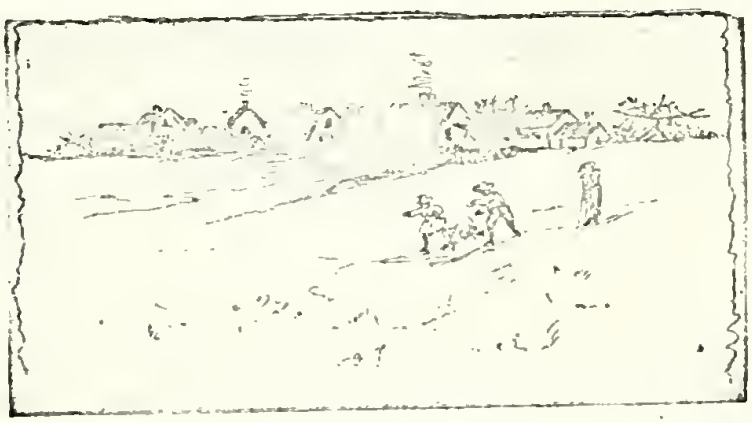
It has many advantages over heavy lands. It needs no drying up; and as soon as the frost is out, ploughing and planting may begin. Since early vegetables have been in

demand for the Provincetown market, more attention has been given to early planting. I have seen peas up and looking well, while the farmers around Boston were waiting for their lands to dry for ploughing. More attention to land in sheltered sunny exposures would perhaps be advantageous.

We frankly admit that some of these observations and conclusions are somewhat speculative and open to objections. Plato said mathematics alone was solid knowledge. Who in this world of speculative philosophy, shall lay the line and plummet? Is it not better to grasp here and there a fact, or follow here and there an open door, hoping thereby to find a great truth, or to be led into a broader light, than to shut our eyes and grope eternally like blind men in prison houses?

Nature's time-table is not graduated by human observation. "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day." We live under laws belonging to the great universe of matter, or spirit, of which our little planet is a fraction, but of which this sandy little promontory is as important as the sun, and governed by laws as eternal and unchanging.

If it has taken a good while to do some things in this world, there has always been just time enough. Nature has time for all her work in her own way. Amen.



CHAPTER XII.

1715—GENERAL HISTORY OF THE TOWN—1750.

Destruction of the Forest. Lawless Sojourners. Increase of Fishing Ships. Importance of Cape Cod Harbor. Drifting Sands. Government Jobs. Stout's Creek. Hog Island. Parran Forth. St. Patrick and St. Andrew. St. Prian and His Tomb. Schools. Schoolmaster Spear. Doncastor. Office a-begging. Economy. High Sense of Honor. Samuel Winter. The Humane Man. Bellamy the Pirate. The "Whidah." Cob Money. Haley's Island House. Captain Kidd. Schoolhouses. Value of Land. Province Treasury. Storms of 1723 and 1635. Richard Mather. Hector the last Slave. Bill of Sale. Manumitted. The General Court. The Minority hold the Fort. The Majority Appeal. Proprietors of 1730. Petition for a New County. Dr. Dyer. Records of 1733. Ice Punch in July. Memorial. Longnook. Land Bank Scheme. Sam Adams. Judge Solomon Lombard. Legislation. Deacon Joshua Freeman. Severe Drought.

AT a meeting of the proprietors of Truro convened April 26, 1715, land was sold to Michal Atwood, Beriah Smith, Josiah Cook, Francis Small, Ebenezer Hurd, William Dyer, Samuel Small, Samuel Young, Thomas Paine Jr., Jonathan Paine, Edward Cowell, Joseph Young, Ebenezer Smith, and Jonathan Dyer. A further division of land to the proprietors was ordered. At the same meeting "the proprietors have taken into consideration the great waste and destruction that is made upon the common and undivided land, within said proprietie, by cutting down much wood, and letting of it lye and rot upon the ground, to the great damage of the proprietors."

Cape Cod, being well known as the best harbor on the coast, with abundance of wood and water, it early became a general resort for many of the European fleet, especially the fishermen. These last rapidly increased. "In 1620 there

went six or seven ships from the west of England, to fish on the northeastern coast of New England. In 1621 ten or twelve; in 1622 thirty-eight; in 1623 forty; in 1624 about fifty." A safe harbor to wood and water, and for outfitting, without tax or supervision, was a great boon to the fishermen. Dr. James Freeman says:

> Certain portions of the Cape were, in earlier times, the resort at certain seasons, of not only fishermen from abroad, who came because of the peculiar facilities here afforded of prosecuting their business, but of traders having fishermen in their employ, or being desirous of securing shipment.

We should not blame the proprietors for the desolation of the land, as we see they used every effort to protect the timber, but in vain. The trees gone, and the cattle running at large, the light soil soon became disturbed, or if cultivated, soon exhausted. The exposed position and sweeping winds soon wrought the finish. Nature is an exacting task-master; she demands an honest equivalent. No bribes, no extortions, no corruptions are known in her court. Whether on the thin wasted soil of Cape Cod, where the oak and pine struggle to fulfil their highest destiny, or —

> Those sunny Isles, that laugh beside the sea;
> Where the bright orange and the citron grow,

the same inexorable law abides.

The sand, once cut adrift from its fibrous moorings, moves with the high dry winds like driven snow, and in its wild freedom assumes a thousand shapes. Now little wavelets like a summer lake; now a wild billowy sea. On the right, a cone built with geometric precision; on the left, a giant's grave, scooped out like the grave of Moses, without hands. To-day, it may seem a desert plain; to-morrow, the home of the mound-builders.

In Provincetown, the glass on the northerly exposed ends of the houses has been ground as handsomely as if placed on an artist's wheel.

The moving of the sand, and threatened danger to the har-

bor, was early carried to the Legislature, and has received various appropriations. The defect, like much other legislation, has not been in want of appropriations, but the want of a general supervision by a practical commission, and moderate appropriations from time to time as needed. Under wise and systematic management, the work could be continued at a moderate expense.

Some years ago while driving over Beach Point, where a "Government Job" was being done, in company with one of those practical common sense men which are not hard to find on the Cape, he remarked: "There's a ten-thousand-dollar job that when done will not be worth ten cents. I will take a contract to make all they want for one thousand dollars." I passed the same point in less than six months, and there was not ten cents' worth left of this whole work. It is amusing, if not instructive, to hear the home thrusts made by these every-day men to the scientific method, as they term it, by which government work is sometimes *not* done.

Stout's Creek, before mentioned, was a few rods east of the East Harbor Bridge landing. Not only is every trace obliterated, but the smooth rim of shore rises abruptly twenty feet high. The current now cuts the bank, and has laid bare a swamp with oak and cedar stumps in good preservation, showing that here stood heavy timber.

Less than fifty years ago a large lagoon penetrated several rods into the beach. The changes made by the shifting sands can best be told by the record of October 17, 1718: —

> A record of the division of the meadow at Cape Cod within the township of Truro, commonly called Stout's Creek Meadow: One lot fell to Thomas Paine that is eight pole wide clear across the meadow; another lot that fell to Captain Edward Bangs ten poles in breadth clear across; and another to Constant Freeman sixteen pole wide across the meadow; other divisions amounting to ten lots are enumerated, running from eight to sixteen pole.

Dr. Freeman wrote in 1794:

> Stout's Creek, once several hundred yards wide, and where a number of tons of hay were annually cut, now scarcely exists, being almost entirely choked up with sand blown in from the beach.

The bars at the east end of Provincetown harbor, known as "Hog Island," because hogs were there pastured till an extraordinary high tide overflowed the island, were once covered by trees, as evidenced by large stumps still to be seen.

Cape Cod is not the only sandy place. The honor must be divided with others better known to fame. One of these is Parran Porth, or Parran Zabulœ (Parran in the sands). In early days Ireland was the home of saints, and her missionaries invaded England and Scotland. During the Middle Ages they made great progress in Christianity. St. Prian, one of St. Patrick's bishops, came from Ireland on a millstone and landed at St. Ives in the fifth century. About the same time St. Andrew landed in Scotland, having made the passage in a basket. As was the custom of the missionaries of the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, St. Prian built a cell for himself and attached a small stone oratory, or baptistry. His location was one of the sandy dunes of Cornwall, near the coast, about eight miles from Truro, and not far from Gwennap, the scene of *Hereward the Wake*, Charles Kingsley's novel. This whole neighborhood is not lacking in material for romance.

After St. Prian had sufficiently mortified the deeds of the body with prayers and fastings many, and good works abundant, he also died and was buried in his oratory, which was a sepulchre as well. Over this tomb of St. Prian, tradition said a church was built. It was according to the custom of the age to build a church over the bones of the great saints. The church was built some two hundred years after his death, and religious rites were held for another two hundred years, when it was entirely submerged by sand blown from the shore through a narrow gorge in a rocky cliff, that a few rods of masonry could have saved from destruction. Years after, on this sandy spot, another church was built, that was also buried during the last century. The first church was tradition, the last history. In 1835, during a great shifting of the sand, this long-lost relic that had been buried a thousand years, and was regarded generally a myth, was again uncovered, with its little baptistry attached, and stood

forth to the wondering gaze of the world almost as perfect as when swallowed by the devouring sands. Beside the altar was found the bones of St. Prian. Since 1835 it has suffered terribly by relic hunters and tourists, and is still visited by thousands to witness this and other sights with which the neighborhood abounds.

We infer that some kind of schools were maintained from the first, but the earliest reference is made in 1715, March 21st, when it was ordered, "That Mr. Avery and the selectmen be a committee to procure a suitable person to keep a town school." The committee did not do their duty, for in 1716, "The town was *presented* the last year for its delinquency in not providing a schoolmaster." "January 10, Jonathan Paine was appointed to appear in the town's behalf at the Court of General Sessions; and twenty pounds was appropriated to pay the schoolmaster for the present half year's schooling." An engagement was made with Mr. Samuel Spear, "For the entire year, commencing at the expiration of his present term for forty pounds and board himself." Mr. Spear, afterwards the Provincetown minister, graduated at Harvard College, 1715.

The committee now show a commendable spirit, by making a permanent engagemet with a *learned man.* Two hundred dollars may seem a small salary for a Harvard graduate, but it was a day of small things, and does not suffer in comparison with other professors of the time. In Doncaster, England, during the time of George the Second, and perhaps to the present, —

Any persons refusing to accept the office of Mayo, Alderman, Capital burgess, or any other inferior office of the borough, except the recorder's, might be committed to the jail till they consented to serve, or fined at the discretion of the corporation, and held fast in the jail till the fine was paid.

By the law of the General Court, every town was entitled to a representative, but were not obliged to send one. In 1717, the town voted not to send a representative to the General Court, and affixed to their resolution their reasons: "First, because we are not obliged by law to send one;

Second, because the Court has rated us so high, that we are not able to pay one for going,." But the school under the learned schoolmaster went on.

Much depended upon a wise expenditure of their limited revenue. While they aimed at carrying light burdens, the highest sense of justice and equity is shown in all their administration. This especially applies to the Indians, who then as now were regarded by many as proper subjects to be defrauded of their rights, or as having no rights that white men were bound to respect. Perhaps the modern doctrine, "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian," was in that dawning period recognized in fact. On a certain occasion they corrected an error and left on record this sentiment: "We are not willing that any Indian shall suffer any wrong through our means or mistake."

At a town meeting in 1718 —

Thomas Paine Jr., was chosen town treasurer, but inasmuch as said town and said Paine could not agree upon a price for said Paine's salary, said town proceeded to a new choice and Samuel Treat was chosen Town Treasurer, and said town then agreed with said Treat to give him four pence per pound for receiving and paying out said town's money.

At a meeting of the town of Truro, May 13, 1719 —

Captain Thomas Paine was chosen representative and agreed to give said Paine five shillings per day every day that he should spend in the town service.

At a meeting of the town of Truro, October 17, 1719, Jonathan Vickery was chosen moderator. At same meeting said town agreed with Mr. Samuel Winter to keep schools in said town the space of one whole year to learn children and youth to read and write, which work of service the said Mr. Samuel Winter is to begin on the eighth day of November next and continue in said work until the term of twelve months be fully ended. In consideration whereof the inhabitants of said town are to give and pay to the said Winter the sum of forty pounds in payable bills of credit, except in case the said Winter shall see cause to remove over sea to Old England before the above said time be expired, then said town is to give to him, the said Winter, for what time he shall serve said town in the above said work from and after the seventh day of November next, at the rate of forty pounds per annum.

At the same meeting the inhabitants of said town of Truro agreed where the school should be kept for the space of a year next after the seventh day of November next (viz.), the first quarter at the house of William Dyer Jr., the next half year at the house of Captain Constant Freeman, or somewhere thereabout

in that neighborhood, and the last quarter somewhere near East Harbor, where the inhabitants of that neighborhood shall think fit.

In 1721 Mr. Winter was engaged to keep the town school one year and three months after his present term shall expire. Some dozen years later the schoolmaster was represented by Mr. Gibson, a gentleman of more than a common share of the milk of human kindness, for which his name has been left on record in the following notice:

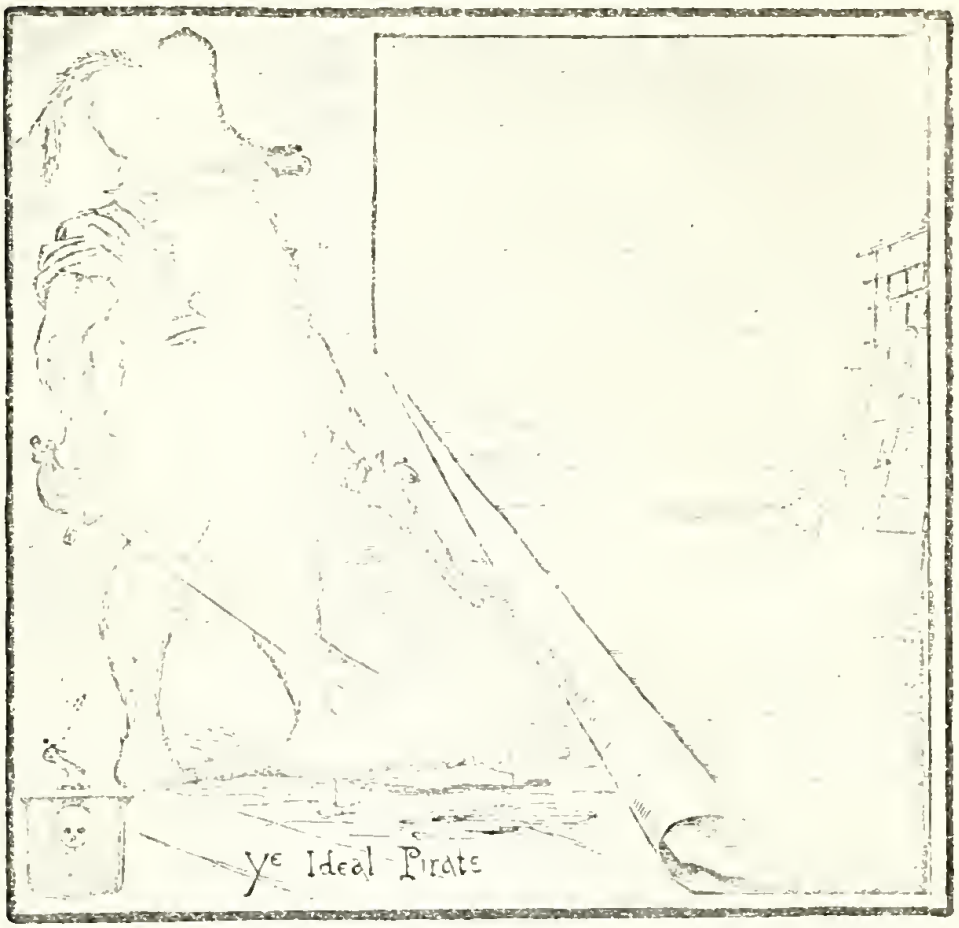
Voted to give Mr. Gibson for keeping school, after the rate of £55, in consideration of the charge he has been to in supporting the ancient people with whom he has lived the winter past.

Most everybody born on the Cape has heard of the notorious pirate and freebooter, Sam Bellamy, whose cruel exploits were told in song and story years ago, and whose fate is associated with the most remarkable shipwreck known on the Cape. Early in April, 1717, he took seven vessels near Cape Cod, which he made prizes. On one of these, he transferred seven men, who, after drinking freely, all fell asleep. Not so the captain of the vessel, who, watching his chance, as a forlorn hope, ran the ship ashore near Truro, where the seven men were captured. Six of them were tried before a special court of admiralty in Boston, and executed November 15, 1718.

On the 26th of April, only a week or two after taking the seven prizes, Bellamy's ship, the *Whidah*, was driven ashore in a terrible gale, on the backside of Wellfleet or Eastham; and the whole crew, except one Englishman and one Indian, perished. Somewhere near the boundary line between Eastham and Orleans, near the old channel, Captain Southack buried "One Hundred and Two Men Drowned," as we have related in the last chapter. It was current talk on the Cape for years, that the Englishman, disguised, used to visit the scene of the shipwreck from time to time, to supply himself with money buried from the wreck. It is probably a part of the story of Captain Kidd's buried treasures. To this day, King William and Queen Mary's pennies are picked up. Thoreau says he found one. The late William De Costa of the Charlestown *Advertiser*, an old traveller in Truro and Wellfleet, which he visited thirty years with but one interruption, picked up one on the bars at a very low ebb. The

Wellfleet Oysterman (familiarly known as Uncle Jack Newcomb) told Thoreau that he had seen the iron caboose of the *Whidah* on the bars at extreme low course of tides.

Possibly it was during this same gale, that a house on Haley's Island, Isle of Sholes, was washed from its foundations, and landed on Cape Cod, where it was found, and a box of linen, papers, etc., taken out, by which its history was



SUPPOSED TO BE BELLAMY OF THE WHIDAH.

discovered. The family had just time to escape; though, unaccountable as it may seem, they might all have made the passage in safety. The old house spot is now shown on Haley's Island.

Captain William Kidd, not Robert as goes the old song, was another notorious pirate, whose name for more than a hundred years was synonym of blood and murder. Captain

Kidd was an Englishman, who sailed from New York under a commission to cruise as a privateer against the pirates that then infested the whole Atlantic coast. He became himself a bold buccaneer, and the terror of the ocean. After years of robbery and murder on the high seas, and when great rewards were offered for his head, he burned his vessel and came to Boston. When arrested, he delivered to Governor Bellamont a schedule of sixty-two pounds of gold, about the same of silver, besides precious stones, all of which passed to government. Marvellous stories have been told of Kidd's buried treasures, which have excited the designing and credulous for generations, but it is doubtful if he ever buried a guinea. Currency was given the report because English pirates had buried money on Long Island. Within the memory of some now living, the song of which we quote the first verse, was sung on every ship that crossed the ocean: —

My name was Robert Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
My name was Robert Kidd,
As I sailed.
My name was Robert Kidd,
And most wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed, as I sailed;
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed.

March 4, 1721.

The proprietors made choice of Lieutenant Thomas Lumbard, Thomas and Samuel Rich, to survey highways near Pamet great meadow, etc.

Attest, MOSES PAINE. *Clerk* to said proprietors.

At the same meeting, said proprietors gave liberty to Lieutenant Thomas Lumbert to fence the highway that goes over Squopenik, with two sufficient gates, one nigh his house, the other by the river. Lieutenant Thomas Lumbert's meadow fence, on the southerly side of Pamet River, is the fence that runs across Deer Neck, *alias* Lumbert's neck, as also the highway that goes down to the landing place at the westward of the said Squopenik, as also the highway that goes down to the great beach by the easterly side of Samuel Hinckley's land

Attest, MOSES PAINE, *Clerk*.

"Squopenik" was, or is, the peninsula between Pamet Great and Little rivers, and was quite generally mentioned by

that name until within fifty years. Being convenient to the water on three sides, it was a favorite abode of the Indians. Shell and arrow-heads still abound. The soil is naturally fertile of a clayey loam. There is a tradition that hereabouts a squaw broke her neck, from which providential visitation, the location was known as Squaw-broke-her-neck, but settled into Squopenik.

March 21, 1721. At a meeting of the town of Truro, on the day and year above written, for giving enlargement to swine by a town vote, according to an act passed by the Great and General Court, in the seventh year of the reign of His present Majesty, King George; at which meeting, Francis Smalley was chosen moderater — at the same meeting said town agreed that the swine belonging to the said town might go at large under such regulations as the law has provided. *Voted.* MOSES PAINE. *Clerk.*

Whereas the proprietors of the south part of Truro, at their meeting April 29, 1724, did give orders to the committee they chose to lay out the undivided parcels of land between Pamet River, and the line between the north and south (torn off) in said Truro, to lay a parcel or parcels of land where they should judge it most beneficial for the inhabitants of Truro, to erect schoolhouses, accordingly, said committee have laid out and bounded two parcels of land for that end, and the first parcel lyeth on the southerly end of Richard Stevens' land, near his dwelling-house. The second piece of land for the schoolhouse lyeth on the northerly side of the Long Nook, so called, that runneth up to Jonathan Paine's.

Attest. MOSES PAINE. *Clerk.*

On the spot last named a schoolhouse stood till 1855. We copy the following entry as an evidence of the real value of land at this early stage of the settlement in Truro: —

Truro, April 29, 1724.

In consideration of eight pounds, one shilling, six pence, in current money of New England, sold John Lewis one acre, sixty-three pole more or less.

JONATHAN PAINE. } *Committee of Proprietors.*
JONATHAN VICKERY. }

May 6, 1724.

The same Committee sold Isaac Cole for ten pounds, ten shillings, two acres, twenty-six pole.

This is at the rate of about thirty dollars an acre in the first case, and twenty-five in the last, which, considering the

value of money at that time, puts a high estimate upon lands, though these may have been choice lots.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Truro on the twentieth of May, 1728, Captain Constant Freeman was chosen moderator. At the same meeting, the town agreed to take their proportion of the $60,000 in the Province Treasury, and also made choice of Mr. Thomas Mulford, Mr. Jonathan Paine, and Mr. Benjamin Collins for the trustees in order to receive it.

Recorded by THOMAS PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

February 24, 1723, occurred "The Great Storm." The tide was raised more than four feet higher than ever before known. So extraordinary was this storm considered, that Cotton Mather furnished the Royal Society of London an account thereof.

Governor Bradford records a "Great Storm" August 5, 1635, as: "Such a mighty storm of wind and rain as no man living in these parts, either English or Indian, ever saw before. Began wind southeast. The wrecks of it will remain a thousand years."

In this storm Mr. Richard Mather was on his passage to Boston. He says, "That when they approached land the captain and crew never before saw the like, and had no hope of saving themselves." But there was work for Mather in a land he had never seen. The good ship that weathered that storm landed on the shores of New England a name prominent for a century among divines, scholars, authors and diplomatists, and that has become a part of our history. This was the storm in which Mr. Thatcher with his family was wrecked upon the island since known as Thatcher's Island, himself only escaping the wreck. It was more a hurricane, and great damage was done to the land. Whole forests were prostrated.

HECTOR THE LAST SLAVE.

Jonathan Paine owned several slaves, among whom was Hector. As black as Hector, has for a long time been a well-sustained comparison in Truro. More than one hundred and

fifty years ago, Lieutenant Jonathan Paine, son of Thomas Paine Esq., the first settler, built the house now occupied by John Atkins. The grant for this spot is found in the old books as follows: —

Granted by the proprietors of Truro unto Jonathan Paine, his heirs and assigns forever, a bit of land to sit his house upon, lying on the northerly side of the by-way near the head of the northerly arm of the meadow, of the father Thomas Paine, which arm of meadow is commonly called and known by the name of Long Nook; which bit of land is five pole in length and four pole in breadth, and it is bounded at the four corners by four stones.

May 8, 1710.

Attest. THO: PAINE. *Clerk to said Proprietors.*

The leaded windows, with small diamond-shaped glass brought from England, the broad, deep fireplaces, with two wide-mouthed ovens, and the huge chimney stacks, have given place to modern substitutes; and other changes have left but little of the original building of 1710. The road then running in front of the house, and so through the middle of the hollow, now skirts the north side, bounded by a long line of well-whitewashed outbuildings, all kept neat and trim from year to year.

Lieutenant Paine was the grandfather of the late Deputy Sheriff Ebenezer Paine, and great-grandfather of the present Richard Paine, a well-preserved octogenarian living a few rods from the old house. He was the owner of a negro servant named Joe, who had arrived at middle age without a helpmeet to cheer his bond life. Joe intimated to his master that he needed a wife. His kind-hearted master promised his influence, and, faithful as kind, when he next visited Boston, returned with a mate for his servant. If tradition is true, she was ugly as the Furies, and black as Erebus. It being Sunday, Joe was at meeting. Upon his return, the face of his master and the flurried glances of the family towards the adjoining room, indicated the grand crisis.

"Come, come, Joe," said the Lieutenant, "come see how you like her!"

Ogling and sidling like a bashful boy, Joe approached, and was introduced to his future wife, with whom he lived to the

end of his days. The chronicler sayeth not whether Joe accepted all the conditions in good faith or with mental reservations. Soon after these events — too soon legally — a boy child was born, blacker, if possible, than his mother, to whom was given the name of "Hector." He it was who three years after was the subject of the following bill of sale, the last probably ever made in Truro for a human chattel.

To all people to whom these presents shall come, know ye that I, Jonathan Paine of Truro, in the county of Barnstable, in the Province of the Massachusetts in New England, yeoman, for and in consideration of thirty pounds of good or passable bills of credit, at the province above said, to me in hand paid by Benjamin Collins of Truro, in the county above said, yeoman, do sell one negro boy named Hector, about three years of age, unto said Collins, and I, the said Jonathan Paine, do promise to warrant the sale of said negro boy unto said Collins his heirs and assigns, against all claims that shall be made at any time from, by or under me or mine, or any person or persons whatsoever, in witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this seventh day of October, in the seventeenth year of his Majestie's reign 1726.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of — JONATHAN PAINE.

NATHANIEL HARDING.
LYDIA COLLINS.

In the Truro Church records, under date of January 27, 1747, we find:

Baptized by Rev. John Avery. Hector, negro servant to Mr. Benjamin Collins.

So the master seems to have had spiritual care over his servant, as did Philemon over his servant Onesimus, on which the Divine institution was founded.

Mr. Collins was a flourishing and quite extensive farmer in those days, owning hundreds of acres of wood, meadow, and high marsh lands at the Head of Pamet near the ocean. He cultivated corn quite extensively; wheat, oats and flax to some extent. He was the grandfather of the late Captains Benjamin and Stephen Collins; the last succeeded to the old estate.

In my boyhood, the broad flat barns, sheds, sheep-houses, ricks of hay, and the old house with ells and porches, was a place to remember; but one by one they have disappeared,

till but a shadow of its former self, it has passed into the hands of strangers from the Azores. Here Hector passed his youth and manhood, and, it would seem to us, a long, lonely, unloved toilsome life. But he was a faithful servant, a devoted Christian, and seemed content with his lot. As he walked or drove to the fields, and amid his labors, we are told he prayed audibly and no doubt realized in his daily life that experience for which Job so disparingly cried, and that Pliny the Elder said was essential to man, "Oh, that I had a day's-man."

No stone marks Hector's grave, but the oft-quoted expressions, "Old Hector," "Hector's Bridge," "Hector's Nook," and "Hector's Stubble," are his enduring monument.

A few years since, an interesting notice of Hector was read before the Truro Lyceum, by Mr. Joshua Dyer. To him I am indebted for these facts, also for those of David Snow and son, and many other assistances in this work. I quote substantially from Mr. Dyer's paper:

"There are those now living who remember Hector, an old man, with bleached locks and dim eyes, struggling amid the last waves of a toilsome life. He sighed not for Africa. Truro was his home, and he knew no other. During a long life he had scarce wandered beyond the sound of his lowing herds, or the meanderings of the Pamet, which he had paddled so often in his little canoe. But Hector looked with faith and hope beyond his narrow bounds; so, laying aside his paddles, he steps from his canoe, and stands, white and pure, free and glorified, on the banks of the great river of his heavenly home."

The General Court still continued to be the great umpire to settle grievances and distribute justice. Its jurisdiction seemed limited only by the scope of possible contingencies. It was council, judge, and jury; eyes to the blind and feet to the lame.

In 1726, the people of Billingsgate Precinct were before the Court, representing that their minister, Rev. Josiah Oaks, had been very unpopular; that they had invited another minister; but Mr. Oaks, assisted by Mr. John Doane and

eight or ten others, had possession of the meeting-house, and that the disaffected majority had to worship in private houses; that the existing state of things involved great confusion and distraction. The Court ordered "that Mr. Oakes proceed no farther in the work of the ministry of said parish, but shall be paid for the past at the rate of £80 per annum."

At a meeting June 26th, 1728, the town agreed to allow Mr. Solomom Lombard sixty pounds for keeping school in said town one year next coming. *Voted.*
Recorded. THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Truro on the 22d day of May, 1732, Solomon Lombard was chosen Clerk for said day. At the same meeting said town agreed not to send a representative to the General Court. *Voted.*
Recorded by SOLOMON LOMBARD. *Clerk for the day.*

In 1730, February 16, a committee, consisting of Rev. John Avery and Messrs. Caleb Hopkins, Elkanah Paine and Humphrey Purington, were chosen by the proprietors to prevent cattle and horses going upon the meadows and the beaches adjoining. The object was the preservation of the meadows from destruction by sands. The committee were to assign to each proprietor his particular proportion of fence to be made for this purpose. The proprietors at this time were: —

Henry Atkins,	Henry Dyer,	Moses Paine,
Isaiah Atkins,	Judah Dyer,	George Picke (Pike),
Joshua Atkins,	Sam'l Dyer,	Humphrey Purington,
Silas Atkins,	Sam'l Eldredge,	Richard Rich,
Malchiel Atwood,	Constant Freeman,	Thomas Ridley,
John Avery,	Caleb Hopkins,	Frances Smalley,
Edward Bangs,	Thomas Hopkins,	Isabel Smalley,
Jonathan Bangs,	John Lewis,	Thomas Smith,
Jeremiah Bickford,	Jedediah Lombard,	Joshua Stevens,
Edward Cowell,	Elkanah Paine,	Joseph Young,
Ambrose Dyer,	Jonathan Paine,	Samuel Young,
John Conant,	Andrew Newcomb,	Richard Stevens.

Owing to the inconvenience and expense of travel, there was a growing disposition in favor of making the lower part of the Cape into a new county, or of having the court held at Eastham. Committees were appointed from the various towns, and many conferences held and petitions drawn up. In 1738 a large committee was appointed from Truro "to petition the General Court for courts in Eastham and for a court house and jail to be built there."

At a meeting of the proprietors of land in Truro, on Wednesday, the 30th day of July, 1740, said proprietors agree and order that there should be a committee sent down to view Eastern Harbor beach, and flat ground below Cedar Island, to see if it be needful to fence them to preserve Eastern Harbor meadow from being destroyed by the sands, and to make report to said proprietors of what they think proper to be done. Said proprietors made choice of Elkanah Paine, Isaac Atkins and Ebenezer Dyer, a committee for that purpose. *Voted.*

At the same meeting voted by proprietors of Eastern Harbor and beach and meadows and the land adjoining to Provincetown, to strengthen a memorial lately exhibited to the General Assembly of this Province, by some of the inhabitants of Provincetown.

At a meeting a few weeks later —

Said proprietors agreed to re-consider, or repeal, and make utterly void a vote of the proprietors of said Truro passed at their meeting the 30th of July last past, respecting the strengthening of Provincetown memorial.

At a meeting of the proprietors of lands in Truro, June 6, 1748, proprietors chose for moderator Mr. Michael Gross. Proprietors made choice of Messrs. Benjamin Collins, Ebenezer Dyer and Barnabas Paine, a committee to view the highway that goeth up the head of ye Long Nook to the back sea, and to exchange it, or part of it, with Mr. Jonathan Paine and Mr. Samuel Dyer, if they will consent, so as to turn it (the road) a little higher up on the northerly side of the valley. *Voted.*

Provincetown, July 14, 1751.— On the tenth, a man of this town discovered ice on the north side of a swamp, and carried a piece to the tavern keeper, who treated him with a bowl of punch for his pains. — *Boston Post*, July 27, 1741.

About this time the Land Bank Scheme, with a capital, or Bills of Credit on land security not to exceed £150,000 was launched, but proved a failure. It was this scheme that ruined financially the father of Sam Adams, and many other promising merchants. The result was the pecuniary ruin of many individuals on the Cape. The depreciation of currency had already embarrassed trade and crippled the credit of tradesmen.

The body politic, like the body corporate, passes through many stages of ills before it hardens into the bone of a nation. The survival of the fittest seems the unwritten law.

A grant of fifty pounds was made this year (1740) to Provincetown for the ministry. The Rev. Samuel Spear, formerly the Truro schoolmaster, who had for some time been

their minister, ceased now from active service. Mr. Solomon Lombard, before mentioned as clerk and schoolmaster in Truro, preached occasionally in Provincetown for several years. He was born in Truro, 1706, graduated at Harvard College in 1723. He was installed in the new town of Gorham, Maine, December 26, 1750, at a salary of 53£–6s–8d and certain town lots. On account of liberal principles, he was dismissed in 1764; became Judge of Cumberland County, and was an active patriot during the Revolutionary War; was twice a member of the Provincial Congress, and seven years Representative to the Legislature. Judge Lombard was a forcible writer, and the author of many patriotic and practical papers urging resistance to tyranny. He died in 1781. The historian of Gorham says, "Judge Lombard was a native of Truro, Mass. An active, industrious, useful man, a gentleman of learning, talents and sound sense." Richard and Ebenezer Lombard, grandsons of the Judge, were Methodist preachers. Ebenezer was the first class leader in Gorham. The late E. H. Lombard of Hallowell was also a grandson. A numerous family in Maine and elsewhere claim him as their ancestor. He has never been without a namesake in Truro.

At a church session July 1, 1752, Mr. Humphrey Purington, Mr. Barnabas Paine, and Mr. Mulford Eldredge were chosen by the written votes of the whole church to serve in the office of deacons.

In 1714 complaint was made to the General Court, "That many persons were in the habit of driving down great numbers of neat-cattle and horses to feed on the lands, whereby the beaches are very much broken and damnified, occasioning the moving of the sands into the harbor to the great damage thereof."

In 1745 further legislation was made for Cape Cod Harbor, also for the protection of East Harbor in Truro. One of the provisions were, "That the inhabitants of Provincetown be allowed to keep and suffer to feed on the lands, one bull and three yoke of oxen for the inhabitants in general, and one horse and one cow for each family in particular; also such

persons as shall have license to keep a house of entertainment, was to have liberty to keep two cows. Also the forbidding cutting down of trees growing within one hundred and sixty poles of highwater mark."

November 23, 1746, Mr. Humphrey Purington desired a dismission from the office of deacon, and his desire was granted by a vote of the church. At a church meeting, August 22, 1750, Mr. Joshua Freeman was chosen by the written votes of the church to serve in the office of deacon. Deacon Freeman who long served his day and generation both in Church and State with great satisfaction, was the youngest of the family of the first Constant. His name will be found in the family list. It is related that on one occasion when occupying the deacon's seat, the singers waiting him to line the hymn, his spectacles were missing, when he promptly said: —

> My eyes are very dim, I cannot see at all,
> I left my spectacles at home hanging 'gainst the wall.

His house or some part of it, is now the homestead of Captain Atkins Hughes. April 17, 1749, gave leave to Barnabas Paine and Job Avery to open the hedge by the old Try Yard on the southerly part of the Indian Neck. September 25, 1749, Messrs. Paul Knowles, Joshua Atkins, and Barnabas Paine, were a committee to take care of the ministerial woodland in said Truro. Also to bequest of Mr. Avery a power of attorney to sue any person or persons, that shall presume to cut wood from said ministerial.

The "Ministerial" is still a wood lot with its boundaries well defined. In 1746 the town memorialized the Court, showing their needy condition and asking for means of defence. A supply of small arms and four pound cannon and ammunition was granted.

ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERE DROUGHT OF 1749.

(From a Manuscript of Mr. James Blake of Dorchester.)

This summer was the severest drought in this country that has ever been known in the memory of the oldest persons amongst us. It was a dry spring; and by the latter end of May the grass was burnt up, so that the ground looked

white; and it was the sixth day of July before any rain (to speak of) came. The earth was dried like powder to a great depth; and many wells, springs, brooks, and small rivers were dried up, that were never known to fail before; and the fish in some of the rivers died. The pastures were so scorched that there was nothing green to be seen; and the cattle waxed poor, and by their lowing seemed to call upon their owners for relief, who could not help them. * * *

English hay was then sold for £3 and £3-10, old tenor, per hundred. Many cut down their grain before it was ripe for fodder.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

In the time of our fears and distress the government ordered a day of public fasting and prayer: And God was graciously pleased to hear and answer our petitions in a very remarkable manner.

About the sixth of July the course of weather altered, and there came such seasonable and plentiful rains, as quite changed the face of the earth, and the grass, which we concluded was wholly dead and could not come again under several years, was recovered, and there was a good second crop of mowing. It looked more like the spring than the latter part of the year; and the Indian corn recovered and there was a very good harvest.

Upon the coming of the rains, and the renewing of the earth, the government appointed a day of thanksgiving. God in his providence ordered a moderate winter. May 1750, butter was 7s and 6d, old tenor, per lb. June 18, 1750, was said to be the hottest day ever known in the northerly part of America.

CHAPTER XIII.

1755 — REV. CALEB UPHAM — 1786 — THE SECOND SETTLED MINISTER OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN TRURO.

Call of Mr. Charles Turner. Acceptance. Release. Quit-claim. A Whale breaks up the Meeting. Call of Mr. Upham. His Model Answer. His Ordination. Notice by Rev. James Freeman. Mr. Upham a Poet. His Work. Scotch Practice repealed. The Psalms *vs.* Tate and Brady. Close Vote. Church Singing. Sternhold and Hopkins. Majesty of God. Rous' Version. Marquis of Lorne. Paraphrasing. Bay Psalm Book. Lampooning. Church enlarged. Sale of Pews. Deacon Anthony Snow. Christian Forbearance. A Briton. Deacon Ephraim Harding. Mr. Upham's Death. A Patriot. The Graveyard. The Names. Schoolmaster Hincks. His Marriage. Gen. E. W. Hincks. Rev. Samuel Osborn. Church Consistory.

DURING Mr. Avery's illness and for a few weeks following his death, the pulpit was supplied by the Rev. Isaiah Lewis of Wellfleet, Rev. Stephen Emery of Chatham, Rev. Joseph Crocker of Barnstable, all of which are entered by that conscientious scribe, Deacon Moses Paine, as also all the texts from which they preached. For instance, Mr. Lewis' texts were, Hebrews xiii. 7; John xiv. 2–3. May 26, 1754, Mr. Charles Turner preached his first sermon in Truro, after his call. His texts were, Jeremiah viii. 20; and Revelations xv. 5–7.

At a meeting of the Church in Truro, July 3, 1754, Mr. Charles Turner, by a vote of the Church was chosen moderator till he should be ordained in this Church, or by Divine Providence be removed from the Church.

Ent. by MOSES PAINE.

At a meeting August 19, 1754, Mr. Charles Turner, Moderator, proposed to the Church if they were willing to pay the funeral expenses of their late reverend pastor, and it was conceded to, that a paper be prepared that as many of the Church as were of a willing mind might sign for that purpose. At the same meeting the Moderator proposed to the Church, the difficulties that attended his taking the oversight of the Church of Christ in this town as a gospel minister, by reason of his parents dissenting, and his own infirmities, and desired the Church would release him from his obligations to them as their pastor elect. At the same meeting the Church agreed and voted that upon the neighboring ministers advising thereto, they would give Mr. Charles Turner a dismission and recommendation, and also voted that Benjamin Collins, Shubael Hinckley, Moses Paine, Joseph Smalley, Deacon Joshua Freeman, be a committee to do the same upon the aforesaid advice. *Consented to.*

CHARLES TURNER.

Mr. Turner graduated at Harvard College in 1752. The next year he engaged as schoolmaster in Truro, his pay to be forty pounds and diet for three months. He soon commenced preaching in connection with his teaching, which led to his engagement as a successor to Mr. Avery, as already stated.

The following is Mr. Turner's receipt for dismission, or release of contract. I have not dared to follow the history of the man that could or would write such a document for such an occasion.

Know all men by these presents, that I, Charles Turner, of Truro, candidate for the ministry, for and in consideration of twelve pounds, sixteen shillings, lawful money in hand paid to full satisfaction by the inhabitants of Truro aforesaid, have remissed, released and forever quit-claimed: and by these presents do for me, my heirs, executors and administrators remise, release and forever quit-claim unto the inhabitants of said Truro, their executors, administrators and successors all and all manner of action and actions, writings, obligations, covenants, contracts, debts due or arrears of accounts, sum and sums of money, controversies damages and demands whatsoever both at law and equity which against them the said inhabitants, I ever had, now have, or which I, my heirs, executors and administrators shall or may have claim, challenge or demand for or by reason or means of any act, matter, cause or thing, for or by reason of my being called to the work of a gospel minister among them, but more especially I do quit-claim, exonerate and discharge the said inhabitants of ye town of Truro all and all manner of dues and demands of my heirs, executors or administrators might have by reason of any contract said inhabitants made with me by ye committee bearing date ye twenty-third day of October, 1753, and so from the twenty-third day of October aforesaid to the present date.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this twenty-seventh day of August, 1754.

In presence of us, CHARLES TURNER.

BARNABAS PAINE,
THOMAS LOMBARD,
PAUL KNOWLES.

Rev. Mr. Caleb Upham was very soon called to fill the place of Mr. Turner, as the first notice explains: —

December 15, 1754, the Church in Truro agreed and voted to meet together on Thursday next, the 19th of this instant, at one of the clock afternoon at the house of Deacon Moses Paine, to consider of giving Mr. Caleb Upham a call to the ministerial office in this Church, who had for some time been preaching in this town upon probation.

Attest. MOSES PAINE. *Moderator.*

At a meeting of the Church, January 9, 1755, it was voted to extend a call to Rev. Caleb Upham, and a salary of fifty-three pounds, six shillings, eight pence per annum was voted him, with a settlement of eighty pounds and use of the parsonage.

February 10th, a meeting was called to hear and act on Mr. Upham's answer, when it was voted that inasmuch as many of the inhabitants are called away from the meeting by news of a whale in the Bay, this meeting be adjourned to February 11th, one day.

At the adjourned meeting, February 11th, an addition of six pounds, thirteen shillings, four pence was made to the salary before voted, making it sixty pounds lawful money. Mr. Upham requiring in addition twenty cords of wood per annum, to be cut and delivered at his door, this also was conceded.

February 17, 1755, Mr. Caleb Upham gave the Church and society an answer in the affirmative.

The model Christian answer of Mr. Caleb Upham to the Church and people of Truro: —

HON'D AND BELOVED: — It having pleased God in his providence some time ago, and after having had some acquaintance with me and my ministerial labors among you to incline your Church and society to give me a unanimous invitation to settle among you in the office of a gospel minister and for my engagement therein, the town having granted me a settlement and salary which I hope may be a comfortable sufficiency for my support, and finding so far as I can discern that the people have been ever since the invitation first given me and are still united in their affections towards me and desirous of my complying with their

call. In all which I would humbly eye the hand of the great Disposer of all things, and at the same time signify to the people the grateful sense I have of the kindness and benevolence expressed, and having taken the important affair into serious consideration and I hope sincerely sought to God for His conduct herein that the path of duty might be made plain to me and that I might be inclined to act agreeable thereto, am now at length come to a conclusion to give my answer in the affirmative and to comply to settle with you in the work of the gospel ministry and do accept the settlement and salary provided for me, reserving to myself liberty of taking a suitable space of time yearly to visit my parents and friends; and I ask your prayers that I may obtain mercy of the Lord to be faithful and successful in the work to which I am called, and wishing that everything which respects the settlement in the place be under the guidance and direction of Infinite wisdom, which hath done all things well, and that Grace, Mercy, and Peace may be multiplied to you thro' our Lord Jesus Christ.

I subscribe yours in the fellowship of the Gospel,

CALEB UPHAM.

Truro, February 17, 1755.

At a meeting of the Church in Truro, March 11, 1755. *Voted* by the Church, that Samuel Eldred, Moses Paine, Joseph Smalley, John Freeman and Richard Stevens, be a committee, in the name and behalf of the Church, to agree with Mr. Caleb Upham, about the time of his ordination, and what Churches, and how many to send to their assistance, and said committee to send letters to said Churches in the name and behalf of this Church.

Attest. MOSES PAINE. *Moderator.*

At a meeting of the Church in Truro, October 22, 1755, the Church by their vote thought best to repeal and make utterly void, a vote of this Church, November 30, 1726, respecting their choosing Ruling Elders, according to the practice of the Church of Scotland.

Attest. MOSES PAINE. *Moderator.*

At a meeting of the Church in Truro, October 27, 1755, the Church by unanimous vote made choice of Messrs. Benjamin Collins, Joshua Atkins, Barnabas Paine, Paul Knowles, John Rich and Ephraim Lombard to strengthen the committee that the Church choose to send for the ministers and delegates to assist in the ordination of Mr. Caleb Upham; and that they meet the persons sent for at the house of Mr. Joshua Atkins, on Wednesday the 29th, of this instant, at eight of the clock in the morning, in order to present Mr. Upham to the ordination committee.

On Wednesday, October 29, 1755, Mr. Caleb Upham was ordained pastor of the Church of Christ in Truro. The charge was given him by Rev. Jonathan Russell. The right hand of fellowship by the Rev. Joseph Green, of Barnstable. The persons assisting them in laying on of hands were, the Revds. Messrs. Stephen Emery, Joseph Crocker, Edward Chever, Isaiah Lewis and Abraham Williams. Messengers were Colonel John Knowles, John Freeman Esq., Samuel Smith Esq. Deacons Crocker, Knowles, Davis, Chipman, Higgins, Captain Jabez Snow, and several others.

Attest. MOSES PAINE. *Moderator.*

We have not the early history of Mr. Upham. He was of the Massachusetts family of that name, a graduate of Harvard College, and seems to have entered earnestly and faithfully upon his pastoral work. The first entry found in his name is as follows:

November 19, 1756. At a meeting in Truro, voted that Deacon Moses Paine, Joseph Smalley, John Rich and Zacheus Rich, be a committee to enquire the reason of Lemuel Rich absenting himself from the Lord's table. At the same meeting, voted that Jonathan Collins, Deacon Joshua Freeman, and Nath'l Lewis, be a committee to enquire the reason of Ebenezer Dyer absenting himself from the Lord's table.

Attest. CALEB UPHAM. *Pastor.*

November 28, 1762, Communion Day. At the desire of John Brown, a member of the Baptist Church in Boston, under the pastoral care of Rev. Jeremy Candy. *Voted* that he may occasionally commune with this Church.

At the same meeting *voted*, that the Church and congregation should by their written votes determine whether to sing the New England version of the Psalms or the new version by Tate and Brady. Voted also that said affair should be determined on the approaching Thanksgiving, November 29th. November 29th, voted at the Church Meeting to sing the N. E. Psalms by a small majority only. Yeas, 59. Nays, 52.

Attest. CALEB UPHAM. *Pastor.*

How the melody of those Psalms floats down the years, and the bass and tenor of the deep-voiced sons of the ocean mingle with the notes of —

> The girl that sang alto — the girl that sang air.

How the fifty-nine exulted that they had saved the Church from modern corrupting innovations, by the impious hymn-singing of Tate and Brady, and how the outvoted, but not discouraged minority, determined to renew the fight.

> To the land of the leal they have gone with their song,
> Where the choir and the chorus together belong.
> O be lifted ye gates! let me hear them again, —
> Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever, Amen.

At the beginning of the last century, the Tate and Brady edition of the version of the Psalms succeeded to the old

standard work of Sternhold and Hopkins, first paraphrased and published with the Book of Common Prayer in 1562.

Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., was a zealous reformer. Feeling moved with holy indignation at the low character of the songs at court, and hoping that a metrical version of the Psalms might drive the trashy ditties then so much in vogue, from court, Sternhold undertook the task of reform. He built his own imperishable monument when he wrote "The Majesty of God:"—

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

In 1643, the House of Commons recommended in its stead the version of Francis Rous, a native of Cornwall, to the assembly of divines at Westminster. The last edition of the Rous' version was generally accepted by the Scotch Kirk, and became the basis of the authorized version now in use: but the English clung to Sternhold and Hopkins till superseded by Tate and Brady.

The present Marquis of Lorne has lately published paraphrases of the Psalms, intended as a substitute for the authorized version of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, of which he is a member. Rous' version is the Psalms of David paraphrased, without which no minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church will enter a pulpit at home or abroad.

Though sometimes rustic was the sound, I'm sure that God was praised,
When David's words to David's tune five hundred voices raised.

The following is from the eighty-third Psalm — *Barton.*

Do to them Lord as in that day
When Midian's host was strook:
As Jabin fell at Sisera,
O'er them at Kishon's brook
While miserably perished
At Endor.

From the *Bay Psalm Book*, 51st Psalm: —

Purge me with hysop & I clean
shall be: me wash and than the snow
I shall be whiter — make me know
joy & gladness, the bones which so
Thou broken hast joy cheerfully shall.
Hyde from my sins my face away
blot thou iniquities out all
which are upon me anyway.

From the 72nd Psalm — *Bay Psalm Book.*

Of corn an handful there shall be
land the mountain tops upon.
The fruit thereof shall morning shake
like to the trees of Lebanon.
And they that of the city be
like grass on earth shall flourish all.

How an Englishman lampooned these solemn versifications: —

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make our souls full glad:
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear us sing, or they translate,
By Jove 'twould 've made him mad.

May 9, 1766. — At a Church meeting, Mr. Anthony Snow was chosen by the written votes of the Church into the office of a Deacon.

August 24, 1766: — Violet, negro woman, a slave of Mr. Avery, made her peace with the Church by acknowledgment, and so was qualified to receive the ordination of baptism.

Attest. CALEB UPHAM. *Pastor.*

The two following entries show the jealous oversight of the Church toward her membership, the painstaking to maintain a pure standard of morals, and consistent Church discipline.

At a Church Meeting, August 10, 1774, voted unanimously that Frances Smalley for unguarded speeches, and Elisha Dyer for unnecessarily withdrawing from the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, are suspended till they have given

satisfaction to this Church. Also voted that Nathaniel Lewis, Ephraim Lombard, and Jesse Newcomb, be a committee to inform Francis Smalley and Elisha Dyer of the forementioned vote of the Church.

Attest. CALEB UPHAM. *Pastor.*

August 14, 1774.— Communion day Frances Smalley and Elisha Dyer made their peace with the Church by acknowledgment, and were restored to their former standing by a vote of the Church.

Attest. CALEB UPHAM. *Pastor.*

So, within four days, the committee had faithfully discharged their duty towards their erring brethren, they had confessed their faults according to the Spirit and teaching of Christ and the rules of the society, and were restored to the confidence and peace of the Church, to the comfort of their own hearts; and this record has come down for our edification.

November 23, 1775. — At a Church Meeting, Mr. Ephraim Harding was chosen by the written votes of the Church unto the office of a deacon. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to repair the burial place.

Attest. CALEB UPHAM. *Pastor.*

The above is the last record by Mr. Upham. The last baptism recorded by him was Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Wells, October 31, 1774, making 1344 baptisms by his hands. Mr. Upham died April 9, 1786. During the two years while Mr. Upham was unable to preach, and before the ordination of Mr. Damon, the baptisms were recorded by Revds. Levi Whitman of Wellfleet and Samuel Parker of Provincetown. July 17, 1785, there are several baptisms recorded in a bold off-hand, over the signature of Rev. William Hazlett, a Briton.

As this was soon after the war, the inference is that Rev. William Hazlett was a chaplain of an English man-of-war, and occasionally preached and did pastoral duty for Mr. Upham.

Mr. Upham married Priscilla, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Allen, of Falmouth (Portland), who was born on the Vineyard and settled at Cape Elizabeth 1734. His ministry in

Truro covered the entire period of the Revolutionary War, which tried the souls of the Cape people, perhaps, more than those of any other place in the county. Mr. Upham was a stanch and uncompromising patriot. He entered bravely upon the work of sustaining the Colonies, greatly encouraged his people in public and in private, sympathized with them in their great losses, sufferings, and struggles, and, as we have seen by the records, was associated with the citizens in the most important committees. In 1775, he generously relinquished fifty pounds of his salary for the poor. Dr. Freeman pays the following tribute to his memory:

> Mr. Upham was a good scholar, an animated preacher, a warm friend to his country, and an honest man. He left behind him a poem in manuscript, the subject of which was taken from the book of Job. He was ever attentive to the real good of his people, and exerted himself with zeal and fidelity in their service.

There were added to the Church during his ministry two hundred and eighty-six. I have no account of his family, except his son Benjamin Allen, born in 1756, at Truro. For many years he was a prominent citizen, selectman, etc. His name has been, and I trust will continue to be, borne by every generation in Truro. Captain Caleb Upham Grozier, a well-known, enterprising shipmaster of Provincetown, died in Calcutta, where a substantial monument commemorates his name. Caleb Upham Grozier, a retired master mariner, is now living in North Truro. There may be others bearing the name. From headstones, near those of Mr. Avery, we copy:—

> Sacred to the memory of the
> REV'D CALEB UPHAM,
> of Truro, who expired
> April 9th, 1786, in the
> 63d year of his age, and
> 31st of his ministry,
> This stone is erected
> by his mourning son.
> "I have been, and that is all."

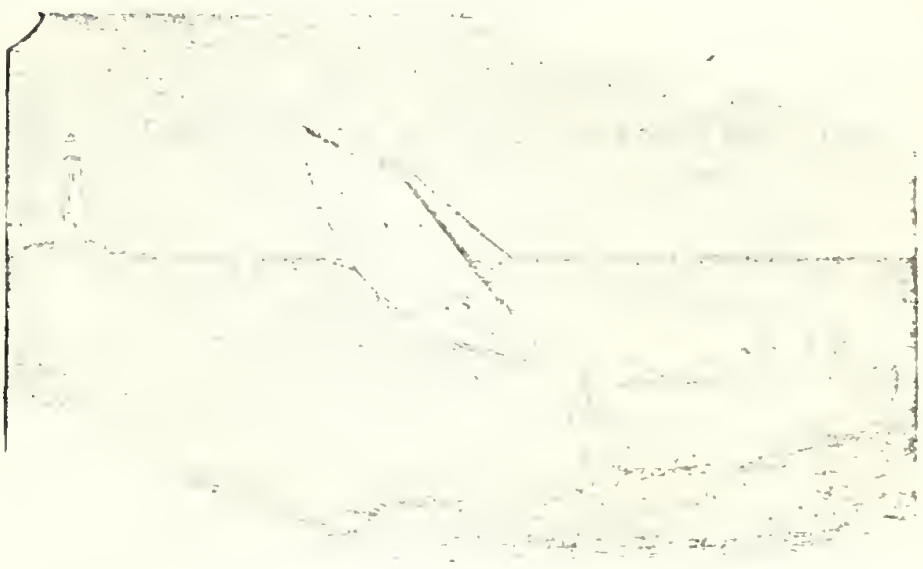
In memory of
MRS. PRISCILLA UPHAM,*
the amiable and pious consort
of the REV. CALEB UPHAM of Truro
who expired in a fit
of apoplexy suddenly
Jan'y 6th, 1783,
in the 58 year of her age.
Be ye also ready.
This stone is erected by her
mourning husband.

Under the Gross family may be found the early history of Samuel Hincks, the Truro schoolmaster, who was born in Portsmouth 1718, graduated at Harvard College about 1740, married, in Truro, in 1754, Susannah Dyer, moved to Bucksport, Me., 1795, where he died, in 1804. The records notice his engagement as schoolmaster in 1767, but as he was married in 1754, it is reasonable he succeeded Mr. Turner in about 1753, and that he taught occasionally thereafter, while a resident.

Through schoolmaster Hincks and Susannah Dyer came the respectable family in Provincetown and Maine, of which the gallant General E. W. Hincks is a lineal descendant. The name was also used considerably as a Christian name. The names of many of the early ministers and other prominent or popular men have been woven into the Cape families. This was a good old English custom of perpetuating names by adopting them. The quite popular name of "Osborn," which has done good service for many generations, came from the Rev. Samuel Osborn, born in Dublin and educated at the university of that city. He was settled in the ministry in Eastham after the death of Mr. Treat. He was a man of practical understanding, who used his learning for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people.

He first taught them the use and art of preparing peat for fuel, and many improvements in agriculture. He was a valuable man in the community, but leaning Armenianward Thoreau says, "Ten ministers with their churches sat on him and spoiled his usefulness." The doings of that council and

the seven abstract doctrinal points are worth reading. They declared him heretical for his affirmation, substantially on the following points: First. Christ's sufferings doth nothing abate or diminish our obligations to obey the law of God, and that Christ's sufferings were for himself. Second. That there are no promises in the Bible but what are conditional. Third. That obedience is a considerable cause for a person's justification. Mr. Osborn was dismissed and moved to Boston, where he taught school with much success for many years, dying when nearly one hundred years of age. In 1757, Mr. Wormley was engaged as schoolmaster.



CHAPTER XIV.

1750—GENERAL OUTLINES—1800.

Fish Laws. The French War. Grammar School. Three R's. Cole's Rate. The Fishing and General Court. God's Providence *vs.* Man's Folly. Revenue. Free Seining restricted. First Free School. Cape Cod Fictions. New England and Virginia. Town Meeting 1761. John Bacon's Will. First Protest against Slavery. Pomp's Lot. Capt. Matthias Rich. Forbidding the Banns. The dark Day. Lighthouses. Sailing and Sailors. Forbisher's great Fleet. Northwest Passage. Death Rate. Training Field. Long Noonings. Old Hutta Dyer. Bassing. Yarns. Direct Tax of 1798. Rev. James Freeman, D. D. Description of Truro. Washing away. Mild Mythology. Margate and Ramsgate. Dr. Jason Ayers. Harbor at the Pond.

IT was voted in 1754 that, for the time to come, if any person shall take a boy under ten years old to drive black fish or porpoises, he or they shall have nothing allowed for the boy; and that whenever black fish or porpoises shall be driven ashore and killed by any number of boats of the inhabitants of this town, if one man or more shall insist on having the fish divided to each boat, it shall be done.

"Mr. Jonathan Paine had leave to build a wharf below the bank at Indian Neck, somewhere against the land of Esq. Paine."

At an aniversary meeting of the inhabitants of Truro, March 12, 1759, Moses Paine was chosen Treasurer, and it was voted to give him one penny per pound for receiving and paying out the town's money; also voted to give the selectmen twenty shillings each for their services the year past.

"The case of a poor widow being under 'melancholy circumstances' was considered, and it was proposed that those who were able would keep her one week each."

The demand in men and means to support the war was now very oppressive, and business depressed. Though the people were interested in the best welfare of the youth, it was difficult to supply the school with a suitable teacher. Such educated men as they desired were secured by those better able to pay them.

In 1760 it was thought expedient to petition the General Court "to be excused from providing a grammar school, and to be permitted to substitute a good English school for reading, writing, spelling and ciphering." This departure from the high standard established by the Fathers, though well intended, was a bad step. Having once opened the breach, *Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic* soon became the standard of education. As the fountain does not rise above its head, the the schoolmaster did not always rise above the occasion. Having established the dangerous precedent of a school without a learned schoolmaster, further concessions could be made, leading to great wrong. No community can afford, however poor, to neglect the morals or education of youth. In a few years this error was corrected, and the town made choice of Barnabas Paine, John Rich and Richard Collins as committee to take special care in hiring a grammar schoolmaster to settle in said town as soon as possible.

The same year, 1760, on account of the great losses sustained by the town in consequence of the blowing of the sand upon the cultivated lands and meadows the winter past, an abatement of the provincial tax of the town was asked. Messrs. Barnabas Paine, Joshua Atkins and Ebenezer Dyer were appointed agents to petition the Great and General Court.

At a meeting of the town of Truro held June 21, 1762, John Rich, Moderator, Captain Joshua Atkins declared to the town that if the selectmen would not approbate Elisha Dyer to retail or sell strong drink, nor no other person in his neighborhood, that he would pay said Cole's rate himself.

Ye major part of ye Selectmen being present, they declared to the town that they had concluded to grant Captain Atkins' request respecting ye affair, whenever Captain Atkins told Constable Rich that he would pay for said Cole's rate.

MOSES PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

March 17, 1766. Gave leave to John Lombard Jr., to set up gates or bars across the way from the Wading Place leading towards John Rich Jr's.

At the same meeting, said proprietors made choice of Mr. Paul Knowles, Lieutenant Dyer and Barnabas Paine Esq., a committee to settle bounds between the owners of the lot of land round about the common land at the meeting-house and run the line between the common land there and the lots, and to set off a sufficient ground on the westerly part of said common land for a burying-place privilege for the meeting-house and training field.

Cape Cod, on account of its fine harbor and extraordinary fishing advantages, had from the first received liberal attention. As early as 1671, Prince and Bosworth petitioned the "Right Honored Massachusetts and Deputies of the General Court of New Plymouth, now sitting," relating to the mackerel fishery. In 1680 Cornet Robert Stetson, of Scituate, and Nathaniel Thomas of Marshfield, hired the Cape fishing for bass and mackerel. In 1684 the Cape Cod fishing was leased to Mr. William Clark, for seven years, at £30 per annum. In 1670 the General Court passed the following preamble: "Whereas the Providence of God hath made Cape Cod commodious to us for fishing with seines, etc." Therefore a duty of twelve shillings per barrel was imposed upon mackerel and bass, to counteract the providence of God. This, though intended as wise legislation, was foolish and suicidal. A bounty to develop the feeble industry would have been far more consistent than a tax of two and a half dollars per barrel to throttle honest enterprise. Such a tax would ruin or so circumscribe any fishery as to render it of little value. It was like the laws of Spain and Mexico that starve the people and impoverish the country. Home taxation, as a rule, is the old man upon the shoulders of Sinbad. It is the Hebrew proverb of a foolish but ambitious camel that in pursuit of horns lost his ears.

We have suffered, though perhaps less than other nations, much from ingenious modes of complicating and manipulating our natural resources.

In this country, tariff and free trade, those fertile sources of discussion, that no laws can ever fully cover, are being

better understood. That protection belongs to statesmanship, and free trade to text-books and speech-making seems safe doctrine in this country. In Europe, particularly England, where men are born and bred statesmen, and home interests more concurrent than in our diversified industries, we should expect wiser laws. But Buckle says, "It is no exaggeration to say that the history of the commercial legislation of Europe presents every possible contrivance for hampering the energies of commerce." Although greatly opposing sectional interests have to be met, and untried statesmen are being surged up to grave responsibilities, our self-protection is being closely scrutinized, and is commending itself.

In 1689, the laws touching the seining of mackerel were repealed, and it was ordered, "That the magistrate of Barnstable County dispose of and manage the Cape Cod fishing; provided, however, that all former fishing orders shall be in force."

Though the Fathers erred in some points, they were wiser in others than their children of this day, as at the same time (1670), penalties were imposed for taking fish at certain times previous to spawning. That such an enactment was wise and practical, all who understand the question must admit. That the free and unrestricted seining of fish, particularly of mackerel, is a national wrong and ruinous to a national industry, none will pretend to deny from honest convictions, or a knowledge of the facts.

It is also highly creditable to the Fathers that out of this revenue, the tax of fishing, thirty-three pounds were contributed to defray the charges of the free school. A better restitution for ill-advised legislation was never made. Up to this time (1670), just fifty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, there had been no public schools. The property of the fishing of Cape Cod was granted to found a free school in 1671. John Morton was the first schoolmaster, and Thomas Hinckley steward of the fund.

Again the Cape creeps into notice as introducing another fiction. First, as a shelter to the *Mayflower;* second, in the

execution of the first written contract of self-government; third, for corn to the Pilgrims; and fourth, for funds from the fishing wherewith to establish the first free public school in the world. A little later will be found the first protest against slavery. Natural advantages of soil and climate are of no avail when set against general education and high morals. More than two hundred years ago a writer entitled to consideration, discriminated as follows: —

> New England is in a good condition for hardihood, but for matter of any great hopes but fishing, there is not much in that land; there is much cold, frost and snow, and the land so barren except a herring be put into the hole that you set the corn or maize in, it will not come up; and it was a great pity all those people, being now about twenty thousand, did not seat themselves at first at the south of Virginia, in a warm and rich country where their industry would have produced sugar, indigo, ginger, cotton and the like commodities.

At the end of this two-hundred-year race, New England, with her cold and frost and snow, her granite, and ice, and hay, and codfish, and herring, and education, has achieved the highest condition of general intelligence, well-developed industries, and average wealth on the face of the earth. While Virginia has but a low average of these high achievements, her soil is worn out, many of her towns and cities are hastening to decay, and the State stands upon the verge of bankruptcy.

> I will have never a noble,
> No lineage counted great;
> Fishers, and choppers, and ploughmen
> Shall constitute a State.

In 1729, John Bacon, lawyer of Barnstable, died. By a provision in his will, his "negro slave Dinah is ordered to be sold, and the proceeds improved by my executors in buying Bibles, and they shall give them equally and alike to each of my said wives and my grandchildren."

THE FIRST PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY.

May 18, 1773.— It was voted by the town of Sandwich, that our representation is instructed to endeavor to have an act passed by the Court to prevent the

importation of slaves into this country, and that all children that shall be born of such Africans as are now slaves among us, shall after such act be free at twenty-one years of age.

Five years after this vote, March 25, 1778, "selling slaves in the American market was prohibited in Boston."

POMP'S LOT.

Northeasterly from the house of Leonard P. Rich is a wood-lot that keeps alive the memory of "Pomp," who was an African of the pure Congo species, purchased or stolen according to the gospel of the times, by the captain of a whaleman from Truro, and on arrival sold to Jonathan Paine. Pomp performed his duties as a slave faithfully, but he was never fairly happy or content. He indulged in the homesick passion which the negro feels, and with his countrymen, believed in metempsychosis, or transmigration of soul.

One day when the longing for kith and kin and home was deep in his heart, he took a jug of water, a loaf of bread and a rope, and went into a thick wood-lot belonging to his master. Selecting a high tree, the stump of which may yet be seen, he placed his jug of water and loaf of bread at the foot of the tree, to sustain him over the journey, and placing the rope around his neck, took his departure for Afric's sunny fountains. Many days after, his body was found hanging to the tree; his soul had gone to the God who gave it, in whose merciful hands we leave him.

It may seem unaccountable and unreconcilable in our day, that the settlers of New England, with their positive conscience, and honest convictions, should have planted such dragon's teeth as slavery. We must, however, remember the moral condition of the world, the wrongs and cruelties of society, and how much had been done, rather than how much remained undone. Not thirty years are yet passed since slavery was defended by the press, the pulpit, the platform, and the sword of this Christian nation. The villainous traffic in African slaves was prosecuted with great energy and profit,

and regarded a fair field for enterprise, for more than a hundred years after the settlement of Plymouth.

Captain Matthias Rich, a native of Truro, well-known in his day and generation as "Beau Flash," was a dashing fellow, a man of great energy and enterprise, and a successful trader in "Guinea blackbirds." When a poor boy, working hard at home in sight of the ocean, as the ships sailed by he used to lighten his toil and amuse his sisters by telling them how he would own and sail ships when a man.

He lived many years in Pleasant Street, Boston; the house is still standing. When public sentiment became too strong to face, he moved to Baltimore, and became a successful merchant. He died in about 1810, leaving a family and large property. His son Charles owned large plantations in Mississippi, where he died in about 1830. It was reported that a grandson of the old captain was an officer in the late war and a prisoner at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor.

March 13, 1775. — The town voted to pay over the Provincial tax to Henry Gardner Esq. of Stowe. Gamaliel Smith and Job Avery entered dissent.

March 16, 1770. — Hincks Gross forbid the banns of matrimony between —— —— of Chatham, and —— —— of the District of Wellfleet, and says the reason therefor that said —— —— (the man) is *non compus.*

Wellfleet, April 9, 1770. — Zobeth Smith, Naaman Holbrook, and Jonathan Young, Selectmen, have this day entered with their protestation of the banns of matrimony between —— —— of this District, and —— —— of Truro, for the following reason: The said —— ——, being an idle vagrant, and has received assistance from said District, and has no business to guarantee matrimony himself, and should he marry, his family would be an additional expense to this District.

JOHN GREENOUGH. *District Clerk.*

The Dark Day of May 19, 1780, was a strange phenomena that caused much excitement and was referred to as long as any who witnessed it lived to tell the story. Happening at a time when considerable license was given to supernatural agencies, it is not surprising that it was regarded as portentous of dire calamities. Dr. Samuel Tensiey, referring to its cause, remarks:

That it was supernatural was never supposed but by the ignorant and superstitious. It must then admit of a rational and philosophical explanation. The darkness was the most gross in Essex County and vicinity. The earth and trees were clad in a hue extraordinarily enchanting, even amid the general gloom. The following evening was no doubt the darkest ever known. A sheet of white paper held within a few inches of the eyes was invisible. The darkness has been accounted for by "air currents condensing the vapors," etc.

Little was done to establish lighthouses on our coast till the beginning of the present century. In 1794, there was not a lighthouse on Cape Cod. About this time Rev. Levi Whitman of Wellfleet, whom the Massachusetts Historical Society say "was distinguished through the country for his activity and benevolence," in a letter to Rev. James Freeman of Boston, said:

That mountain of clay in Truro seems to have been erected in the midst of sand hills by the God of Nature for the foundation of a lighthouse which, if it could be obtained, in time no doubt would save the lives of thousands, and millions of property. Why, then, should not that dark chasm between Cape Ann and Nantucket be illuminated? From the Clay Pounds in Truro in pleasant days in February and March, we often discover fifty or sixty sail of vessels which come from the West Indies and the southard, and have been sheltered in the Vineyard Sound.

The Highland lighthouse was built in 1798, rebuilt 1853; Race Point, 1816; Billingsgate, 1822; Long Point, 1826; Three Lights at Nauset, 1838; Pamet Harbor, 1849, discontinued 1855. Wellfleet, 18—; Wood End, 1873.

The safety with which the clumsy old arks used to make passages across the ocean in the early days, is quite surprising. When we remember their unshapely hulls, rough rig, and general inconveniences, and consider the rude instruments of navigation, and that they were mostly without charts or books, or knowledge of coasts, entirely destitute of lighthouses, the fact is truly marvellous. They were watchful men; of eagle-eye and keen observation, with hearts of English oak — altogether worthy of the claim that they belonged to an age of great navigators.

Up to 1637, two hundred and ninety-eight ships had sailed for New England, only one of which did not land in safety.

Insurance offices should have paid fat dividends in those days. The tonnage of these ships, so well known in history, is another surprise. The *Golden Hind*, in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the world, was one hundred and two tons burden. The *Mayflower* was one hundred and eighty tons, being one of the large packet ships, and for many years after 1620, was employed bringing passengers from different ports in England.

Forbisher's Great Fleet, of which we have heard much, in which he sailed to discover the "Northwest Passage" in 1576, consisted of two barks of twenty-five tons, and a pinnace of fifteen tons. It was on this voyage that the ancient mariner discovered the hole from whence blew the northwest wind, and said "if he had had another hat, would have stopped it up." Sir Humphrey Gilbert's "frigate," ships and barks were all small craft.

They were mostly God-fearing men in those days, and had a full recognition of their responsibility to God and man. The phraseology of the times may have had a certain influence. Certainly the influence shaped the phraseology.

Witness the following bill of lading at a much later date:

Mount Vernon, Nov. 16, 1763.

Shipp'd by the grace of God, in good order and well-conditioned, by George Washington, in and upon the good ship call'd the *Virginia*, whereof is master under God for this present voyage, Henry McCabe, and now riding at anchor in the river Potomac, and by God's grace bound for Liverpool, four hhds. of tobacco. And so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety. Amen.

In the seven years preceding 1794, there were seven deaths in Truro between the ages of ninety and one hundred. Average deaths, sixteen per year, including those lost at sea, in a population of twelve hundred.

March 6, 1788. — At a meeting, voted to allow Job Avery seven pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence old tenor for his time and horse last summer going for soldiers.

At the same meeting, the proprietors voted that Silvanus Snow Esq., Deacon Jonathan Snow and John Rich 3d. should be a committee to set off as much of the common land about the meeting-house for the use and benefit of the town

of Truro as will make a convenience for sheds and shelter for people and horses and a convenience for meeting-house burying-grounds and training-field. At same meeting voted to sell all the residue of the said proprietor's property at vendue to the highest bidder.

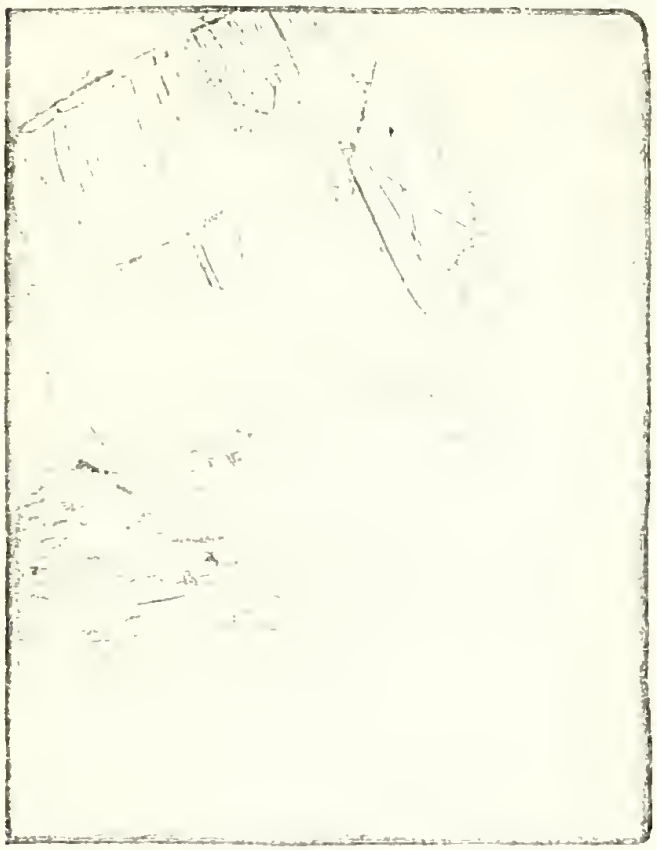
Attest. SILVANUS SNOW.

The Training-field, laid out south of the meeting-house, and that annually used to be the resort of every man and boy, is still owned by the town. It commands a delightful situation, is smooth as a threshing floor, though never broken by the plough. In early times large oak-trees stood around the church and on this field. Under these trees seats were built for the accommodation of the people during the long noons of summer. None thought of going home till both meetings were over. On these favorite seats under the shadow of the trees, gathered the old and the young.

The old men of the last generation loved to tell about the long noonings between meetings when they were boys. There were always men who had the gift of story-telling. Perhaps some of their relations would be termed in these modern days "fish stories." Old Hutta Dyer had the reputation of being the Prince of Yarners. Whenever he seated himself to smoke his pipe, whether under the trees or the sheds, there the boys gathered also. It is doubtful if the Grecian youth listened more attentively to the wisdom of Socrates and Laches, or the sublime contemplations of Plato, than the young men and boys attending these weekly orations. It is a tradition of old Hutta, that while fishing for bass from the shore at the back side, having hard luck, he half-hitched his line around his great toe, and lay down on the soft sand. With the gentle lullaby of the rippling waves in his ears he fell asleep, but was very suddenly awakened by being dragged feet-first into the surf. An immense strain on the line half-hitched around his great toe. kept his long leg as stiff as a handspike, whatever became of the rest of his body. It seemed a mile to that fatal line, and a physical impossibility to find the end of his leg. But it was not a time of much deliberation; with almost superhuman effort, he recovered the line, and landed upon the sand an immense squid-hound

bass of sixty pounds. This species are now often caught from the shore; they are *alive*, and require practice to land them. Instances are known of this fish weighing nearly one hundred pounds.

Thoreau says: "When I asked a minister of Truro what the fishermen did in winter, he answered, 'Nothing, but go a-visiting, sit about, and tell stories, though they worked hard in the summer, and it is not a long vacation they get.'" The Plato of Walden Pond adds, "I am sorry that I have not been there in the winter to hear their yarns." The minister's answer has too much truth in it to be false; but like many truthful statements, misleads.



"AND SO OFFSHORE LET THE GOOD SHIP FLY."

In the winter time the boys and young men attend school. Some of the men are engaged in coasting, or foreign voyages. Some seasons in good weather considerable attention is paid to boat-fishing, while the elderly men can find plenty of work about their homes, preparing their summer wood, etc.

That plenty of time is left for sitting about, visiting, and spinning yarns, is true. Various attempts have been made to furnish employment in the winter season to the fishermen, but as yet, for various reasons, it has not proved successful.

Excitement and variety are associated with sea-going

young men who will not endure continued disciplined labor from day to day on the land. Three months' schooling used to be too long for some of these restless spirits that could content themselves on shipboard for months. The heart of the old stormy viking of the Norseman, or the fair-haired, iron-faced Dane that buffeted the North Sea rigors in his shallop for love of adventure, still lingers.—

> And so off shore let the good ship fly;
> Little care I how the gusts may blow,
> In my fo'castle bunk in a jacket dry —
> Eight bells have struck, and my watch is below.

THE DIRECT TAX OF 1798.

In the days of the Roman Empire there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. This was to pay for the wars and other amusements of these virtuous Romans.

In the year 1798, A. D., there went out a decree from our government that to cover war contingencies, all dwelling-houses with lots not exceeding two acres, should be taxed. This was known as "The Direct Tax for 1798."

That for Truro was rendered on the first day of October, 1798. It covers a dozen folio pages. I should judge the valuation was not over one third of the real value.

The number of dwellings in Truro taxed was 172. Valuation, $22,867. The lowest valuation, of which there were a number, was $105; the highest, $275. These were Anthony Snow, Benjamin Collins, Barnabas Paine, Caleb Knowles, George Pike, John Collins, Isaac Small, Silvanus Snow, John Rich, Richard Rich, Joshua Rich, and Frances Small. Those over $200 were Ephraim Rich, Isaiah Snow, Isaac Atwood, Benjamin Hinckley, Hannah Collins, Jesse Rich, Jonah Atkins, Lois Cobb, Nathaniel Rich, Priscilla Rich, Sarah Atkins, Samuel Atkins and John Young. Of the 172, only two that did not own their houses. The names most numerous were Rich, 26; Lombard, 15; Snow, 15; Paine, 10; Dyer, 10

The number in Provincetown was 102. Valuation, $15,375. Those valued at over $200 were Joseph Nickerson, $230; Ebenezer Nickerson, $205; Seth Nickerson, $230; Steven Nickerson, $205; Thomas Small, $205; Samuel Rider, $205.

In Wellfleet there were 182 houses, valued $23,795. The highest were Thomas Holbrook, $702; Hezekiah Doane, $470; Nathaniel Mayo, $375; Philip Covell, $360.

These tables give the relative value of these three towns about eighty years ago.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN.

Rev. James Freeman, D. D., was the first, or among the first Unitarian ministers in America, and for years the pastor of King's Chapel, Boston. He was the son of Constant and Lois (Cobb) Freeman, born in Truro April 22, 1759, and graduated at Harvard College in 1775. His ancestors were such Pilgrim stock as Constant Southworth, and of such orthodoxy as Deacon Samuel Freeman and Rev. Samuel Treat, the Eastham minister.

A marble bust and mural tablet stand to his memory in King's Chapel. The tablet bears the following inscription:

REV. JAMES FREEMAN, D. D.,
Pastor of this Church, chosen April 21, 1783,
ordained Nov. 18, 1787. Died Nov. 14, 1835, aged 76 years.
Dr. Freeman was the first Unitarian preacher in this city; and he adorned the doctrine he professed by his Christian simplicity, purity and faithfulness, by the benevolence of his heart and the integrity of his manners. Respect for his talents, and for the courageous honesty and firmness with which he maintained his opinions, was mingled with love for his mildness and affectionate sympathy.
In theological attainments there were few, and in the qualities which endear a minister to his people, there were none to surpass him.

INSCRIPTION OF THE BUST

This bust was placed here December 16, 1843,
by a grateful congregation.

Dr. Walker said, "He was the wisest man he ever knew; his wisdom was born of the marriage of good sense and unselfishness."

Bradford says, "Dr. Freeman was a good classical and general scholar, well acquainted with history, and with the

works of the most elegant and accomplished writers of the English language."

A volume of his sermons, passed through a second edition, were well received. He was a fearless and independent inquirer, but not rash nor fond of innovating unless truth required it.

Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of King's Chapel, paid the following tribute to his character:

> Honesty and truth, pure and transparent, associated with gentleness and urbanity, unaffected modesty, and real kindness and good will, were qualifications so distinctly marked in every word, and action, and look, that no one could know him without reading them there. His candor was proverbial; never rude, harsh or uncharitable, he was always generous, affectionate and kind.

Doctor Freeman was the Recording Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In 1794 he wrote a description of Truro, which may be found in Vol. III., First Series. As the date of that sketch was just about half-way from the settlement of Truro to the present, and contains a geographical description of the town, I will make a few extracts from the same.

> Truro is situated east-southeast from Boston 41°, 57′, and 42°, 4′, north latitude, and between 70°, 4′, and 70°, 13′, west longitude from the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. The length of this township as the road runs is about fourteen miles, but in a straight line about eleven miles. The breadth in the widest part is three miles, and in the narrowest part not more than half a mile. The distance of the meeting-house (Old North) from Boston is fifty-seven miles in a straight line, but as the road runs it is one hundred and twelve miles, forty miles from the C. H. in Barnstable. East Harbor contains fourteen houses, the Pond Village forty, Clay Pounds six, the whole town one hundred and seven, only one house in town over one story high. The population by the census of 1790 was 1193. In 1974, the polls were 330, estimated population, 1320.

At this time, Boston and the twenty-three contiguous towns then embracing the County of Suffolk, contained less than forty-five thousand inhabitants, averaging less than two thousand each, and Truro had about twelve hundred, or nearly seventy to a square mile. We are not surprised that

Doctor Freeman speaks of the town as being full of people. To-day the twenty-three towns contain a population of a million, and Truro less than in 1794. In 1860 the population was about 2000: 360 houses, 440 families. Doctor Freeman is in error in his statement that there were only 107 houses, as we have just shown by the Direct Tax of 1798 that there were 172 houses subject to the tax, which must be correct. The two-story house referred to, was the great gambrel roof of Captain Joshua (Governor) Atkins, that less than fifty years ago stood up the Hollow just eastward of Mrs. Hughes.

There was an attempt many years ago to make a harbor at the Pond Landing. It is conceived that a wharf of timber or stone placed on the outer bar, about four hundred rods in length, and six or seven feet in height, would offer a convenient harbor.

The inhabitants consider the Clay Pounds as an object worthy the attention of strangers The eastern shore of Truro is very dangerous for seamen. More vessels are cast away here than in any other part of the County of Barnstable. A lighthouse near the Clay Pounds, should Congress think proper to erect one, would prevent many of these fatal accidents. There are proofs that the ocean has gained nearly half a mile upon the outer shore within the last sixty years. The soil in the township is depreciating, little pains being taken to manure it. Not much attention is paid to agriculture, as the young men are sent to sea very early in life. The hillocks of the Indian corn formed by the hoe, are left unbroken, and the land lies uncultivated six or seven years. Formerly fifty bushels of corn were raised on an acre, but the average produce at present is not more than fifteen or twenty. The soil was once good for wheat, the mean produce of which was fifteen or twenty bushels an acre.

A subsistence being easily obtained, the young people are induced to marry at an early age; many of the men under twenty-three, and many of the women under twenty. A numerous family is generally found after a few years.

Though Truro, in respect to soil, is inferior to the other townships in the County except Wellfleet and Provincetown, both of which have convenient harbors, yet in spite of every disadvantage, it has become full of inhabitants. In the time of the contest between Great Britain and America, four masters of vessels with their men, the greater part of whom belonged to Truro, were lost at sea.

Many died in the prison-ships at New York. But since that period, as migrations from the township have been rare though formerly frequent, the inhabitants have increased. The meeting-house is painted and in good repair. The inhabitants in general are very constant in their attendance on public worship. There is one water-mill and three wind-mills for the grinding of Indian corn and rye. The elderly men and small boys remain at home to cultivate the ground; the rest are at sea, except occasionally, two thirds of the year. The women are generally employed in spinning, weaving and knitting.

Doctor Freeman often visited Truro, took an interest in her prosperity, and understood the people. He was interested in all the Cape towns and wrote a description of several, which may be found in the *Historical Collection*, signed J. F.

The great gain of the ocean mentioned by Doctor Freeman was generally accepted, but actual tests prove to the contrary. Undoubtedly there have been years when the gain by the bank line would be fully the distance stated; nearly fifty feet; but this is usually followed by many years of low average.

A winter of severe easterly gales will wash down the bank to almost a perpendicular; during that year the bank will crumble away to its natural angle of about forty-five degrees, which in some places will be three or four lengths of fence, or perhaps twenty or thirty feet. It may be five or ten years before another great inroad is made.

I can demonstrate that for the last fifty years the average annual loss on the Truro coast has not been over five or ten feet. But at this slow pace, in five hundred years there would be little left of Cape Cod, as a mile would have disappeared. These remarks are confined to the northern part of the Cape, and do not conflict with what we have said in our Chapter on Geology, referring to the southern part, where the currents have a wild freedom.

It was once not uncommon for the old men to tell their sons that they had hoed corn where ships then sailed. Socrates complained that their fathers had done all the brave deeds, and had not taught them the same, so that they had no great stories to tell their sons. The old Cape Cod fathers, bound to keep good the stories they received, repeated their fathers' as their own, introducing a kind of mild mythology.

As the encroachment of the ocean on the back side of the Cape is of considerable scientific importance, my observations are partially confirmed by comparison with reliable statements from other exposed coasts and headlands. Margate and Ramsgate, exposed points on the Kentish coast, show what is termed "remarkable encroachments from the ocean since the reign of Henry VIII.," but when reduced show about the same average which I have noticed.

Referring to Doctor Freeman's statement of an attempt in the early history of Truro to make a harbor at the Pond Landing, we call attention to the second attempt.

An act was passed in 1806, incorporating Jason Ayers (the Truro physician) and others as the "Truro Pond Harbor Association," for the purpose of opening a passage from the sea into a certain pond, or quagmire, lying on the west side of said town near the sea, and for clearing out said pond so as to form a convenient harbor.

This work was accomplished at considerable expense; a few small vessels entered, but the heavy westerly winds soon filled the channel with sand, and it proved a total failure.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FISHERIES AND THE WARS.

Exposed Condition. A Precarious Town. Dark Prospects. Beginning of the Fishing. Rivals for the Prize. Henry the IV. Sir Walter Raleigh. Stock Companies and the Nobility. Dutch Fishermen. Newfoundland. Catholic Europe. English Statutes. The Problem of Kings. Royal Kitchen and Royal Economy. Pine-Tree Shillings. Charles and Codfish. The People. 1485 — English Commerce — 1880. Education. Supply and Demand. From Newfoundland to New England. St. Saviour. Acadia. Fighting Men. Louis XIV. Louisburg. A Modern Crusade. Victory. One Vote. Fishermen Knighted. Peace. Codfish and Molasses. Free Rum. Merchant Voyages. The Cape Threatened. The Armada. Lawful Money. Crown Point. Petition for Protection. Watch and Ward. The Scheme. Privateering. Second Seige of Louisburg. Change of Rule. Dissatisfaction. An Impending Crisis.

IN an early chapter we have referred to the fisheries as making the settlements of New England possible, and that they had a controlling hand in developing the Colonies. In this chapter we wish to show as pertaining to our history, their continued importance to civilization, and how they became at least an indirect agency in the long struggles that led to the independence of the country. For a hundred years the Cape towns from their exposed situation and business interests, shared largely in the wars and misfortunes of the colony. This applies particularly to Truro, and still more to Provincetown, which we have shown was a barometer of the times, with a precarious fortune, subject to the ebb and flow of the fishing. Up to this time, say about 1750, though fishing was the main business in Truro, it had been carried on principally from the shore, and in connection with farming, as was and still is the English

custom. Thereafter, the prosperity of the town became more identified with the fisheries, which will become more a part of our history. Just at this time their fifty years of comparative prosperity became darkened by war and its environments, making a long, dark night.

The fisheries of North America followed close in the wake of Columbus. Long before the *Mayflower* anchored in Cape Cod harbor, they had touched the enterprise of Europe, and commerce had spread rapidly in the maritime nations under its impulse. The English, Dutch, French and Portuguese, were rivals for the prize. Newfoundland was first the great point for all fishermen adventurers, and it is said was known to them before the voyage of Cabot, in 1497.

As early as 1517, fifty ships from the nations named, were employed. In 1536, a colony was attempted at Newfoundland, then known as *Stora fixa*. In 1600 fully two hundred ships went annually there, employing ten thousand men, part of whom lived on shore curing the fish.

In 1540 the French had established fisheries in Newfoundland. In 1577 they employed one hundred and fifty vessels, and pushed the business with great energy. A little later, under Henry IV., and Sully his famous minister, these fisheries were placed under government protection. In 1609 Seavelet, an old fisherman, had made forty voyages to Newfoundland.

In 1593 Sir Walter Raleigh declared in the House of Commons that the Newfoundland fishery was the stay and support of the west counties of England, so rapidly had it increased. Large joint stock companies were formed, to which leading statesmen of the kingdom freely contributed. Lord Bacon, Lord Northampton, Keeper of the Seals, and Sir Francis Tanfield, Chief Bearer of the Exchequer, were active supporters.

For many years the Dutch had followed the herring fisheries, and thereby enriched their nation. It used to be said that Amsterdam was built on herring bones, and that Dutchmen were made of pickled herring. Which last statement, I suppose, was not strictly true.

In 1580 a joint stock company of £80,000 was formed in England to carry out the herring fisheries in rivalry with the Dutch; they thought it disgraceful that their Dutch neighbors should enrich themselves under English noses. In 1750 a company with a capital of £500,000 was formed in London, of which the Prince of Wales was president. His associates were among the first men in the kingdom; but it failed for want of practical management. This failure was a great blow to the herring fisheries of England. The stockholders could put their hands in their empty pockets and sing: —

> He's dead! he's dead as a herring!
> For I beheld his *herring*,
> And four officers transferring
> His corpse away from the field.

The English were jealous of the growing wealth and influence of the Dutch, and pushed their own new-found enterprise with great energy.

It was a crude age, and the fishermen, though brave, bold and indomitable, were rude, ignorant and cruel. In many instances little better than pirates. Some of them became notorious freebooters. They exercised great authority on the Island, which excited the jealousy of England, whose unwise legislation forced them to the most atrocious deeds. The history of Newfoundland fisheries, that without comparison are the most cruel in the annals of crime, were mostly for want of a modicum of practical wisdom in the laws made to govern them. Sabine says: "For more than three hundred years the quarter-deck of a fisherman dictated laws and usurped authority in Newfoundland."

It must be remembered in connection with the rapid growth of the American fisheries, that Europe was then Catholic, and that by the statute book, all British subjects abstained from flesh-food one hundred and fifty-three days in the year; and Parliament passed an act imposing a penalty of ten shillings for the first offence of eating flesh on fish-days; other enactments "For the benefit of the realm, as well

as to the navie, in sparing and increase of flesh victual," etc. We should also consider the condition of Europe. Property aggregated largely in the nobility. Capital was limited. Enterprise and inventions were circumscribed for want of an open door. Labor was in poor demand, with poorer pay. The masses were ignorant, priest-ridden and poverty-bound. To feed the people, to keep them from positive starvation, was the open problem of kings and statesmen. The varieties of food were limited, and cooking a lost art, or in its infancy.

It may seem a surprising statement, that royalty was scarcely as well provided for in the comforts of living as the majority of our fishermen to-day. Contrast the fisherman's home with the conveniences and many of the elegancies of refined living; with the hovels without chimneys, or windows, or floors, in which the majority of the English lived. The palace floor of Queen Elizabeth was covered with straw.

> And now doth Geraldine press down
> The rushes of the chamber floor.

An English journal of the sixteenth century says: In one of the noble and splendid establishments of the kingdom, the servants and retainers had fish three fourths of the year. "Nor does my lord and lady fare much better, since for breakfast they had a quart of beer, as much wine, two pieces of salt fish, six red herring, four white ones and a dish of sprats." Old songs are said to be truthful tell-tales:—

> In days when our King Robert reigned,
> His breeches cost but half a crown:
> He said they were a groat too dear,
> And called the tailor thief and lown.

Red herring were a standard bill of fare. A red herring riding away on horseback, in the royal corn-salad, was an accomplishment for kings' households. At the marriage of Henry IV., in 1403, the banquet was six courses; three of flesh and fowl, and three of fish, among which was "salty fyshe." Nor should we be misled by the great retinue of

servants and retainers, since they received little or no consideration except their daily scant food.

When Massachusetts commenced, in 1652, to coin pine-tree shillings, Charles was much displeased. As a soothing mollient, the General Court ordered a present of ten barrels of cranberries, two hogsheads of samp, and three thousand pounds of codfish. Hume said that Charles used to swear by codfish. These were the times of which Emerson writes, "A layer of soldiers, over that a layer of lords, and a king on top, with clamps and hooks of castles, garrisons and police."

It was under these depressing, almost hopeless prospects for the people, that the spirit of discovery animated Europe, and especially England. War had been the pastime of kings, and the outlet to the surplus population. Anything was better than war, particularly with a bare exchequer. Here was a field for new enterprise and industry. In 1485, during the reign of Henry VIII., there were only five ships belonging to London over one hundred and twenty tons, and the trade of England was largely in the hands of the German merchants. The prosecution of the fisheries was the beginning of England's glory upon the seas. In 1700 the entering and closing tonnage of England was eighty thousand. In 1880 fifty-nine millions. But the kingdom was struggling up to a higher destiny made possible by the employment of the people.

Political abuses were yielding to better legislation. Diversified industries were producing diversified wants. Education in head, heart and hand, was laying hold of material good, and the concrete elements of society were building upon a better superstructure. It is interesting to watch the simple development of commerce. When our whalemen first visited the South Sea and Pacific Islands, the natives had nothing to sell and wanted nothing. But these *courrier-avants* of civilization preceding the missionary, the great civilizer, by a shrewd use of a few trinkets, salt provision and old clothes, created a demand. At their next visit the fruit and vegetables they needed were waiting their return and competed for more trinkets, salt provisions and old clothes, for which the barbarous natives have now found use.

Not only has commerce and civilization begun, but the principles of supply and demand, the first principles of political economy have been established on laws far more practical than those laid down by Smith and Mill. The virgin soil is now put under tribute, and idle hands are at work. Nakedness must now be covered, the hut must be exchanged for a house, and a thousand before unknown wants become necessities. Now the proud ship bears to them the products of our factories and shops, and from them, the products of sunny climes.

From Newfoundland the fisheries extended to Nova Scotia and New England. To obtain better advantages for her fishermen, France colonized Canada, Nova Scotia and Cape Britain, and England established important points in New England. In 1620 England had four hundred ships on the American coast.

In 1609 the French made their first settlement at St. Saviour, on the coast of Maine, at Mt. Desert, which was ignominiously and cowardly destroyed by Sir Samuel Argal of Pocohontas fame. Referring to this, Sabine says: "It is of interest to remark, that was the beginning of the contests, wars and bloodshed between the English and the French, which, with occasional intervals, continued for a century and a half, and which terminated only when the flag of England waved over every sea between Mexico and Labrador!" There were a good many first crosses and considerable flag-waving among the early historians. A hundred years before Longfellow's Arcadia and Evangeline, a hundred battles had been written in the blood of England and France on these shores. When not at open warfare, they were fighting for pretended rights as they had at Newfoundland. The soldiers and sailors of that day considered it their business to fight, and fight they did, with or without a cause.

The wars of England and France were transferred to America, and were continued under the Indian and French wars till the peace of Utrecht, 1713. It has been computed that during those wars not less than eight thousand young men from the colonies of New England and New York fell

by the sword or sickness. Nearly every family were in mourning. Not less than a fifth part of the people able to bear arms were in the field, and sometimes over half of the militia.

In the meantime Louis XIV. had spent thirty millions of francs and twenty-five years in building a great fortress mounting more than two hundred guns, on the desolate rock-bound Island of Cape Britain. Within were palaces and nunneries, besides all the appointments of a grand citadel. A thousand sail of French vessels, from two to five hundred tons, were annually employed on this coast. Where now an occasional fisherman casts anchor, hundreds of ships lay with valuable cargoes, and the busy dash of commerce and armed navies was on every breeze. Fleets and armies fought with desperate valor, surprising victories were gained, and victors were heralded and knighted. The madness or secret, if any there were for this outlay, was to control the fisheries of North America. The history of Louisburg, the Gibraltar of America, the Dunkirk of the west, is stranger than fiction, and fertile with attractions for pen or pencil. The possessions of France in America had ever been an itching palm to the English, in which the Colonists sympathized.

The excitement of enlisting troops for the Louisburg expedition was wild almost beyond comparison. Religion was sufficiently infused to give enthusiasm. The sanctuaries were opened for recruiting, and the old fire of the crusaders burned on the home altars. Prayer to the God of battles went up continually from every christian heart for its success. The most remarkable feature of this daring enterprise was its success, the next was the accident of the bill.

Governor Shirley submitted the plan to the General Court, endorsing the same. The court rejected the plan ; the Governor again renewed it. The merchants insisted, and the plan was finally adopted by the vote of the speaker. The casting vote of the speaker was made possible by the following incident. Mr. Oliver of Boston, who was opposed to the bill, while on his way to the Court of which he was a member, fell and broke his leg. On this turn the bill was passed. The

expedition was carried out; Louisburg passed into the hands of the English. The victory was the talk of the world; a thanksgiving in New England and peace to Europe.

The original design of this enterprise has always been credited, says Sabine, to the New England fishermen. Pepperell who was knighted was the son of a Maine fisherman and had large interests in the business. By keeping the French flag flying after the surrender, he had more than fisherman's luck. Ships laden with cargoes valued at a million of dollars, were caught on that hook. Phipps was also knighted.

Elizabeth Vickery, the daughter of Deacon Jonathan, when eighteen years of age, took passage on a fishing vessel from Truro to Boston. This was during the French war. The vessel was taken, and four Frenchmen were put on the prize. During the excitement Miss Vickery was left, and was found by the men who took charge. They started with their double prize, probably for Louisburg. A heavy gale overtook them, and they were shipwrecked on the Isle of Sable.

It was now winter, and no communication could be had till the ice would allow a passage from the mainland in the spring. From the wreck the four men built a hut, where they passed the long winter. When the Island was visited late in the spring, they were all made prisoners by the English. At the earnest solicitation of the Frenchmen, Miss Vickery was liberated, carried to Halifax, and from there sent home. To the honor of these French sailors, be it remembered that during all these trying experiences, they never failed in their kindness or honorable protection to their helpless prisoner, and that she received only marked respect from their hands. She married Jonathan Collins, and became the mother of many generations.

This peace to the Colonies was more in letter than spirit. They were still smarting under repeated acts of Parliament hostile to their interests, which were summed up under the comprehensive charge of "Restriction on our Fisheries." The duty imposed on rum and molasses "from any of the West India Islands than English," was an exasperating act

and a staggering blow. Codfish and molasses was the Golden Fleece of New England. The colonists declared they could not prosecute the fisheries unless they could exchange codfish for molasses, to make rum for home consumption and trade with the Indians. The consumption of rum was enormous, and the traffic was untrammeled by any nice question of morals. It was literally free rum.

In 1700 Massachusetts exported one hundred thousand quintals of codfish, averaging four dollars per quintal, besides a contraband commerce of considerable magnitude, under the Navigation Act of England. Forty years later the exportation of codfish had trebled. Marblehead alone had one hundred and sixty vessels. The whole number including ketches, snows and shallops employed in the business, was not less than eight hundred. In 1775 Mr. Higginson, a merchant of Salem, stated at the Bar of the House of Commons, that seven hundred vessels were employed in the business, one half of which were carrying fish to foreign markets. In connection with these statements it should be remembered that the whole white population of Massachusetts was less than a million. These facts throw no little light upon the business resources of the colonies.

They also explain how so many of our people were so early engaged in the European trade in connection with the fisheries, which was a direct step to the more generally recognized merchant service. This change was more in name than fact. Carrying fish to foreign markets, in a fore-topsail, poop-deck schooner, was as much merchant service, or, as it used to be called, "merchant voyages," as carrying rum, cotton and tobacco in brigs and ships. The skippers, acting as their own agents, and doing their own business, qualified themselves as merchants, and led directly to relations of larger magnitude. It also led to new social relations, which often resulted in making new homes. This process has never ceased in Truro.

In retaliation for Louisburg to recover her loss and distress, if not conquer New England, France fitted out the

most formidable armament of modern times. This expedition, under Duke d'Anville, consisted of eleven ships of line, thirty ships of war, transports with over three thousand troops, and forty thousand stands of arms for the Canadians and Indians. The fleet was destined for New England, and terrible reports floated on every breeze. The air was thick with coming distress. Truro and Provincetown were greatly exposed, and entirely unguarded. The people were anxious almost to despair. But Providence was better than their fears. It was the story over again of Philip and his armada, which the Pope had blessed and pronounced invincible, and on which Philip had staked the strength of his kingdom. It has been said with that armada sunk the wealth of the two Indias, and the flower of the Spanish chivalry. France staked her reputation on this cast, and with the loss sank her star of empire in the western world.

Sterling money was scarce, old tenor being much reduced in value. In 1749 Parliament provided coin, which was shipped to Boston. It was in two hundred and fifteen chests, of three thousand dollars each, one hundred casks of copper, making twenty-seven truck-loads when it was carted to the Provincial treasury. After the thirty-first of March, 1750, by this provision, all debts were paid in coin. The term "lawful money" was then originated. The town raised £71–17s–6d, lawful money, and placed in the hands of Captain Constant Freeman, to pay the men hired in the town to go to Crown Point.

In 1756 the war broke out with renewed fury. Truro being more exposed and almost defenceless, suffered more than an average share of these troubles. She again petitioned the General Court for arms and military assistance, representing their exposed condition. It was ordered that Provincetown Harbor be fortified by a battery of six guns, viz.: two nines, two sixes, and two five pounds: all of which was never done.

In 1757, March 22, Mr. Joshua Atkins was deputed to petition the General Court that the town be protected, and excused from impressments. A committee was appointed to consult with the inhabitants of Provincetown respecting building

a battery there, this town pledging assistance in the work; also to petition the General Court for aid in the same; also to assist the military officers in drawing the claim list.

The defences having become suspended, the town voted that the military watch and ward be carried on at Cape Cod, and that here a suitable number of guns and ammunition be brought to the meeting-house every Sabbath to be ready in case of alarm. The scheme as generally adopted in the towns for enlisting men in the service was the resort here.

The sum of fifteen pounds per month was voted to be paid to each of the town's quota, from the town treasury, in addition to the Provincial wages.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Truro, October 24, 1757, said town chose for moderator Mr. Joshua Atkins.

At the same meeting said town voted that Elkanah Paine, Ebenezer Dyer, John Rich, Isaiah Atkins and Ephraim Lombard be a committee to assist the military officers in drawing the claim list.

At the same meeting said town voted that their town Treasurer should sue the constables for such sum or sums of money due to the town, unless they make up accounts with the said Treasurer and pay in what is due to the town by the space of one month from this meeting.

Attest. THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Truro, January 2d, 1758, Regularly warned and met at the house of Jonah Gross in said Truro, said town chose for moderator Barnabas Paine Esq., and after some discourse upon the soldiery, Samuel Dyer entered his dissent against ye present scheme.

Attest. THO: PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

At a meeting, January 9th, 1758, at the house of Mr. Ephraim Lombard jr., said town agreed and voted to choose a committee to consider the business inserted in the warrant respecting the soldiers, and to bring in ye judgment, as to regulating the scheme as soon as they can. The town made choice of Messrs. Joshua Atkins, Ebenezer Dyer, Isaiah Atkins, Israel Gross, Job Avery and ensign Ambrose Dyer a committee for the business aforesaid.

At same meeting said town required ye judgment of their committees aforesaid, whereupon said town agreed and voted that for this year, what men shall enlist to be impressed for the service of this province, to make up the town quota of men, shall be entitled to fifteen dollars to be paid to each of them out of the town Treasury. Ephraim Lombard entered his dissent.

Attest. MOSES PAINE. *Town Clerk.*

In 1759, April 2, to encourage men to enlist in His Majesty's service for the Canada invasion, money was again raised. Twenty men were required from this town, and to each of them fifteen pounds was voted, provided they enlist on or before the 6th day instant.

By treaty of compromise, Louisburg had been conveyed to France, and the great preparations now were to carry on the war in Canada and for a second attack upon Louisburg. The demand for men to enter the English service and privateers against the French, thinned the already reduced ranks. So many of the New England sailors were on board the English war ships, that the merchant fleet had to be manned by negroes and Indians. In 1760, Truro, in common with other maritime towns, felt the burden of exactions and continued privations to such an extent as to petition for an abatement of the Province tax.

The second siege of Louisburg was fought with success to the English. "A great victory was the result that rejoiced the British Empire. The French colors were carried into St. Paul's, and a hymn of thanksgiving was ordered to be sung in all the churches of England. Prayers and thanksgivings were solemnly offered in public worship and at the domestic altar in New England." The battle of the Plains of Abraham, and the death of General Wolfe, which has been called one of the decisive battles of the world, soon followed. "The hour that the British troops entered Quebec, the rule of America passed from the Gallic to the Anglo-Saxon race." This ended the one hundred and fifty years mentioned by Sabine, beginning at St. Saviour in 1609, and ending with the fall of Louisburg and Quebec in 1759.

It was now the turn of the Anglo-Saxons to settle their own misunderstandings. Men of less sagacity than these enterprising Yankees could have readily seen that if cut clear of the "restrictions and embarrassments" of the Mother Country they could take care of themselves. Some were bold enough to declare they ought to be independent. In short, the crisis was impending. It soon came in the seven years' war of the Revolution.

The subject which we have barely touched in this chapter is almost inexhaustible. To cull so lightly as we have felt obliged to do, and keep a connection with the chain of history from the discovery of the Cabots to the war of the Revolution, has been a delicate task.

CHAPTER XVI.

WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

Emigration. Compensation. Peace. The Exhibit. Criticism and Agitation. Stamp Act. Memorial. Port Bill. The English Merchants. Buckle on George III. East India Co.'s baneful Tea. Report of the Committee. Patriotic Letter to Boston. A good Test. Military School. April, 1775. Preparations. Provincetown a Rendezvous. Hummock Brigade. Independence. Voted to fall in. No wavering. Board of War Convention at Concord. Active Efforts. Hard Times and hard Dollars. The *Somerset* wrecked. General Otis. The fished Pipe. English Officers. Dr. William Thayer. Pressing Requisitions. The Continental Soldier. Condition of 1782. Positive Suffering. Unflinching Devotion. Privateering. Gobbling Prizes. Marblehead and Captain John Manly. Salem. Declaration. Battle of Yorktown. Dr. Sam Adams. Rev. Levi Whitman. A High Compliment. Number of Men. Brigs *Resolution* and *Intrepid*. David Snow and Son.

DURING the long-continued wars referred to in our last chapter, the continued interruption and prostration of the fisheries had created an exhaustive emigration from Cape Cod and other fishing points to Maine and Nova Scotia. One hundred and sixty families from Cape Cod settled in one year in Barrington, Nova Scotia; taking their families, fishing stock, and all on board their vessels, they founded the now flourishing seaport.

All along the coast and rivers of Maine, may be found the familiar names of Truro settlers, many of whom engaged profitably in shipbuilding and commerce.

By the inexorable law of compensation, these great losses to the Cape proved a blessing to the new places. From these emigrants came the hardy and prosperous sons of Maine that have built her great ocean marine and scattered her commerce to every open port of the world. A late

report from San Francisco gives more tonnage and captains in that port from Maine than all other American ports.

With peace emigration ceased, the fisheries revived, commerce was renewed, and the town began to recover from the blight of the French war. But confidence in the Mother Country as an auxiliary to prosperity was very much weakened. One hundred and fifty years had passed under her protection since the settlement of Plymouth. The little belt of towns along the coast, with a scant population, tax-bound and trammeled, was a poor exhibit, and poor promise for coming years. That the wars of England and her enactments hampered the prosperity of the country, began to be freely discussed. New measures began to be sharply criticised, and the voice of agitation was heard in the land.

The infamous Stamp Act was passed by Parliament 1765. By this act a ream of blank insurance policies, worth nominally twenty pounds, not costing half of twenty shillings, was increased to one hundred and ninety pounds. All unstamped paper was declared henceforth null and void. December 2, 1767, the town referred the Memorial of the Selectmen of Boston, respecting loaf sugar and other enumerated articles mentioned in the Boston Resolves of October 28, to a select committee consisting of Richard Collins, Joshua Freeman and Constant Hopkins. Voted "to leave the affair to the discretion of the town of Boston, to act as they shall think proper and beneficial to the province."

The Boston Port Bill of 1774 interdicted all commercial interests with that port as a punishment for seizing and throwing overboard the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea. While these oppressive measures were being made, the English merchants were not blind to the results. They saw in these unjust levies a disturbance of the commercial relations with the colonies. They showed Parliament that in 1764 New England employed forty-six thousand tons of shipping, and six thousand seamen; that the amount of her sales in foreign markets were £322,220 sterling, and that at the

beginning of the war they were probably double that amount.

Says Macchiavelli, "No foolish prince ever has wise councillors." So George III. chose such councillors as would do his bidding and administer to his vanity.

The new king having the most exalted notion of his authority, and being from his miserable education entirely ignorant of public affairs, thought that to tax the Americans for the benefit of the English would be a masterpiece of policy. The result, a war ill-conducted, unsuccessful, and accompanied by cruelties disgraceful to a civilized nation. To this may be added that an immense trade was nearly annihilated; every branch of commerce was thrown into confusion; we were disgraced in the eyes of Europe; we incurred an expense of one hundred and forty million pounds, and we lost by far the most valuable colony any nation ever possessed. — *Buckle's Description of King George and his American War.*

The atrocious crime of using the smallest amount of tea, and the patriotic public sentiment may be inferred from the following record:

At a town meeting, February 28, 1774, several persons appeared of whom it had been reported that they had purchased small quantities of the East India Co.'s baneful teas, lately cast ashore at Provincetown. On examining these persons it appeared that their buying this noxious tea was through ignorance and inadvertence, and that they were induced thereto by the villainous example and artful persuading of some noted pretended friends of government, from the neighboring towns. It was, therefore, resolved that the meeting thinks them excusable with their acknowledgment.

At the same meeting the town appointed Captain Joshua Atkins, Isaiah Atkins, Deacon Joshua Freeman, Doctor Samuel Adams, and Messrs. Ephraim Harding, Thatcher Rich, Nathaniel Harding, Benjamin Atkins and Hezekiah Harding a committee to prepare a proper resolve to be entered into by this town respecting the introduction of *Teas* from Great Britain subject to a duty payable in America.

The committee reported as follows: —

We, the inhabitants of the town of Truro, although by our remote situation from the centre of public news, deprived of opportunities of gaining so thorough knowledge of the unhappy disputes, that exist between us and the parent State as we could wish; yet, as our love of liberty, and dread of slavery is not inferior perhaps to that of our brethren in any part of the Province, think it our indispensable duty to contribute our mite, in the glorious cause of liberty and our Country, by declaring in this public manner, our union in sentiment with our much respected

brethren of Boston, manifested in their patriotic resolve enclosed in the late letter of their committee of correspondence to this town, and our readiness to afford in our contracted sphere our best assistance in any prudent measure in defence of, or for the recovery of, our rights and privileges, and to avoid being brought into that deplorable state of wretched slavery with which we are threatened by the unconstitutional measures, if persisted in by the administration, and in particular by their late dangerous and detestable scheme of sending *Teas* to the Colonies by means of the East India Co., subject to the unrighteous American *duty*, — a scheme, as we apprehend, designed to take in the unwary and to continue and establish the tribute so unjustly forced from us, — a tribute attended with the aggravation of being applied to maintain in idleness and luxury a set of worthless policemen and pensioners and their creatures who are continually aiming at the subversion of our happy Constitution, and whose example tends to debauch the morals of the people in our seaports which swarm with them: And, as we think the most likely method that we can take to aid in frustrating the inhuman designs of the administration is a disuse of that baneful dutied article, *Tea*. Therefore

Resolved, That we will not by any way or means knowingly promote or encourage the sale or consumption of any tea whatever while subject to an American duty; and that all persons, whoever they may be, that shall be concerned in a transaction so dangerous to the well-being of this Country shall be treated by us as the meanest and basest of enemies to their country's defence: And, though we have the mortification to own that some persons among us have been weak enough to be led astray by noted rescinders from all good resolutions, we cannot, in justice to ourselves, omit making public the fact that no person in this town could be prevailed upon to accept the infamous employment of transporting the tea saved out of the Messrs. Clark's brigantine, from Cape Cod to the vessel; but that the repeated solicitatations of the owners were refused notwithstanding liberal promises of a large reward, and notwithstanding we had here several vessels unemployed: and, it affords us great pleasure and satisfaction, that our highly esteemed brethren of the town of Boston have made so brave a stand in defence of AMERICAN LIBERTY; and that wisdom, prudence and fortitude accompanied all their proceedings. We return them our sincere and hearty thanks for the intelligence they have from time to time afforded us, and hope they will continue their opposition to every measure tending to enslave us; and wish their manly fortitude may be increasing under the great public grievances to which by their situation they are more peculiarly exposed.

The preceding was signed by every member of the committee, and was adopted by the meeting; *mene com.*; and then ordered to be recorded and transmitted.

The aforesaid committee were, by unanimous vote, constituted a Committee of Correspondence for this town.

The fact that not a crew could be found under liberal offers to transport the cargo of baneful tea to Boston was a good test of loyalty and full proof of patriotism. A point well taken by the committee.

At the opening of the Revolutionary War, the Colonies had been a military school with little abatement for thirty years. The severe discipline, continued endurance, and indifference to danger so long shared, now yielded fruit after its kind.

They had become familiar with the call to war, and had no shrinking sensitiveness about burning powder. If they had fought well for their masters who strengthened their fetters, they surely would do no less for themselves and freedom. So long as the gold of Philip II. was in his coffers, his German and Italian troops fought for Philip; but when his gold was gone, the same soldiers were ready to fight against Philip for another's gold. But the colonists had fought for their Mother Country, and paid themselves with home issue. Why not fight for themselves and their own country on the same terms?

THE WAR WAS BEGUN.

So the glittering bayonets of the five thousand English troops that marched out to Lexington and Concord that bright April morning in 1775, hurried back under the friendly mask of night. The field was only changed from Louisburg and the Plains of Abraham, to Lexington and Bunker Hill. The soldier was only changed from the red-coat and cockade of the Britishers, to the gray uniform and three-cornered hat of the Continental.

May 25, 1775, a committee of Capt. Ambrose Dyer, Dea. Joshua Freeman, Israel Gross, Eph. Harding and Ebenezer Rich were chosen to represent this town in the County Congress to be held in Barnstable.

June 1, a company of military was organized with David Smith, Capt.; Jno. Sellew, Lt.; Benj. Harding, Ensign. Also that Ambrose Smith be Capt. of the alarm-list. Eph'm Harding, Lt. and Barzillai Smith, Ensign. And that each man employed as Watch to guard the town, shall have for each night that he watches faithfully fifty cents. A committee was chosen to direct the watch. Dec. 25 ordered that if any man fire away any powder except to defend the town, he shall forfeit six shillings for every charge so fired.

Additional arms and ammunition was ordered; and a petition was forwarded to headquarters for twelve cannon and 50 men to be stationed near Provincetown.

The unguarded condition of Provincetown Harbor, one side of which is made by Truro, and its occupation as a rendezvous by English men-of-war, was the occasion of so much anxiety. A hostile fleet menacing both sides of the town was not a pleasant condition. The only force to oppose these British veteran soldiers was the town militia and exempts.

On one occasion when the barges made demonstrations of landing near the Pond Village, the Yankee captain with his corn-stalk brigade, marched boldly to the shore in front of a high hummock, and after due preliminaries, gave the order. For two hours he marched his single company around the hummock. The enemy in the meantime concluding such a movement of troops denoted immense preparations and reënforcements, returned to their ships.

January 15, 1776. The request made for cannon, etc., on the twenty-fifth of December last, was revoked, and three field pieces were asked for. Captain Hezekiah Harding was delegated to present the petition. Same time, a military company was by the Court, stationed at Truro for defence. Joseph Smith, Capt.; Hezekiah Harding, 1st Lt.; Seth Smith 2d Lt.; Captain Samuel Harding, Commissary. The Court ordered six hundred weight of cannon balls.

Owing to the peculiar situation of the town, and the possibility of certain contingencies, it was considered a matter of precaution and expediency to trust to a select committee to act for the town. February 12, 1777, Isaiah Atkins, Ephraim Lombard, Richard Stevens, Ephraim Harding, Ambrose Dyer, Deacon Joshua Freeman, Barzillai Smith, were appointed that committee.

March 3, 1776. Capt. Ambrose Dyer, Dea. Ephraim Harding, Mr. Ebenezer Rich were appointed a com. to discouse with the men of war, should they come with a flag of truce, to know what their requests are, and to do what they shall think best for the town and Province.

June 18, 1776. The question of INDEPENDENCE was considered in Town-meeting, and July 9 at an adjourned meeting, the town instructed their representative TO FALL IN WITH THE PROVINCIAL AND CONTINENTAL CONGRESSES. July 29, 1776, it was voted to give each man who will enlist to fill the town's quota for the Crown Point Expedition, £25.

Another record says:

The town raised £71 – 17s. – 6d. lawful money and placed it in the hands of Capt. Constant Freeman, to pay the men hired in the town to go to Crown Point. Sept. 1, 1776, a meeting was held to raise *three years' men* for the army, or during the war; and forty dollars was offered by the town for each recruit.

Sept. 3, 1776. The following military officers were chosen for the South District of the town. Eben. Rich, Capt.; David Snow, 1st Lt.; Richard Rich 3d, 2d Lt. The next day it was voted that the town's quota for the Continental Army be drafted. Sept. 30, 1776, the question of THE UNION was discussed, and referred to a select committee. Nov. 12, 1776, the inhabitants assembled in town-meeting to hear the *Treason-law* read. Dea. Joshua Freeman, Moderator.

This was an imperative order applying to all the towns. It must not be supposed that all were ready to do and die for liberty. The taint of treason was here also. But it is a matter of surprise, that while their waters were in possession of the enemy, her flag daily flaunting before their eyes, a good price paid for "aid and comfort," emissaries waiting their opportunity, and the pressure of war driving bread from their doors, that so *few ever wavered.*

Soon after we find the following:

The Board of War was requested to furnish field-pieces and ammunition for the defense of Truro, and it was ordered that a company be raised in Truro and adjoining towns, to be constantly in practice and to be ready at all times to prevent all intercourse with the British men-of-war in Cape Cod Harbor, or elsewhere, as well as for protection.

In 1778 a committee was sent to the brigadier to advise what is best to be done about making up the quota of the Continental men, as some of the drafted soldiers have paid their fines.

Captain Reuben Higgins was also sent as agent to the General Court for the same purpose. A watch was sent to guard against the enemy's ships in the harbor. Provisions were made for the families of soldiers absent on duty.

In 1779 the town again petitioned for arms. "One hundred dollars was raised to bear Rev. Mr. Upham's expenses to Boston to adjust the prices of the necessities of life."

The new State constitution was accepted, and the representative instructed. August 29, the town approved of the resolves of the convention at Concord, and a committee was chosen to regulate the prices here, of articles omitted from that convention. The convention at Concord was doubtless where Mr. Upham was sent a delegate, and $100 raised for his expenses.

In 1780 the town again petitioned the General Court for an abatement of State tax. To defray town and county charges, £1800 was raised. To Rev. Mr. Upham, £416 was voted and £60 hard money. These were the days of inflation of the Continental currency. *One* hard dollar was ordered receivable in the collection of taxes for *seventy-five* paper. The General Court added £3000 to the annual grant of £45 for the support of Rev. Samuel Parker of Provincetown.

The Continental service now required soldiers for six months, and the town was anxious to supply promptly its quota.

It was voted that twenty hard dollars or twenty bushels of corn be paid in addition to the two pounds promised by government to each man who shall enlist; and also to allow six shillings per mile travelling fee to the place of abode on receiving honorable discharge.

When we consider the deplorable and really distressed condition of the seaboard through these prolonged years of war; the sacrifice that had already been made, the scarcity of gold or silver, and the actual hard work to give "twenty hard dollars" for every man that enlisted, we realize the tug of war.

November 8, 1778, the British man-of-war *Somerset*, Captain Aurey, stranded north of the Clay Pounds, with four hundred and eighty men, who were marched from Truro to Boston as prisoners. Almost necessarily, such an event would be the occasion of some bad management, and no little private speculation in a small way. It was the enemy's property. General Otis reflects somewhat on the business management; he says:

From all I can learn, there is wicked work at the wreck, riotous doings. The Truro and Provincetown men made a division of the clothing, etc. Truro took two thirds and Provincetown one third. There is a plundering gang that way. A Provincetown man by the name of Spencer, and Esquire Bowen of Sandwich, libelled her. Spencer put Colonel Doane of Wellfleet on board.

January 9, the Attorney General was directed by the General Court to file a bill against the ship. February 11, the sheriff was directed to sell the effects, reserving the cannon for the State. Provisions were made for remunerating

the sailors. As the *Somerset* had rendezvoused in Provincetown Harbor for two years, lying at anchor about half-way from the Pond Landing to Provincetown, and her barges constantly landing, and sometimes picking up our boats and vessels, she was well known by the Cape people. It is not surprising that her misfortune was regarded as a good time to settle up old scores, nor if the *riotous doings* mentioned by General Otis were true. An anecdote is told of a company from Hog's Back who visited the ship early the next morning, before the captain had given her up. One of the party, a short old man with a short-tailed pipe in his mouth that had been spliced, inquired for the captain. Captain Aurey, supposing he had some authority, received him becomingly, when the old man said, "Captain, who did you pray to in the storm? If you had prayed to the Lord he wouldn't have sent you here, and I am sure King George wouldn't." The Captain looked at him a moment and pleasantly replied, "Old man, you've had your pipe fished, haven't you?"

Captain Sears Rich of Truro, has a handsome cane made from the timber of the *Somerset*—some of the sturdy English oak. The old ship now lies buried in the sand not far from the Peaked Hills, sound as ever. I have been informed by Captain Henry Cook of Provincetown, that a few years ago the sand blew out, leaving her hull much exposed; that several cart-loads were cut away from the wreck. Captain Cook has several timbers that he cut from her. A silver watch—some of the *effects*—was keeping good time at the Pond Village a few years ago.

The officers from the English ships often visited the people, and had cultivated their acquaintance; socially, were on pleasant terms. They attended church, and the chaplains not unfrequently preached. Dr. William Thayer was a surgeon on an English man-of-war. He married Lucy Rich of South Truro, raised a family and practised medicine in Truro till the close of a long life. Some quite romantic attachments have been told.

A gentleman now living has seen a pair of andirons in use

in Truro, that were made from chain-shot thrown ashore from a war ship.

June 5, 1780. Another requisition was made for reinforcements. The quota for Truro was eleven. June 22d, another call was made for thirteen, and December 1, still another for nine.

Here were thirty-two men demanded in less than six months from this already overdrained town. Three calls were also made for beef, aggregating 13,460 pounds.

In 1781 another call was made for seven men. October 19, 1781, Truro represented her reduced condition and utter inability to produce its quota of men or supplies and prayed for relief.

It was voted that in lieu of the beef required by this town for the sustenance of the army, £4416 be sent to the Gen. Court, as it was impossible to provide it. The town now voted $1000 to each man who will enlist in the Continental service. A committee was appointed to see if the Gen. Court will allow the depreciation on the money paid to soldiers' wives. Military officers chosen this year were, Jedediah Paine, Capt.; Seth Dyer, 1st Lt.; Ambrose Snow, Jr., 2d Lt. In July an attempt was made to raise five months' men for the army and $100 in silver was offered as the town bounty.

This year, 1781, money was scarcer than ever, and rates could be collected only with the greatest difficulty. But few could offer satisfactory security to obtain money, and that at a ruinous sacrifice.

Sept. 17. A meeting was called to consult what can be done to furnish blankets, shirts, shoes and stockings demanded from this town for the army.

1782 dawned upon the Colonies in a most troublous, but not hopeless condition. The coast towns, particularly those on the lower part of the Cape, where, owing to continued pressure, constant emigration was going on, were by far the greatest sufferers; their condition was growing desperate, but there is no sign of weakness; not a word of yielding the cause. "A committee was again chosen, whose duty it shall be to go on board the enemy's ships in Cape Cod harbor, if necessity shall arise."

A great many Cape men were now on board of privateers.

From May, 1776, to February, 1778, one hundred and seventy-three American privateers made prizes of seven hundred and thirty-three British vessels, over four to each, which, with their cargoes, were worth not less than twenty millions of dollars after deducting the balance of property retaken and restored. It may be stated on authority, that during the war, quite two hundred thousand tons of British shipping was captured by our privateers, which were largely manned by fishermen. It was this wholesale gobbling of the enemy's substance that pieced out our own resources, but sapped the resources and aggravated the people of England, and so much embarrassed the ministry in their measures.

Marblehead, a loyal and brave old town, had at the beginning of the war upwards of twelve thousand tons of shipping; at the close it was one eighth of that amount. In capital, population and importance, she was second only to Boston before the war. No other town in the United States lost so large a proportion of property and men. Captain John Manly, of Marblehead, enjoyed the high honor of receiving the first British flag, and hoisting the first American.

Salem's fleet was reduced from sixty vessels to six. At the close of the war, five hundred prisoners were released from Old Mill prison. In 1777 the American Colonies laid before Europe that noble Declaration, which, says an English writer, "Deserves to be hung up in the nursery of every king, and blazoned on the porch of every royal palace." But not till the seventh year of the war, at the conclusive battle of Yorktown, and surrender of Earl Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, was that Declaration honored. Peace was not fully restored till 1783.

Doctor Samuel Adams, of Truro, was a true patriot, and entered with ardor into the cause. He first acted on the committee of correspondence, but at an early day entered the army as a surgeon, where he served till the close of the war, gaining the reputation of a zealous patriot and skilful physician. Doctor Adams was a native of Killingly, Conn., the son of Henry, who came to New England in 1630. He studied medicine with Doctor Nathaniel Freeman of Sand-

wich. After the war he settled in Bath, Me., where he died in 1819, aged seventy-four.

Benjamin Collins, an uncle of the present Jesse, when eighteen years of age, belonged to the barge that rowed General Benedict Arnold on board the *Vulture*. He was first drugged and kept on board till he understood that Arnold had joined the enemy, and that he would be regarded a traitor; he then ran away, and did not return for forty-eight years, when he visited Truro for one year, and returned to his home in Canada, where he had a family, and where he died.

Lieutenant Ebenezer Collins, aged twenty-five, was killed at the siege of Boston, and buried on Prospect Hill. He wrote in his last letter, when the English army held Boston, "We are about to move on the British, and may the Lord of hosts go with us." Solomon, aged twenty-one, died at the Army Hospital in New York, 1776; Richard, aged thirty, died at home of sickness contracted in the army, 1777; Jonathan, aged thirty-three, died a prisoner in Halifax, 1778: were sons of Jonathan Paine, and uncles of the present Richard. Lemuel Paine, son of Elkanah, died on board the prison-ship *Old Jersey*, at New York, during the Revolutionary War.

The Reverend Levi Whitman of Wellfleet, wrote Doctor Freeman in 1790 referring to the Cape: "No towns suffered more during the war except those reduced to ashes." The story of these long years is best told by the simple records which, as we have seen, indicate that men and means were taxed to the utmost limit, by their unfaltering patriotism. The especial attention called by the devoted patriot General Joseph Otis, and others in commanding positions during the war, that *Truro was among the first to do her duty*, and her example quoted as worthy of imitation by some others, is a gratifying portion of history not to be forgotten. It is impossible to ascertain accurately the number of men furnished; fifteen officers were named; perhaps some of these belonged to the militia. From the twenty-six houses north of the Pond Village, where now are three only, twenty-eight men were either killed, died by sickness in camp, or on board prison-ships. The number

of men altogether furnished could not have been less than two hundred, which seems almost incredible from so small a town.

The Brig *Resolution*, an American privateer, was taken by an English vessel November 27, 1780, and her crew committed to Old Mill Prison January 22, 1771, among whom were Thomas Cobb, Isaac Snow, Joseph Crowell, Elias Gage, Stephen Young, Jeremiah Newcomb, Aquilla Rich, Samuel Curtis, Nathan Atwood, Eleazer Higgins, Elisha Jones, Joseph Pierce, and Ezekiel Rich: Truro and Wellfleet men. Obadiah Rich was commander of the brig *Intrepid* of four guns. Whether he then lived in Truro, I am not informed.

During the year 1775, David Snow, father of the late Captain Ephraim of Cohasset, was living with his large family in the broad flat house originally belonging to John Snow, last occupied by Joshua Dyer. Mr. Snow, accompanied by his son David, a lad of fifteen years, while fishing in a boat from the Back Side, was captured by one of the numerous English privateers that constantly hovered round our coast; and in spite of the most earnest remonstrance, was carried to Halifax. The privateer in question was known as the "shaving-mill."

When the father and son did not in due time return, the friends and neighbors gathered on the bank, but no trace of the missing boat could be discovered; and as no tidings reached the afflicted family, they were soon given up, and the bereaved wife nerved herself for the life task before her.

From Halifax they were transferred to Old Mill Prison. They soon gained the confidence of the officers, who gave them many privileges. One day young David found a large file which his father advised him to keep, as he saw in it a key to liberty. To carry out his plot, Mr. Snow proposed a great frolic and dance throughout the prison. He enlisted thirty-six of the prisoners in his little scheme. With the fiddling began the heavy double shuffle of the prison brogans, which, brought down square on to the rough floor, drowned the sharp squeak of the rasp doing full service in strong hands on the prison bars.

Great enthusiasm was given to the dance, and fresh hands kept the file doing full work till a place was made large enough

for exit, when the thirty-six men, not missed in the excitement of the dance, emerged into the prison yard. To knock down the sentinels and escape clear from the old prison was short work. They were now outside the walls of Old Mill, and fifteen miles from Plymouth Harbor, whither they directed their steps in double-quick, knowing well that their success was to be clear of the shore of England before daylight. The only conveyance possible at Plymouth was a large scow on which they embarked, and when the morning prison gun echoed over the moors, the thirty-six men were afloat on the water of the English Channel.

With almost superhuman strength, they boarded a small vessel near by, and under threat of surrender or death, were soon in command of their prize, and trimmed their sails for the coast of France. Upon arrival they sold their prize, Mr. Snow and his son retaining forty dollars as their share.

They gave themselves up to the French government, were placed on board of a cartel, sent to America, and landed in some part of the Carolinas. As the war was still going on, and the coast guarded, their only hope of getting home was by land, which Mr. Snow and his son accomplished by weeks of wearisome travel. Upon their arrival at Boston peace had been declared. They soon found passage to Provincetown, and received intelligence of friends who had mourned them as dead for seven years. They continued their homeward march. By inquiry, Mr. Snow found his wife was sewing at Isaac Small's, where he presented himself without ceremony. A messenger from the shades of death, he seemed to his wife, who fell as dead at his feet.

The boy David, who in the seven years had become a stalwart man, had passed on to his own neighborhood, but instead of going to his own house, went to his old neighbor, Lot Harding's. He introduced himself as a stranger, but in the conversation, one of the bright-eyed girls said to her sister, "If that isn't David Snow, it is his ghost." Mrs. Snow recovered, and walked home with her husband. David seeing them coming, met them in the road near the corner, where neighbors and friends joined and welcomed them home.

CHAPTER XVII.

1786 — REV. JUDE DAMON — 1828.

The Third settled Minister of the Church of Christ in Truro. Ordination. Sketch of Mr. Damon. Church Wheels. Dr. Hersey's Will. Deacon's Congress. Utopian. Election of Deacons. First and Last Baptisms. A Peacemaker. A side Wind. Polite Boys. The "old Shay." Four Kings. Mr. Damon and Mr. Job. Orthodoxy Rev. Joseph Cock. A good Man. A good Minister. The great Sickness of 1816. The Triumvirate. The old North. Moral Excellence. Christian Forbearance. Old Blood. Huldah Rich. The Squire and the Priest. Peggy Rider. Accepting the Terms. Bible Society. John. Stately Gravestones. Mr. Damon's Register. His best Monument. The Truro Astronomer. The Conclusion.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1786, a meeting was held to see if the town would concur with the Church in calling to the pastoral office Rev. Jude Damon. The town united in the call, and voted £200 specie by way of a settlement, and a salary of £ 75 specie annually, and the use of the parsonage; fifteen cords of good oak wood and three cords of pine and five tons of hay, to be delivered at his door each year. A few dissented from the call. He was ordained November 15, 1786. After the ordination forty dollars (Spanish Milled) were voted by the town to Captain Joshua Atkins for entertaining the ordaining council.

FIRST AND LAST BAPTISMS:— November 19, 1786, baptized Mary, daughter of Jonathan Snow and Deliverance his wife; January 25, 1828, Alexander Richards Kelley, adult; Mr. Kelley died in 1866, at Los Angeles, California, where he was engaged in business. He was a brother to Benjamin S. Kelley, a well-known citizen of Truro.

March 29, 1792. On Lecture day the Church passed a vote that every male member should contribute four pence and every female member four coppers, which was judged sufficient to provide for the Communion Table.

June, 1794. Elizabeth Treat, wife of Samuel Treat Junior, made application to the pastor for a dismissal from the Church, to join a Baptist Church in Harwich, and desired to have her request for a dismission laid before the Church. June 26 being lecture day, the request of the said Elizabeth Treat for a dismission from the Church, was layed before the Church; and after some conversation on the subject, it was voted to choose a Committee of three brethren to go and converse with her in regard to the matter of her request. The Committee chosen were Sylvanus Snow Esq., John Rich, and Deacon Ephraim Harding.

Attest. JUDE DAMON. *Pastor.*

Whatever the facilities of getting into that Church, it will be admitted that, like Ezekiel's vision by the river Chebar, it was a wheel within a wheel, and hard to get out to join another church with a different creed.

June 10, 1795. Lecture Day, the Church voted unanimously to abide by and defend with the other Churches, concerning the will of the late Doctor Hersey of Barnstable, against all attempts whatsoever that may be made to break said will.

Attest. JUDE DAMON. *Pastor.*

Several references are made to this bequest, and committees appointed from time to time to attend to the same, for more than twenty years. Perplexing questions growing out of this will were often referred to the Legislature. A full account of Doctor Hersey and his will is given in *Freeman's History.*

As a strange freak of eccentricity, and as Truro was interested with all the other Cape towns, we present the principal points. Doctor Abner Hersey was a practising physician of Barnstable, who died in about 1794, leaving a considerable estate and no children. His will directed that his estate after the payment of £ 500 to Harvard College, should be vested in the thirteen Congregational Churches then existing in Barnstable County. It necessitated an annual meeting of delegates from all the thirteen churches, whose expenses were paid out of the estate. This, though not so intended, was the most successful part of the will, as it created an annual excursion for three deacons from each of the thirteen churches, who were constituted trustees, to meet annually at Barnstable and there compare notes and refresh themselves upon the Doctor's

liberality. Unfortunately for the deacons, the estate did not pay the expenses, and so the property was sold and a division made among the churches. The amount to the church in Truro was three hundred and five dollars in all. The will was no doubt intended as purely Orthodox, but it proved purely Utopian. After minute directions as to the management of the farm, the fences, crops, wood-cutting, etc.

The directors were to pay over the net income to the pastors, who were to invest in books and distribute one third part to be applied in purchasing Dr. Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* — one third part Dr. Evan's sermons on the Christian Temple — twelve sixty-third parts Grove's discourse on the Lord's Supper — eighteen sixty-third parts on Dr. Doddridge's *Discourses on Regeneration* and his two sermons on Salvation by Faith — nine sixty-third parts Doddridge's *Discourses to Young People* — twelve sixty-third parts Discourses of the same on the Education of Children — twelve sixty-third parts discourses of the same on the *Grace of Christ and on the Evidences of Christianity.*

After the lapse of one hundred years, ministers of the thirteen Cape Cod parishes (mentioning them all) were to be allowed to select other books of like character except that, every fourth year the books purchased must forever be the books afore specified.

January 27, 1796. At a church meeting appointed for the purpose of choosing persons to officiate as deacon in the church, the brethren by written votes unanimously made choice of Mr. Jonathan Snow.

April 14, 1802. At a church meeting Mr. Anthony Snow was chosen by the written votes of the church unto the office of deacon.

May 1816. At a church meeting appointed for the purpose of choosing one of the brethren to officiate as deacon of the church, Benjamin Hinckley Jun., was unanimously chosen by written vote.

April 11, 1813, being Fast Day, after divine service Allen Hinckley Esq. and Mr. Lewis Lombard were unanimously chosen by the written votes of the church unto the office of deacon.

June 1, 1814, being Lecture Day, after the services were concluded the brethren of the church were desired to stop a short time. The pastor then proposed to the said brethren to lay aside and drop the custom practised in the church, of requiring persons to make a public confession of some particular instance of omission direct, as a prerequisite to making a christian profession, in order to have baptism administered to their children. The vote being called for, it passed in the affirmative.

Attest. JUDE DAMON. *Pastor.*

Mr. Damon was cautious in all his statements, always allowing for a margin on the safe side. On one occasion in the fall of the year, when a fleet of four or five hundred mackerel catchers made the bay white with their sails, Mr. Damon surveyed them with delight from the bank, and said to a neighbor, "I never saw such a beautiful sight; I should think there must be seventy-five vessels."

In the early part of his ministry particularly, it was the custom of the fishermen to make two trips during the season to the Banks. So that during the summer months, some of the vessels were going and coming at the same time. If the wind was west, it would be fair only for those going down to the Banks; and if east, only fair for those coming home, and dead ahead for the return fleet. Mr. Damon soon understood this, and his benevolent heart shaped his prayers to the contingency, by introducing the following passage:

"We pray, O Lord, that thou wilt watch over our mariners that go down to do business upon the mighty deep, keep them in the hollow of thy hand; and we pray thee, that thou wilt send a side-wind, so that their vessels may pass and repass."

Great deference was paid the minister in those days by old and young, and the ministers in turn paid great deference to the people and maintained a dignified self respect with no suspicion of pride or superiority.

Mr. Marshall Ayres of New York, son of the late Doctor Ayres, stated at a social meeting, "that the boys never failed to take off their hats when they passed Mr. Damon, and he never failed to recognize them, and pleasantly remark, 'Thank ye, good boys,'" or some other like expressions.

A good meaning man was anxious to join the Church, whom Mr. Damon thought best to keep awhile longer on probation, or on his good behavior. He became at last a little impatient. Said he did not want to be the last. Mr. Damon told him to hold out a while longer and he need not feel afraid of being last, as the Bible said "the last should be first."

Mr. Damon's parish embraced the whole town. He visited regularly his parishioners; it was considered a compliment whenever the minister called; and so it passed into a compli-

ment among the people when their neighbors or friends came to see them, whom they were glad to see, to say, "I would as soon have expected Mr. Damon."

On one occasion the "old shay" was seen approaching a house before things were to my lady's mind; the four roguish boys were not over-dressed or over-clean. The big-mouthed oven stood open, and as any harbor in a storm, the four boys were hustled into it, and told to keep still till the minister had gone. Soon after Mr. Damon was well seated, the good woman was disturbed by an inquiry from the oven, "Has he gone?" Losing her presence of mind, she exclaimed, "Keep still, you little scamps!" which let the cat out of the bag.

That muffle-doored oven did not contain future presidents or governors, but it did contain four future kings — ocean kings who ruled their little kingdoms up and down the world.

Like old Job, Mr. Damon was puzzled over that theological problem, the prosperity and long life of the wicked, and the man whom God hath hedged in. Perhaps sitting together under the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nation, the man of Uz and the Truro minister have long since settled that knotty point.

Mr. Damon's later years were somewhat ruffled by that old foe, sectarianism, which disputed the good man's theology and alienated some of his friends.

> For, letting down the golden chain from high,
> He drew his audience upward to the sky.
> He warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
> But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
> He taught the gospel rather than the law;
> And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.

In doctrine Mr. Damon sympathized with the spirit of his time, and preached more Unitarianism than Orthodoxy. I suppose it is a mild declaration that the old-school Orthodoxy that Rev. Joseph Cook says "took Charles the First by the throat and broke his neck," and that fled from England for conscience sake, had lost much of its sectarian zeal and doctrinal grip about this time. Be this as it may, Mr. Damon

was a good man and a Christian. Whatever his doctrinal leanings, he preached the gospel as he understood it, without cant or dogmatism. He lived in happy communion with his people, and spent his life in faithfully ministering to them, who in return loved and respected him to the last. He always visited and prayed with every sick or afflicted family in town.

> Wide was his parish — houses far asunder —
> But he neglected naught for rain or thunder,
> In sickness and in grief, to visit all,
> The farthest in his parish great and small.

In simple rounds of toil the years flowed quietly and pleasantly along. Distractions nor expectations on either side disturbed not his even way.

The Cape people, and all people, make a date of important local events. The elderly will tell you such a person was born or died the year after the "Embargo," or the year of the "great sickness," or the year before the "great April," or "September or October gale," just as in history we tell about Julius Cæsar, or The Spanish War, or Napoleon in Egypt, and with just as much propriety.

I find in the old Church history, the following notice of the great sickness so often mentioned among the old people in Truro forty years ago. It is without signature, but I judge it was written by Rev. Mr. Damon. In the month of February, and year 1816, an epidemic appeared in the town of Eastham in this county and proved very mortal. It was called by different names, as malignant fever, putrid fever, spotted fever, cold plague, etc. It extended from Brewster to Provincetown; in the latter place but lightly. It did not seem to be contagious; some that went freely among the sick continued well, while those who avoided the sick died. Its signs were pains, either in the head, breast, side, arms and legs, attended with chills. The pulse in general very low and great debility. Some lived four or five days and were in great distress. Those who lived over the seventh or ninth day generally recovered. It was melancholy times. The grave was daily opened to receive the dead. Two or three funerals in a day

often took place. Many houses were emphatically houses of mourning. Five were shut up in consequence of sudden deaths. Thirty-six died in this town ; but few that did not feel some symptoms of the prevailing sickness. The first death occurred on the ninth day of March, the last on the twenty-third day of May. Seventy-two persons died in Eastham ; about one eleventh of the population. Five were buried in one day, and there was seldom a day during the fifty days of the sickness, without a funeral. It required the services of all the well to care for the sick. The physicians could give no satisfactory reason for the strange epidemic.

THE TRIUMVIRATE.

It is worthy of notice that the united years of service rendered by Messrs. Avery, Upham and Damon, the first three ministers of "the Church of Christ in Truro," was one hundred and eighteen years. During this time eight hundred and thirty-nine were added to the Church and three thousand nine hundred and seventy-five were baptized. Though not prepared to prove that this embraces a larger consecutive period than that of any other three ministers of the same church in New England, I have no reasonable doubt such is the fact. Commencing in the reign of Queen Anne, it reaches within nine years of the succession of Victoria. It commenced with the British Colonies in America a few feeble settlements, under a Governor appointed by the Crown ; it closed over a free and independent nation, acknowledged and respected among the great powers of the earth. With the death of Mr. Damon closed really the old Church regime, and began the new order of modern Congregationalism, or Orthodoxy in Truro.

It is a remarkable circumstance, and in the light of modern experience, it seems almost incredible, that so few important and really no radical changes took place in the history of the church during these one hundred and eighteen years. A single church, embracing an entire growing township, covering more than three and a half generations, passing through

revolution and fire and sword and famine and pestilence; without break or ripple, without a stain upon its ministry, or serious rupture in its membership, is a history not to be shrouded in dim old records, but to be repeated and reiterated to the name and fame of both ministers and people, and to the glory of Christ in the world. None of the orthodox councils mentioned by Thoreau, convened from time to time to inquire into the orthodoxy of these faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus. During this time only one Ecclesiastical Council was called and that of little significance; the charge against one of the deacons not being sustained.

By this reference to the general moral excellence of the community, we shall not be understood as intimating freedom in any superhuman manner from human frailties. The lion's whelp is not a lamb. Not all the blood of all the Howards, nor all the peace societies in the world, nor all the prayers of all the saints, could change the blood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Calvinist or Cavalier, Puritan or Papist, Roundhead or Royalist, the choleric Englishman is there, and ready to fight for his rights or his wrongs. When the Puritan turned cavalier, none would defend the gospel of slavery so terribly. The charity and forbearance of the Church was often called to meet the faults and follies of their friends and neighbors bearing the name of Christ. Committees, as we have noticed, were ofttimes appointed to confer with such to make confession, that thereby they might be restored to their former good standing. By such careful oversight and Christian ministrations, many were persuaded back to the churchfold, and many valued names preserved. Thus the standard of religion was maintained, the Christian profession respected, and the Church continued a blessing to the world.

May 28, 1867, it being Lecture day, after the service was concluded, the pastor read to the brethren of the Church a letter which he had received from Huldah Rich, wife of Thomas Rich, and another letter from Dorcas Snow, requesting a dismission from the Church in order to join the Methodist Church. After some conversation respecting this request, the question was put, Shall they be dismissed? and the Church voted to give them a dismission.

Attest. JUDE DAMON. *Pastor.*

This is the first reference in the records to the secession of the Methodists, or as they were then called, "Newlights," which a few years later seceded in large numbers. That there should sometimes be illiberal feeling, and sometimes want of Christian charity during the excitement of this religious controversy, is not surprising. The rising of a new church or sect with radical changes in form and doctrine from the only and long established congregation in town, was a severe strain. Through all these years of trial, from 1717 till his death in 1828, Mr. Damon preserved a singularly mild and catholic spirit, showing the broad unsectarian man and Christian. He warred not with those who differed from him in faith or practice, and fairly said to his people, "they must choose for themselves" Huldah Rich was the mother of the late Captain Richard Baker of Charlestown, of whom a notice will be found in these pages.

Although the Methodist ministers were accredited clergymen and formally authorized to attend the sacraments and to officiate in all the functions of the ministry, for a long time there was great opposition to their "solemnizing" baptismal and marriage ceremonies. As an instance, after a Methodist minister had married Peggy Rider, and the bridal party had gone to their home, some of the congregation objected, and the squire was sent to legalize the marriage. The lady had retired when the squire arrived, but was willing to be doubly married if the ceremony could be performed in her room. All of which was done and the law magnified.

An old bachelor who had lived mostly at home and considerably tied to his mother's apron strings, concluded he would marry. He wrote to a handsome Methodist widow living in Provincetown, that if she would come to Truro and live, and join the "Orthodox" Church, he would marry her. The lady acknowledged the letter, and said, if he would come to Provincetown and live, and join the Methodist Church, she would consent. Both of which conditions he accepted, and proved the wisdom of her concessions by years of happy companionship.

Mr. Damon died in the forty-second year of his ministry,

during which time one hundred and eighty-six were added to the Church. He possessed a kind, peaceful disposition — was eminently worthy of the blessing of the peacemakers. There was little occasion for a lawyer where he gathered his flock.

We copy from the Church record the following short sketch, in graceful finished penmanship, without signature.

Rev. Jude Damon was born in East Sudbury, Massachusetts, the fourth of October, 1751. Graduated at Harvard University A. D. 1776, was ordained pastor of the Church and society in Truro the fifteenth of November, 1786. The ordination sermon by Rev. Josiah Bridge of East Sudbury. Rev. Jude Damon died Wednesday morning at twenty minutes past two o'clock, November 19, 1828. He had been feeble for some weeks, when he received a shock of the palsy, about three weeks before his death. His remains were interred Friday, November 21, 1828. His people manifested their love for him and respect for his memory by a general attention to his funeral.

The services were a sermon by Rev. Mr. Shaw of Eastham, and prayers by Rev. Mr. Stone of Provincetown and Rev. Mr. Davis of Wellfleet. Mr. Shaw's text was in Philippians, first chapter, twenty-first verse; "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." Rev. Mr. Shaw preached the succeeding Sabbath, text, in Daniel, "An excellent spirit was in him." Rev. Stephen Bailey has been preaching for some time in Mr. Damon's stead, from whom Mr. Damon while living, and his family at his decease, received his kind attention, affection and sympathy.

In 1819 the ladies of Truro presented Mr. Damon with thirty dollars, to constitute him a life member of the American Bible Society, then in its youth and needing every dollar that could be raised in its behalf. In 1818 the names of sixty men and women are recorded, who gave each a dollar to purchase a stove for the meeting-house. Not one of these sixty is now (1877) alive.

Mr. Damon married Mary, daughter of Eleazer Lewis of Truro. He had sons who were merchants in New York, and John, a mute, who received the entire estate, which was exhausted before his death, some fifteen years ago. John was a great visitor, quite regularly visiting every house in town. For some years previous to his death, Mr. Damon used to take John along when he drove to see his parishioners. Quite probably John thereby acquired his itenerating habits. He was sometimes mischievous; one day he let Esquire Small's cows into the rye-barn, where they destroyed

considerable grain and jeopardised their own lives. Mr. Damon was sent for. He surveyed the work of his unfortunate son and calmly said, "Squire, I am very sorry; if John does it again or anything bad, you must whip him, and you, Thomas (the squire's son), may whip him, and you Mr. Hill (the hired man), may whip him, but not much."

The parsonage in the Pond Village is now owned by Jeremiah Hopkins. At the northwest part of the graveyard, facing the road, stand two stately gray freestone slabs, with inscriptions as follows:

This stone is erected
over the grave of
the late
REV. JUDE DAMON
former pastor of the
Congregational Church
& Society of this town
ordained Nov. 15, 1786
died " 19, 1828
in the 78 year of his age
the 43 of his ministry
"Blessed are the Peacemakers, for
they shall be called the children of God."

This stone is erected
over the grave of
MRS. MARY LEWIS
Relict of the late
Rev. Jude Damon
Died Dec. 19, 1830.
She was an affectionate wife a kind
neighbour and an ornament to society,

Mr. Damon left a register of deaths, marriages, and some few notes, which is a valuable record. It was presented to the family of the Rev. Osborne Myrick, of whom notice is made in this book, by Frederick Damon, son of the minister. Through the courtesy of Mr. Myrick it came into my hands. It is closely written, as if every inch of the paper was gold, in a plain round hand, neat and systematically kept, on stamped unruled foolscap, with a pasteboard cover, coarse and rough as an elephant's hide.

The first record, "November 21st, 1786, John Selah to Mercy Harding. The last, October 22d, 1828, widow Susannah Gross in the seventieth year of her age." This is written with a palsied hand. The last marriage, September 25th, 1828, Michael Hopkins Jun. to Mary L. Harding.

His own marriage is recorded on the first leaf of the book, as follows:

> Jude Damon and Mary Lewis
> were married February 23d 1792
> by Revd. Sam'l Parker of Provincetown.

On the next page he writes:

> My grandfather Damon died March 6th, 1796, in the ninety-third year of his age. He was a constant reader of the Bible.
>
> My grandmother Damon died in the 97th year of her age. For ten or twelve years before her death she was unable to walk any without help.
>
> My father died November 25th 1813, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was distinguished for his constant attendance on the public worship—for many years successively he attended the worship of God on the Sabbath without being absent so much as one Sabbath.
>
> My mother died June 4th, 1796, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. She was a kind and tender parent, and was esteemed for her piety and love of religion by all that were acquainted with her. She died suddenly.

The above records tell with an emphasis the character of the ancestry of the old New England ministry.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Marriages recorded, 438. Abreast of each, the fees paid, except "those that have no sum affixed to their names, gave but six shillings, the fee required by law." In a few instances he writes: "He gave for fee only one crown." Other sums are mentioned without remark, as "a crown and pistereen. Four crowns. Nine shillings three and one half pence. A half guinea. A guinea." The largest fee mentioned is two guineas, and is particularly noticed. "1811, October 1st. Stephen Mills to Rebecca Coan; two guineas was given by Mr. Mills for marrying him." He first wrote two English guineas, but drew his pen through the *English*.

It was a custom in New England to use the superfluous adjective. It shows in this case the power of habit over knowledge.

Under federal currency, the usual payment was two dollars, often three; in many instances five. The largest sum mentioned is, "1812, Dec. 3, Samuel Rider to Olive Ayres $5.75." The seventy-five cents was evidently to cover some indirect expense In one instance he remarks, "Only one dollar." Two instances of "married gratis." The first, "A widower seventy-four years of age belonging to Eastham;" the second, "He was a widower of sixty-eight and she a maid of sixty-six." "1788, Dec. 4, Samuel Dickerson of Munson, to Elizabeth Lombard." Mr. Dickerson was the missionary to Sumatra, or some of the East India missions, murdered by the natives.

The average of the fees are highly creditable to the means and position of the young men of that generation. All the possibilities considered, a young man would be wise to defer economy till the minister has been pretty well paid.

DEATHS: — With the deaths, mention is made of the decease of those lost at sea, and occasionally, a special notice. Each case is numbered, so that the aggregate is readily found.

1790, March 22, Capt. Joshua Atkins departed this life, having completed nearly 88 years. He was an active man and ruled the Town pretty much according to his own mind, and for this reason he was called Governor Atkins. He was nearly blind sometime before he died.

There is the least possible intimation in the above that the imperious old captain whose name appears often in these records, had tried to rule the good ministers, as well as the town; if so, the minister surely had the last word, as not unfrequently happens in such cases.

1790, Lydia Gross aged 22, consumption. The consumption seems to be very prevalent on the Cape.

The above remark is made after enumerating a number of deaths by this disease. Of the twenty-three deaths in 1790,

eleven are mentioned as consumption. I should estimate that consumption on the Cape had almost disappeared, compared with the old average of nearly one half. Fever came next.

1791, March 19, the widow Mary Treat, aged about 95. She came from England at the age of fourteen, and was a person of a fine mind and robust constitution. She gave me a tolerable account of London and Westminster bridges, and likewise observed that the distance from Dover in England to Calais in France, was so small that in a very clear day linen might be seen from one place to the other.

1792, January 16, Mary Palmer aged 41, was accidently killed by the discharge of a gun that was loaded with powder and shot. The unhappy and melancholy action was done by Richard Snow, a nephew of the deceased.

1800, September 30, Samuel Small aged 53. Killed by the caving in of a well. 1801, Nov. 13, Deacon Jonathan Snow aged 61. He was an exemplary man and used the office of a deacon well. 1807, July 22, Joseph Cobb aged 82 years. Mortification in his foot and leg. He was a friend to his minister and one of his benefactors. 1809, January, Richard Cobb in the eighty-seventh year of his age. A man of a serious and exemplary life and conversation. March 21, George Lewis in the eighty-ninth year of his age. A pious and good man whose great desire was to be prepared for another and better world and to have an easy passage out of the present. His departure hence was apparently easy. 1814, January 16, Isaac Hopkins, old age, 89 wanting about six weeks. He was the oldest male person born in the town that has died since my settlement in the gospel ministry.

1814, January 20, John Kenney, a native of Ireland. Old age, supposed to be nearly ninety.

June 19, widow Ruth Atkins in the eighty-third year of her age. Mrs. Atkins was a very useful and active woman, not only in her own family, but in those of her neighbors', and indeed in those of a great many throughout the town. Her usefulness and her activity in sickness and in midwifery will be remembered and her memory will be embalmed with a grateful perfume in the minds of all who were within the circle of her acquaintance.

1820, November 1, Deacon Ephraim Harding aged 89 years. He had a taste for reading both sacred and profane history.

1816, March 30, Jaazaniah Gross aged 46, a man distinguished for his active and enterprising spirit, greatly prospered in his secular affairs, tender-hearted and kind to the poor, a constant attendant on public worship when from sea and at home. In his last sickness resigned to the will of God. His sickness which was malignant fever, terminated in his death after five days of great distress, which he bore with patience and Christian fortitude. Ch. member.

April 3. Anthony Snow Esq., of malignant fever. As a husband he was tender and affectionate. As a father distinguished for his talent of governing his children, tempering indulgence with prudence; as a neighbor he was pleasant and obliging; as a magistrate he was a peace-maker; as a deacon of the Church he magnified his office. On the third day from the time of his confinement his useful life closed and he came to his grave in full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season, aged 71 years.

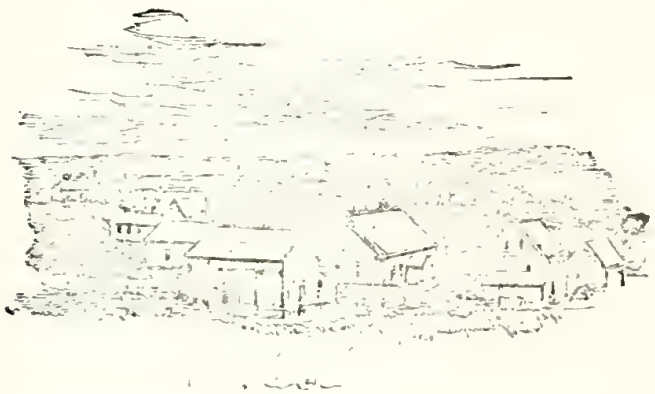
1824, April 21. Nathaniel Treat aged 77. Alas for Fame! Seven words only to the Truro astronomer. Mr. Treat was a man of eccentricities, but he was an astronomer; he did not love to work, but he was an astronomer; he was not particularly a religious man, but he was an astronomer. "Lo! I've lit the lamp which lights us to the skies." To him the heavens declared the glory of God and his firmament showed his handy work. He knew all the stars, and called them by name, and was familiar with their motions and orbits. He loved to study the geography of the heavens. From the seven pale moons of Saturn to the distant nebulæ he fanned his astronomic fire. He pitied, and was annoyed at his neighbors that they were so indifferent to the glory and grandeur of the heavens. Aunt Achsah, a neighbor, became considerably interested in his discourses. A single disciple was as gratifying to him as was the first disciple to the great Copernicus. One of the astronomer's eccentricities was to begin all his declarations with "I swear." He used to say, referring to his new pupil, "I swear, half the stars might go out of the sky and nobody here would know it, if 'twasn't for I and aunt Achsah."

1825, November 1st. Dorcas, wife of Binny Lombard, aged nineteen. The youngest person admitted into the church since the settlement of J. Damon as the pastor of the church. She was distinguished for her humility, meekness, patience and resignation to the will of the Lord." Mrs. Lombard was the eldest daughter of Deacon Benj. Hinckley.

I should do great injustice to the honesty and discriminations of Mr. Damon, not to mention that his remarks are not all eulogistic. He aimed to leave just such a record as the departed left in life and character. Mark the careful wording of the following! "Apparently a serious and pious woman. In her last illness she frequently expressed her desire to be with her Redeemer, where she would better praise him for his redeeming love. It is hoped she was as really pious as she seemed to be." It required courage of no indifferent order to make this notice. "He was a very selfish and intriguing character, but at the same time was possessed of good abili-

ties and powers of mind. These were, however, much eclipsed by his selfish spirit and avaricious disposition."

In 1816, the year of the great sickness, or the malignant fever, the mortality list reached fifty-two. The lowest was ten, in 1789. The average for the forty-two years was less than twenty. For the two years ending with 1824, only twenty-six deaths, in a population of about eighteen hundred. A very large number were lost at sea or died abroad, all of whom will be noticed in another place. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God and keep his commandments."



CHAPTER XVIII.

1792 — THE PEOPLE CALLED METHODISTS — 1882.

The first Minister. Local Preachers. Circuit Riders. The first Meeting-house. The Cradle of Methodism. General Minutes. Historians. Grand Dedication. 1795. Jesse Lee. Persecution. Inquisitionists. Bigotry and Humanity. Joseph Snelling. A Constellation of Worthies. They marry. Spiritual Developments. Enthusiasm. Criticism. Converted to the Core. Qualifications. Men of one Book. Preaching without Liberty. Barnard of Batcombe. The College at Seven Ponds. Cob and Corn. The Queen of Sheba. An elect Lady. New House of 1831. List of Appointments. Rev. Benjamin Keith. Rev. Thomas Dodge. Rev. Joel Steele. The M. E. Church in Truro. First Trustees. New Meeting-house. Remodeled 1845. List of Appointments. Great Revival. Millennial Day. Ephraim Doane Rich. His Psalter and Arithmetic. The Doncaster Doctor. Stephen Collins. Give Lenox a pull. The old Bethel. Father Taylor. The Wellfleet Singer. Clam Bait. Leafy Temples. The first Camp Meetings. Preaching up to the Times. John Smith. Rev. Daniel Atkins. Rev. Doane R. Atkins.

WHAT went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses." Not yet a hundred years have passed since the first Methodist minister set foot on Cape Cod. There was no heralding his coming. No committee went to engage him, or delegation went out to receive him. History knows not of his coming. He came, he saw, he conquered. Scarcely the scratch of a pen is found till a generation after satisfactory traditional evidence of his entree. Just how and when Methodism began in Truro we are not told. Rev. Joseph Snelling was really the pioneer of Methodism in Provincetown, Truro and Wellfleet, more than any other man; though his name is not once mentioned in this connection in the Minutes, and only for the providential circumstance of writing his own life, we never should have known that he ever saw

these places. Mr. Snelling says: "Captain William Humbert, a local preacher, while lying windbound in Provincetown Harbor, was the first Methodist minister who ever preached in that place." But Snelling is careless of dates and does not tell when it was. From local sources, we learn that Captain Humbert preached at the house of Captain Samuel Ryder, on the spot where the Orthodox Church now stands. A society was soon formed, and within two years preparations were made for building a church on (now) Bradford street, immediately back of the Universalist Church of to-day.

As the preparations referred to were made in 1795, Humbert must have preached his first sermon in 1793. There is, however, reasonable evidence that there had been Methodist preaching before this date, by local preachers. John Kinney, who led the twenty-six signers of the Protest of 1795 from Provincetown — "That they attended the public worship of the Methodist and contributed to their support" — was a local preacher; so was Samuel Adams of Truro, whose daughter George Pickering married. These facts indicate that the seed of Methodism had already been planted. From the best authority in Truro, we learn that the first meeting-house was built in 1794. This is perhaps an earlier date than before published, and if sustained, gives to this Church historic pre-eminence. Perhaps we shall find that the first churches among the Methodists, are like the first crosses among the Catholics, several of them. The first reference in the General Minutes to Cape Cod is, "1795, George Cannon, Provincetown." Dr. Stevens says, "Joseph Snelling was the first preacher sent forth by the Methodists; he labored in Truro in 1795, and there was no meeting-house in Truro." This statement is evidently taken from Snelling's life. Dr. Coggswell, following, I suppose, the Minutes, says, speaking of Provincetown in 1795, "The house at length went up; the second Methodist Church in New England."

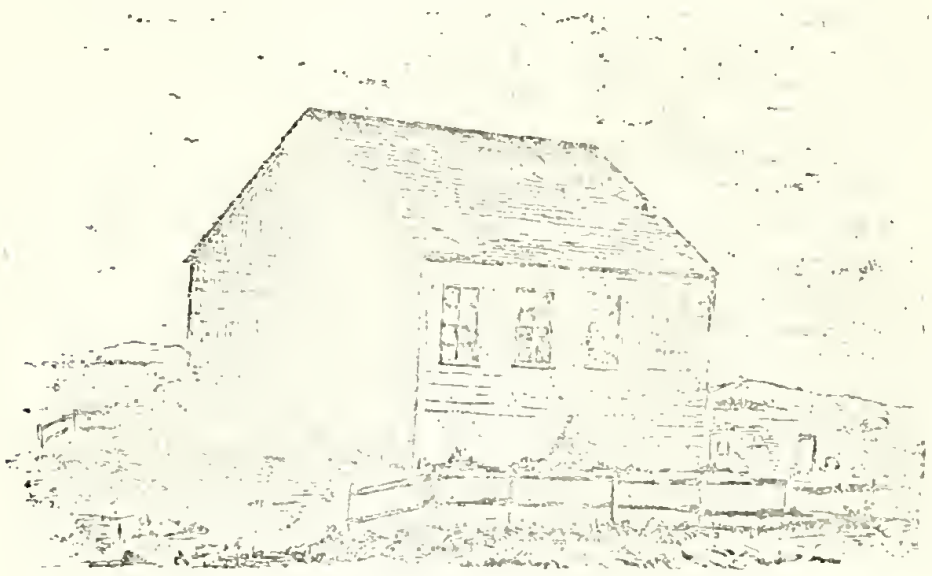
1795 is the earliest date claimed for Provincetown. We now quote Snelling: "About this time I received from the Quarterly Conference in Boston, license to exhort. Bro. Hawkins and myself were requested to visit Truro and other places on

the Cape. We were cordially received by the people. In Truro they had no meeting-house. . . . This was the greatest work I ever witnessed." By comparison with other dates, "about this time" was not earlier than 1795, and the very last part of the year; possibly early in '96, as he says in the same chapter on the twenty-eighth of August, 1795, "had never thought of preaching, and *after that*, Bro. Hawkins and myself held prayer meetings for *some time* in Malden." In the next chapter, "My first appointment as a preacher was at Provincetown," which could not possibly have been earlier than '96, as he had already been an exhorter at Truro the very last of '95. He says: "I preached on the Sabbath a part of the time in Truro; there, also, the congregations were large and the Word ran and was glorified."

These quotations establish conclusively that Mr. Snelling was first in Truro as an exhorter very late in '95 or early in '96, and that his first appointment was at Provincetown in '96, when he also preached in Truro to large congregations. We will next give our history in the light of present understanding. While the Minutes give "Provincetown, 1796, Robert Yallaly," Mr. Snelling does not mention his name, which he scarcely could have failed to do had Yallaly been there.

It was first intended to build in Provincetown, but persecution and open hostilities ripened so fast, that it was decided to build in Truro for the mutual accommodation of both Provincetown and Wellfleet, all assisting in the work. The original membership confirms this. Principally among them were, John Rich, Richard Scares Rich, Thatcher Rich, Perez Bangs, Nathaniel Rich, John Mayo, Zoheth Smith and Elisha Rich of Truro; Uriah Atwood, Thomas Atwood, Eleazer Higgins, and Micah Dyer of Wellfleet; Joseph Atkins and Solomon Cook of Provincetown. Jesse Rich, the grandfather of Captain Seares Rich, donated the land then covered with oak timber, which was cut for the frame. The spot on which the first meeting-house stood is now enclosed in the graveyard. The boards and shingles were furnished by Provincetown, landed from boats under the bank. The labor was all volunteered. Eight dollars spent for nails was all the money used

in erecting this honored temple, joyfully dedicated to the praise of Almighty God. The accompanying cut which we have secured almost by accident, is believed a good representation of the first meeting-house built by the Methodists on Cape Cod, and the second in New England. No plastering or finish was made. For twenty years the swallows flew in and out at pleasure, building their nests on the rough open beams and feeding their young during divine services. One narrow



SECOND METHODIST CHURCH BUILT IN NEW ENGLAND.

aisle ran through the centre of the house, with about eighteen long plank seats on either side, seating altogether less than three hundred. It is not known who were the first officers; inferentially, from among the members mentioned.

It is established history, and about all that is established, that the Provincetown meeting-house was built in '95. We have shown that Provincetown Methodists assisted in building the meeting-house in Truro, and were among the principal members. This they would not have done had they a house of their own, as the distance was long, the passage made mostly in boats, and for other obvious reasons. It is not reasonable that they built the same year after joining the Truro and Wellfleet brethren; consequently the meeting-house at South Truro was built in 1794, if not as some claim, at an earlier date. Can the other statements be reconciled, particu-

larly with reference to Mr. Snelling's remark, that there was no meeting-house in Truro on his first visit? We have shown that published history as referring to Provincetown is quite inaccurate and unreliable. As we have seen by the Minutes, George Cannon was at Provincetown in '95 with Jesse Lee, Presiding Elder. One of the men who carried the table to Boston Common, which Jesse Lee used as a pulpit when he preached his first sermon under the Old Elm, was Joseph Snelling. He became a member of the first society in Boston, a disciple and companion of Lee, and the first from the society to enter the ministry.

Lee first visited the Cape as Presiding Elder according to the Minutes, in '95, to which we shall refer. The next year, although Robert Yallaly is in the Minutes for Provincetown, the inference is that he did not go, or remain; and Lee knowing Snelling, sent him to Provincetown, of which Truro, Wellfleet and other towns were the circuit. This is the reason Snelling's name does not appear in '96, but appears for the first time in '97, for Sandwich, a new station, also for the Vineyard in '98. George Pickering as Presiding Elder afterwards sent Snelling to Truro to settle some trouble in the Church occasioned, he says, by "a certain local preacher residing there;" and that, "I had preached to some of these people *about two years before;* when that friendship was established between us that is not easily broken. They now received me with every mark of affection. In the winter season when they were all at home, our meeting-house was filled to overflowing. Our singing was excellent, for many of them sung with the spirit and the understanding also."

Mr. Snelling wrote his life when an old man, and, as is evident, relied entirely upon his memory. He had visited Truro at three different times. The town is fourteen miles long, and since the beginning of Methodism, preaching has been held in different parts of the town. The original Church was in the extreme south part. All these features are to be taken into consideration; and if he failed after more than forty years in some particulars of statement, it should be no surprise.

Returning to the record, we find: "George Cannon who

was stationed at Provincetown 1795, formed the society that year; a mob destroyed the timber that was landed all fitted for building the meeting-house, and tarred and feathered the preacher in effigy, and threatened to serve him the same. But by keeping guard at night, and keeping their weapons by them while at work, in about four months, they erected a chapel, with songs of praise." The father of Hon. Nathaniel Atwood watched night after night, musket in hand, guarding the slowly rising walls of their Jerusalem.

A town meeting had voted, "That there shall not be a Methodist Meeting-house built in this town." Also voted, "That any that will not pay the standing Minister's Rate, shall have his intrest sesed."

Jesse Lee says: —

> I went to see the timber destroyed by the mob, and felt astonished at the conduct of the people, considering that we live in a free country. However, I expect this will be for the good of the little society.

Persecution seems to have had the usual result, and as Lee expected; for in a few years the little society swallowed up the other literally, and voted them out of their church, and has continued the leading denomination to the present.

Solomon Cook, whose name was mentioned among the members of the original society, was, with others, incorporated in 1811 as the M. E. Society in Provincetown. The same year Rev. Samuel Parker, the Congregationalist minister of Provincetown, died after a pastorate of thirty-seven years. Mr. Stone was the next minister. Mr. Parker was born in Barnstable, 1740; ordained 1769. His stone says the first settled minister in Provincetown. Although Rev. Jeremiah Cushing to whom we have already referred in an early chapter, was for several years minister, it is not certain that he was regularly settled.

Taking into consideration all the circumstances, the opposition to the Methodists was a natural result, and the maddest of the mob were not without examples abundant, and unquestionably thought they were doing good service. We should be slow to condemn religious persecutions. The ablest and

least prejudiced historians and moral essayists of modern times, assure us that the Spanish Inquisitionists were men of unsullied morals, noble feelings, and really great kindness at heart; but they were religious bigots and blinded by superstitious zeal. These same Spanish bigots with humane kindness saved from slavery the American Indians whom the Pilgrims and Puritans ordered sold in the markets of Europe. A few hundred years before, a learned Jew, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, persecuted the Christian Church, binding and delivering to prison both men and women, and held the raiment of the first Christian martyr while he was stoned to death. "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone."

The fact that Truro was not known in the Minutes, and that a meeting-house was built at Provincetown in '95, it has always been understood as the first. The following are all the General Minutes referring to the Cape for many years: "'95, Provincetown, George Cannon; '96, Robert Yallaly; '97, Jacob Rickham; '98, Smith Weeks; '99, William Beauchamp; 1800, John Merrick; '01, Solomon Langdon; '02, Edward Whittle; '03, Allen H. Cobb; '04, Alfred Metcalf; '05, Philip Munger; '06, Elijah Willard."

After 1806, Provincetown drops from the Minutes, and is not again mentioned till 1824, when it appears as a regular station. Harwich supersedes Provincetown, as it appears, 1807, with Joel Steel. Jesse Lee was Presiding Elder, 1795–97; George Pickering, '98, and with exception of 1801–02, till the change to Harwich. These were the master builders of Methodism on the Cape.

The first mention of Truro is, "1811, Wellfleet and Truro, Joseph A. Merrill." "1812, Wellfleet and Truro, Robert Arnold." Truro is not again mentioned till "1827, Warren Wilbur," who was the first stationed preacher at the new Church and Society at the centre. So the history of Methodism in Truro, where the first society was formed, and the first meeting-house built on the Cape, and the second in New England where the altar fires burned for more than thirty years, which turned the community upside down religiously, and was a home for her ministers, is mentioned twice most casu-

ally in the General Minutes. This is not even a skeleton. Professor Agassiz given a bone, could construct the perfect fish. Perfect history needs more than a bone. This is a case in hand of the poverty of the early records. After 1812, Wellfleet became a separate station. "1813, Elias Marble; 1814, Bartholomew Otherman; 1815, Thomas C. Pierce; 1816, Orin Roberts; 1817, Benj. Keith (the first mention of his name); 1818–19 Ephraim Wiley; 1820–21, Edward Hide." Lorenzo Dow was often on the Cape, and popular there, though I do not find his name. Captain Lorenzo Dow Baker, now of Port Antonia, Jamaica, bears his name. Joel Steele also preached in Wellfleet during this time. We have mentioned all these names as they were among the Circuit Riders who preached and kept the fire constantly flaming at the old Church in Truro, which never had a stationed minister. The same may be said of Provincetown from 1807–1824. Not a few of the preachers married on the Cape during this time. George Pickering already mentioned, Edward Whittle, Elizabeth, a sister of Captain Eleazer Higgins; Elijah Willard, Thankful, one of the ten sisters, a daughter of Deacon Thomas Gross; Bartholomew Otherman, Mrs. Mary Gross Cartwright, another daughter of Deacon Gross; Joel Steel, Jerusha, daughter of Captain Eleazer Higgins; Benjamin Keith, Delia, daughter of Captain Thomas Atwood; all of Wellfleet; Epaphras Kibby, Miss Cook of Provincetown. I presume others from these three towns.

The closing years of the last century and the first thirty of the present, covered a remarkable period in ecclesiastical history, both in this country and in England. The history of this crude little chapel in the oak glades of Truro, embraced these years, and was wonderful in religious life and spiritual development. From the first, it was filled to overflowing. Leagues shrink to miles, and miles to furlongs, where love or religious zeal leads. So these enthusiastic Christians came from Provincetown on the north at least twelve miles, and from Wellfleet and North Eastham on the south, an equal distance, to worship together in the beauty of holiness.

People who lived three and four miles away, especially during "Four-days Meetings," would attend three services a day, walking back and forth. How the songs and the shouts and the happy amens testified these joyful meetings! That some of these demonstrations were caused by extreme religious excitement, and were broadly open to criticism, there is much reason to believe. Chaff and wheat are cast together upon the threshing floor. Making, however, the largest allowance for temperaments, education and all other extraneous circumstances, a more powerful wave of religious fire never swept a community. Such a victory for Christian truth, and deep, intensified piety, rarely blesses the world. In the struggle, the noblest liberty of conscience and the best qualities of manliness were realized. The majority were converted head and heart, and have either died at their posts, or remain the salt of the churches to this day.

It is as plain as any providential doctrine, that the pioneer Methodist ministers, like all men raised up to fill providential places, were providentially qualified for the work they had to do. It required men of extraordinary courage and self reliance; and only men who felt called of God and thrust out, would turn their backs upon the world, and make the sacrifice to enter these ranks. It required everything, it offered nothing as the world counts; but men came, and the work went on.

It cannot be denied that they were somewhat ignorant of books and schools, but the book that contained their divine commission, was learned and conned by note. The injunction, "Beware of the man of one book," was never more forcibly applied than to the early ministers of the Church of Wesley. Many a valiant knight, with more courage than discretion, felt the full measure of their well-poised lance, and withdrew crestfallen from the self-sought conflict. That such men were peculiar and eccentric — even sometimes enjoying and perpetrating a joke — surprising their congregations by some unexpected turn, is a part of their history.

One morning service at the old church, when Mr. —— had been preaching as he thought without his usual liberty, he

surprised his congregation by saying, "Brethren, your stovepipe is so confounded crooked that I can't preach a straight sermon." The words had hardly fallen from his lips when one of the brethren replied, "Sir, it shall be straightened so that you can preach a straight sermon this afternoon." It was done, and a powerful sermon that went straight to many hearts followed.

A certain minister, who had some unpleasantness with the church, took as his text, "The world, the flesh, and the devil," and said, "I shall touch lightly upon the world, hasten to the flesh, and pass on to the devil, when I will give it to you hot as you can sup it."

In those days young men left the farm, the forge, and the shoebench with no other preparation than the gift of the Holy Ghost, and a sublime faith in the word of promise to save souls. The Cape was a choice field to exercise their new-born zeal, and to grow in knowledge and grace. The people were ready to hear. Under the Pilgrim ashes lay the live coals of the old Scrooby Church, first touched by Richard Barnard, "Barnard of Batcombe," the Puritan of Epworth. Now came the disciples of Wesley of Epworth, like a flame to the buried coals, and a mighty fire was kindled that illuminated the Cape.

My grandfather's house near the Seven Ponds, was a home for the fresh-levied soldiers. One who became a valiant warrior, and a Doctor of Divinity, used to read his hymns over several times before some one of the girls for correction, preparatory to the service. One night when my grandmother was preparing supper, a young minister sat by the open fire. He had just preached an able sermon, and was trying to draw her out about it. She quietly remarked, "Your text was the same that Brother —— preached from the last time he was here." A great fire was roaring up the chimney, and the teakettle hung steaming at the end of the crane. The young minister mused a moment with a discomfitted countenance, and turning to my grandmother said, "I think I will try and crawl up that teakettle nose, if you will help me!"

One of the most respectable families in this part of the town is Cobb — a good Old Colony name of more than two

hundred years' standing. But kinks happen in the best of families as well as accidents. One of this patronymic unfortunately gave offence to the preacher, who left on the church records abreast the name in a strong hand, "—— Cobb, dismissed ; too cobby ; all cob and no corn."

One of the members had a proclivity to cut wood on a lot joining his own, belonging to a woman of the same church. After several trespasses, she sent for the offender to come and see her, and said to him, "I have heard of your cutting my wood. If you will pay me the value and do so no more, I will say no more about it ; but if not I must prosecute." The old gentleman knowing her love for discussing Scripture, replied, "What do you think of the Queen of Sheba?" A long argument was the result, and when they had finished the Queen of Sheba, the wood was forgotten. The Methodists in those days were zealous, enthusiastic, and self-sacrificing ; no labor or self-denial was counted too much for the cause. It is related that the minister having a meeting to attend at a distant part of the town, on the way called at the house of an elect lady. He found her making for herself a pair of thick calf-skin shoes. The oak and pine logs were crackling in the huge fireplace, the baby sleeping in the cradle. A foot or more of fresh-fallen snow lay on the ground. The place for the meeting was two miles away, through the woods. Said this primitive example of Christianity in earnest, to the minister, "Wait till I finish this shoe, when I will get dinner, put on my new shoes, take the baby on my arm and go along with you," all which she did, taking besides the hatchet in her hand, to cut away the brush or trees that might have fallen in the way. When at the meeting she exhorted with power and eloquence.

This little building continued to be the only one of the denomination in town till 1822, when the first parish society was organized at the Centre. As the Wellfleet part of the society had long before withdrawn to their own new church, the old society now small and the building poor, many of the members united with the new parish, and worshipped there. It was not, however, sitting under their own vine and

fig-tree. They earnestly desired their old ways. The next few years being prosperous, they determined to build on the old spot. Their new society was organized as the South Truro M. E. Church, April 29, 1829. A commodious and convenient house for the times, was dedicated December 15, 1831. Rev. Benjamin F. Lambord, Presiding Elder, preached the dedicatory sermon.

I have known many instances of great personal sacrifices made for religious worship, but none that will compare with the determined zeal and positive liberality that marked building and paying for this plain, cheerful house of God.

A gentleman stated that the first hundred dollars he earned, and all he had, he gave. He mentioned another who was just twenty-one, and without a dollar, who pledged one hundred dollars, and paid it out of his first schools of fish. It is gratifying to state that neither of these men have ever been pushed for want of a hundred dollars.

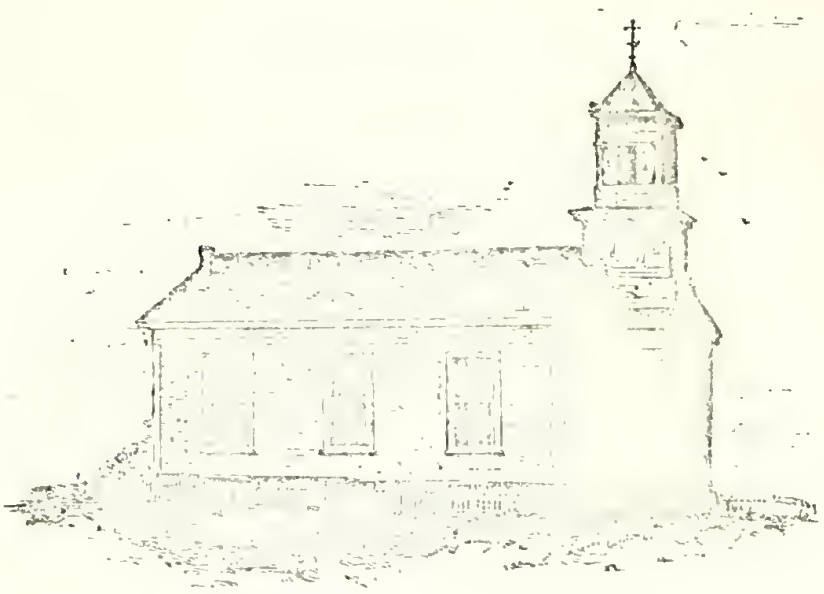
Rev. Benjamin Keith was very active and useful in this Church and aided greatly by his influence to the completion of the work. Mr. Keith was born in Vermont; was many years an itinerant minister. When ill health compelled him to locate, he made Truro his home, but continued to preach as his strength would allow, sometimes supplying the pulpit for a year, and always laboring successfully at Four-Days Meeting, and on all special occasions. A modest marble monument in the graveyard, perhaps on the very site of the original meeting-house, marks the grave of the faithful minister and his wife.

Sacred
To the memory
of the
Rev. Benjamin Keith
who died
Feb. 11, 1834,
Æ 45 yrs.

I saw the faithful herald fall,
I saw him burst his prison wall,
I traced him when he took his flight
To dwell among the saints of light.

MRS. DELIVERANCE
wife of
REV. BENJAMIN KEITH
died
June 7, 1835,
Æ 37 years.

In 1851, when the town was at the height of its prosperity, the society had outgrown their house of 1831, and the present



M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH TRURO.

graceful and attractive building most eligibly situated westward of the old site, was built. The old burying-ground is used by the society.

The following is a correct list since the organization of this society in 1831.

1832 Benjamin Keith; 1833 Joseph B. Brown; 1834–37, supplied by Thomas Dodge a local preacher, who had been a sea captain. Afterwards followed that profession, making his home in Chatham. In 1861, was a member of the Legislature, and brought down the house by shouting Amen! at the close of Andrew's famous speech (that made him Governor) on the duty of Massachusetts. When Dodge shouted amen, it was no uncertain sound. He could make more noise in the pulpit with less religion, and spoil more Bibles than any man I have ever heard; 1839–40, Joel Steele; 1841, James Bignall; 1842–44, Henry H. Smith; 1845, Lozian Pierce; 1846–47, William Leonard, now a Congregational minister

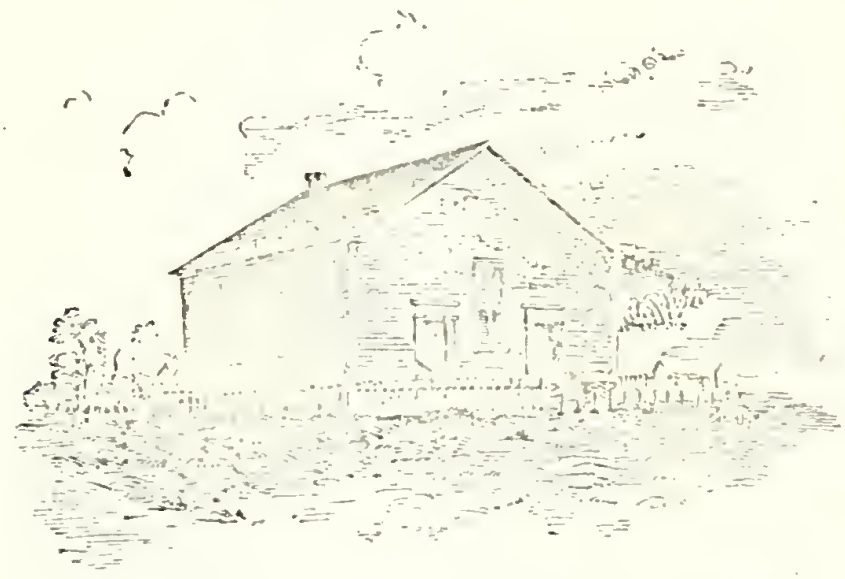
in South Wellfleet; 1848–49, Adin H. Newton, now practising medicine in Provincetown; 1850, Ira M. Pidwell; 1851, Anthony Palmer; 1852–53, William Keller; 1854–55, William Leonard; 1856–57, F. A. Loomis; 1857–59, Josiah C. Allen; 1860, A. Lathan; 1861, S. B. Chase; 1862–63, George S. Alexander; 1864–65, E. M. Anthony; 1866, supplied by Mr. Bowditch or S. Ayer; 1867–69 B. L. Sayer; 1870–75, supplied by S. Wetherbee, Miller, and Macomber; 1876 supplied by Butler; married while here, Miss Stocker; Since 1876 Truro and South Truro have been united under the same appointment each society having one preaching service every Sabbath; 1876–78, Virgil W. Matoon; 1879, Charles N. Hinckley; 1880–82, John S. Fish.

Truro, January 25, 1826, at a quarterly meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the town of Truro, voted to build a meeting-house. Made choice of the following members as trustees for the said house:

JOHN SMITH. *President.*	MICHAEL COLLINS. *Secretary.*
SAMUEL COAN,	SAMUEL SMALL,
ZOHETH SMITH,	EBENEZER L. DAVIS,
JOHN RICH,	JOEL ATWOOD,

CORNELIUS HAMBLIN OF WELLFLEET.

Voted, that Captain Michael Collins and Ebenezer L. Davis be a Building Committee.



1826 — MEETING-HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, TRURO — 1882.

A plain barn-like building, the rule for Methodist meeting-houses of that time, about forty feet square, with two tier of windows like the port-holes of a ship of the line, stiff galleries on three sides, and a two-story pulpit with red doors, was finished within the year. Unfortunately for architecture, this

house was entirely remodelled in about 1845; a few years ago was again modernized, and is now a neat and quite tasty little chapel, kept with all its appointments in excellent condition.

For many years, and at a time when the history of the M. E. Church was important, no general form for records was furnished. The Parish Meetings were usually well recorded, but nothing general. For more than fifty years of this Church history, the name of the preacher in charge is rarely found. From other sources, I have been enabled to gather a list of the appointments, which I trust will be found correct.

1827, Warren Wilbur; 1828, Benjamin Keith; 1829, Abram Holway; 1830–1, William R. Stone; 1832–3, William Ramsdell; 1834–5, Enoch Bradley; 1836–7, Thomas W. Gile; 1838–9, J. R. Barstow; 1840, Levi Woods; 1841–2, Reuben Bowen; 1843, Thomas Patten; 1844–5, Charles A. Carter; 1846, Henry Mayo; 1847–8, Samuel Beedle; 1849, Onesiphorus Robbins; 1850, Theophilus B. Gurney; 1851–2, Thomas D. Blake; 1853, Edward B. Hinckley; 1854, Lewis E. Dunham; 1855–6, John W. Willett; 1857, William E. Sheldon; 1858–9, Nathan P. Seice; 1860–1–2, James B. Washburn; 1863, Lawton Cady; 1864. Adin H. Newton; 1865, Joseph Gerry; 1866, Hefflin S. Smith; 1867–8. Jason Gill; 1869, (Unsupplied); 1870, Isaac G. Price; 1871–2–3, Isaac Sherman; 1874–5, Richard Burn; 1876–7–8, Virgil W. Maltoon; 1879, Charles N. Hinckley; 1880–3, John S. Fish.

Many of the above names and of the other list, were noble, Christian men of talent and power, deserving of especial notice.

In 1821, the "Great Revival" in Truro and Wellfleet under Edward Hyde, Frederick Upham and others, took place. It was a Pentecostal year. Then was fulfilled that prophecy of the millennial day, "When no man shall say to his neighbor know ye the Lord, for all shall know him from the least to the greatest." It was said that on Bound Brook Island, then quite a populous district, not a man or woman was left professedly unconverted. Over four hundred made a profession of religion, two hundred and thirty-six joined the Methodist Church. Among so large a number, many of whom were men past middle age, of varied experience and keen observation, it would not be surprising to find some of rare character

and ability, who had been educated by the world, and had acquired habits of thought and independence. When the love of Christ blossomed out in their lives, they were too old and biased to lean to any set forms ; they were still marked by the original angles and sinuosities of all strong characters. Early Methodism intensified natural powers and offered occupation in her own channels. Her charms of natural fitness and ready adaptation were strong factors in these agencies. Scores in this connection are worthy to be named; space forbids, but the history we narrate would be glaringly deficient without a few cases to illustrate the power of religion upon the human heart.

A representative man in this list was Ephraim Doane Rich, a local preacher, who was licensed by Presiding Elder Webb in 1830, when about fifty years of age. A man who was violently prejudiced against Methodist preachers ; who had never heard and would not hear them preach; when he understood that Mr. Rich was to preach on a certain occasion, was so surprised that he determined to hear what such a man could say in the pulpit. The text was, "When Israel was a child," etc.

This man declared to his dying day, that a better sermon he never heard. To reason logically and draw forcible inductions, seemed as natural to this born preacher as to breathe. Much prominence was given in those days to exhortations. The exhorter, now in the dim background, and fast fading from sight, was a figure distinct and inseparable, both male and female, in early Methodism. Undoubtedly, it was one of the great sources of her power and success. In comparison with the Church of to-day, it is surprising how many men and women could give powerful and effective exhortations. Mr. Rich was a powerful exhorter. He would stand against the rail of the little altar, with one hand in his pocket, and with the other force home his rugged reasoning, and vivid personal experience, with an energy and eloquence that swept like a torrent. I heard him say, when referring to his early advantages, that his entire school books consisted of psalter and arithmetic. The Christian religion is a living miracle, and the highest development of spiritual power

This, added to the psalter and arithmetic and native talent, produced such a man as Ephraim Doane Rich. Sometimes when wrought upon with his theme, his heart on fire, his face aglow, his tall form bent, his long arm outstretched, his impetuous utterance, fairly breaking through his pent-up prison-house, the Spirit rested like cloven tongues upon the audience. I see nothing gained, nothing in the realm of science or of learning to make the world wiser or better, to deny this spiritual power and call it excitement, enthusiasm or superstition. Sometimes the question is asked, What would education have done for such a man? Perhaps, as Southey says of the Doncaster doctor, "They might have been much less worthy of being remembered. Society in rubbing off the singularities of his character, would just in the same degree have taken from its strength."

Stephen Collins was also a layman of mark in the Church fifty years ago. In early life he was master of a vessel, and had seen something of the world. Coming into possession of the old Collins homestead, with abundant acres of wood and farm lands, and what he delighted to call "intervals," he commenced the career of a Cape Cod farmer in middle life. At the same time he experienced religion and joined the M. E. Church, where he found a broad field for his talents. The genius and flexibility of the Methodist economy seemed congenial to his spirit. The religious exercises of his mind required great scope and freedom. His soul basked in the sunshine of all the privileges of God's people. His experience was deep and thorough. He loved the Church, but his chart and compass was the Bible; by it he kept a daily reckoning and could give his Christian latitude and longitude every moment, night or day. He loved the songs of Zion. Lenox was his favorite: he was the author of *Give Lenox a pull.* He was naturally careless and somewhat sluggish; quaint in language and expressive in gesture; yet when engaged, his exhortations were full of fire and marvellous with the ready flow of Scripture texts. His pungent logic carried conviction to the mind, his inimitable eloquence melted the heart, and his oratory swayed mind and heart with irresistible unction.

It was a common remark by the preachers, that they would prefer to hear Stephen Collins or Ephraim Doane Rich, in their exegesis and criticisms on a text of Scripture, than any minister they had heard. Their exegesis was not of books or of a learned clergy, but as of old, when the spirit enlightened and gave utterance. Their extemporizing was naturally eloquent, though rude and unfinished; but their logic was incontrovertible. We have not introduced these names because better men than scores of others, but because of their marked personality and religious fervor. A father in Israel and a strong pillar in the Church was Captain Ebenezer L. Davis. His conversion was quite late in life, but the work was complete. No man loved the Church better or blossomed more with Christian graces. In a tender, trembling, but earnest voice he loved to tell what religion had done for him and persuade others to accept Christ as their Lord and Saviour.

JOHN SMITH.

The perfect man is an ideal man. Such, I fancy, visit not the glimpses of this planet; but noble, generous, highminded, well-poised men, we have all seen: such whom to know was to love. I have found them in poverty and in wealth, in position and in obscurity, honored and neglected, always noble, generous, highminded. Wealth and position augment the possibilities of greatness, but do not create them. In fact, I have known many quite useful lives that have been ruined — some by the pursuit, and some by the possession of wealth. As a standard, nothing so much misses the mark.

After an active business experience of forty years with men representing a wide margin of birth, education and employments, the man that stands before me as the best representative of complete manhood is John Smith, whose portrait we are glad to place in this history, and in connection with the Church which he loved and honored. The cheerful, animated countenance, and the flashing eye which the artist remarked was of rare charm, have passed away. But none can look upon

JOHN SMITH.

that face without feeling — that was a man! He was raised in a narrow home, with limited advantages, but under the best of family discipline. He was the son of Zoheth and Mary (Mayo) Smith, born October 3, 1794; died at Melrose, November 12, 1873; married Sarah Atkins December, 1819; born December 13, 1799; died April 5, 1879. A capable and faithful wife who looked well after her household.

Mr. Smith was early in life an active skipper; many years a schoolmaster; among the first who commenced the outfitting business in Truro; was public-spirited, and forward in all town business; twice elected to the Legislature; was president of the board of trustees that voted (1826) "To build a meeting-house," and sustained and encouraged the Church under overwhelming discouragements. In the orbit of a Christian, he shone with a bright and unchanging lustre. His was no long-faced, self-righteous religion — if such there is — but full of sunshine and strong manly glow. "'Twas love that drove his chariot wheels." He exhorted tenderly, eloquently and persuasively; sang sweetly, and prayed in the spirit of Christ his master. The light of a cheerful Christian, of a broad, noble manhood, of a gentle and refined nature, was in the atmosphere of his life; peace and victory in his death.

Of six sons and two daughters, John W., Rufus and Winslow, engaged in business at Boston, died of consumption; James Rich was lost in the October gale of '41. Zoheth and James R. are at San Francisco. Sarah Ellen is the wife of Captain Jeremiah Paine of Brooklyn, New York. Mehitable is the widow of Captain Elisha Cobb late of Melrose.

The younger brothers of Mr. Smith, James and Joshua, men of superior character and worth, died of consumption before reaching the meridian of life. Noah was lost in the October gale of '41, and Hope we have referred to as the wife of Daniel Clark. Of quite large families, six only remain; all the rest have died from consumption.

Captain Thomas Smith, who became quite a prominent Methodist preacher in Maine, came from these ranks. Quite late in life, while on a visit to his old home, he supplied

the pulpit a few months. His name will be found in the list. Like many other faithful ministers of that time, he clouded his setting sun by embracing the doctrine of Adventism.

A large proportion of the Cape families were excellent singers. This was perhaps especially true of Wellfleet and Truro. Like many things that are a law unto themselves, and many of the ways of singers, past finding out, this enviable gift seemed to gravitate toward the Methodist wing. John Wesley advised his people to sing lustily; this they fulfiled to the letter. Enthusiasm cannot be bottled up. How it spread among the weavers of Yorkshire, and the miners and fishermen of Cornwall, are matters of history; how it spread up and down the Cape is yet fresh in the memory of the living.

I love to make an annual pilgrimage to Father Taylor's Bethel; I love the time-hallowed associations of the old sanctuary; I love to call up the bethel of the past, with its expectant throng, and the hard face, but tender voice of the old demigod, balancing the fate of his fascinated listeners. During my last visit the organist was absent, and my attention was drawn to the leader of the singing. The tune was an old standard, well adapted to his deep-toned voice, and evidently in harmony with his emotional and spiritual nature. He was sturdy, broad-chested, bronzed-faced, and his voice a whole choir, including the organ: a grand diapason. He sang all over. Every muscle and fibre of his flexible form beat time. I looked in admiration at his glowing face, and wondered how one man could sing so much. His enthusiasm, powerful lungs, and slight nasal accent, carried me back more than forty years. I was no longer in the Bethel, but in the plain, white-walled meeting-house on the hill-tops of Cape Cod. After service, I inquired who was the man that led the singing. "Oh!" said my friend, "that is Brother ——, just come from Wellfleet." He was a type of the singers of fifty to sixty years ago on the Cape.

Many years ago Reuben Rich, and John Mayo the French prisoner of 1811, went to Provincetown with a boatload of

clambait. Finding a poor market, they concluded to remain all night. This being before there were houses of entertainment in Provincetown, they tried several private houses; for various domestic reasons, none could accommodate them, so they made up their minds to lodge in their boat, but thought they would first attend the prayer-meeting. Both were fine singers. As the singing dragged, they modestly came to the rescue, and quite surprised the audience with their sweet full notes. After the meeting closed, they were requested to sing a few favorite pieces. Instead of having to sleep in an open boat, they had a score of invitations; were abundantly lodged and breakfasted, and in the morning, sold the balance of their clams to a good market.

THE LEAFY TEMPLES.

About the first, if not the very first camp-meetings in New England, were held on the Cape. The first was in South Wellfleet, in 1819, and continued the next three years. From 1823 to 1825, they were holden on Bound Brook Island. The next year, 1826, the tents were pitched in Truro, a short distance south of the bridge on the hill, where now stands the house built by Joshua Smith in 1832, when it was surrounded by a beautiful grove of tall oak-trees; some of them had to be cut down to make room for the house; others were left so near that the wind-swung boughs disturbed the sleepers. For many years the plain, whitewashed house peering out from the deep foliage, was a pleasant sight. It was to the camp-meeting in Truro that Drew referred: —

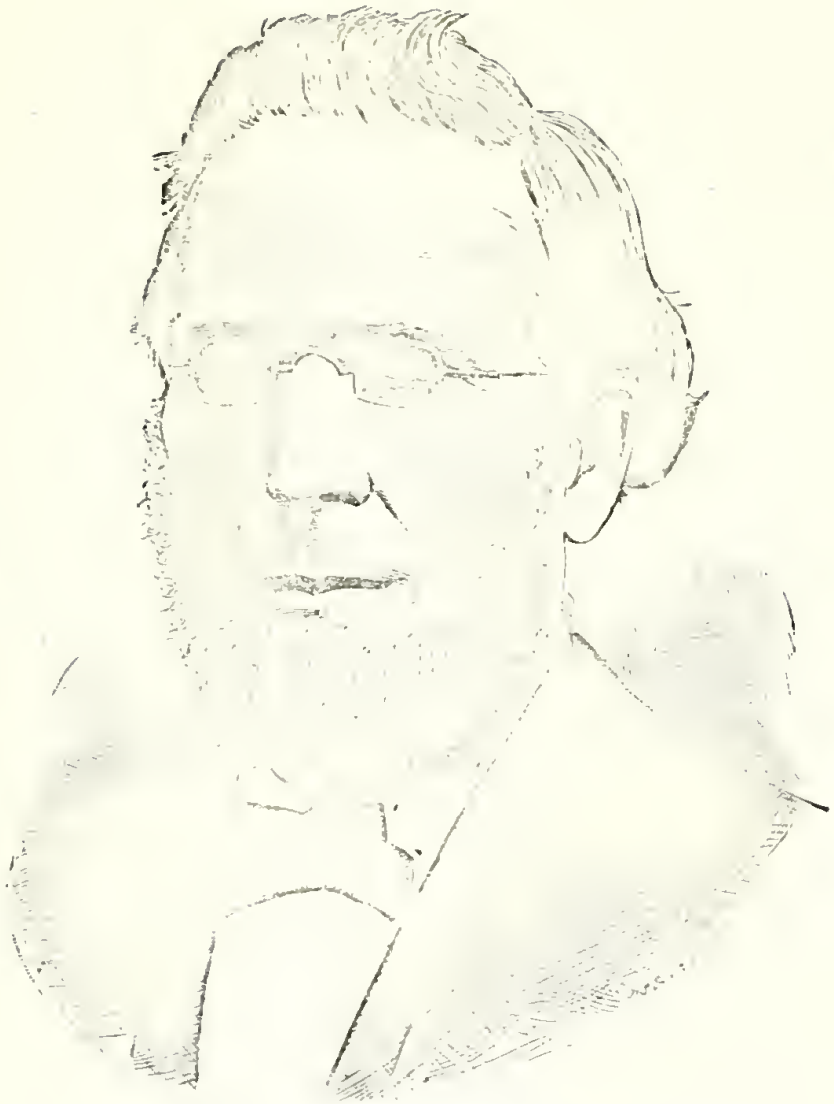
> We saw great gatherings in a grove,
> A grove near Pamet Bay,
> Where thousands heard the preached word,
> And dozens knelt to pray.

The next annual gathering was at Eastham, where they were continued till the Old Colony railroad ran down to Yarmouth in 1863, when the time-honored, consecrated spot was abandoned, and the present grove purchased. These more

than thirty years of camp-meetings at Eastham have a glorious record. Men of power and deep religious experience made these green arches tremble with their eloquence. These were the days when the people called Methodists held to the simplicity of the Cross; when the camp-meeting at Eastham was distinguished by great, promiscuous gatherings and remarkable conversions; when men and women who came to revile, returned wrought with a Divine influence, and became life-long Christians. The Eastham Camp-meeting Grove Association was incorporated in 1838. The property is still held by the Corporation.

REV. DANIEL ATKINS.

Christ said to the fishermen of Galilee: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And straightway they forsook their nets and followed him." In the early history of the town, several instances are mentioned of men who entered the ministry, but during the present century few have directly turned their hands to the Gospel net. Rev. Daniel, the subject of this sketch and engraving, is the son of Paul and Keziah (Paine) Atkins, born August 16, 1824, the eldest of eight sons and one daughter. His grandfather was Barnabas Paine, reaching to a long line of deacons, ministers and doctors. At twenty-one, he left fishing and entered an apprentice at boat-building at Newport, R. I. At twenty-three, he commenced business in Gloucester; January, 1851, was licensed to preach by Amos Binney, Presiding Elder, and the following April was appointed to the M. E. Church in Wales; received a member of the New England Conference April, 1852; ordained deacon by Bishop Baker, 1854, and elder, 1856, by Bishop James. After Wales, his appointments have been: Palmer and South Belchertown, '53; Leicester, '54–5; Warren, '56–7; Dudley, '58–9; North Brookfield, '60–1; Millbury, '62–3; Oakdale, '64–5; Newburyport, Purchase St., '66; South Reading, '67–9; East Douglas, '70–2; Gardner, '73–4; Spencer, '75–7; Townsend, '78–80; East Pepperell, '81–2.

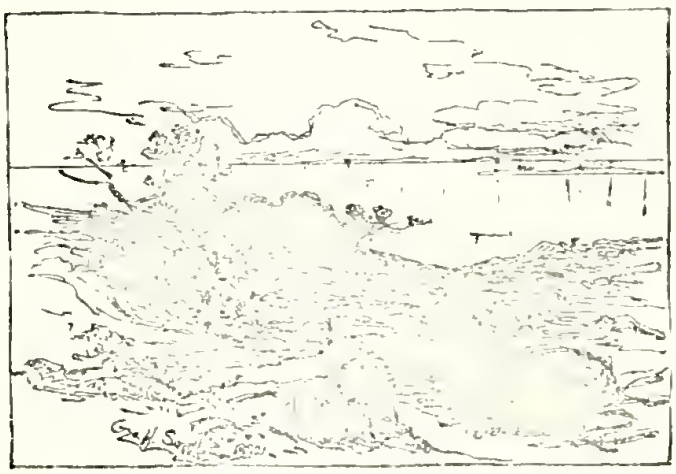


REV. DANIEL ATKINS.

He resigned a prosperous business, and entered the ministry from the highest conscientious motives. To preach Christ, to be a Christian minister, was his single purpose. From his first appointment, he has gone steadily forward in the work committed to his trust, making no false step, turning neither to the right nor left, preaching the Word as one to whom was committed the oracles of God. If a successful ministry means to increase religious interest and deep Christian fellowship, to build anew, pay old and new debts, generally to strengthen and improve the Church temporalities and spiritualities, his ministry has been abundant in success, and few have less occasion to question their call of the Lord.

Mr. Atkins has been twice married: In 1848 to Caroline M. Thurston of Newport, whose death occurred March 11, 1854. Children by this marriage, William Paul, now a printer in Boston; Benjamin Paine, died aged twelve; Daniel Thurston died in infancy. January, 1855, to Nancy J. Shaw, of Wales.

A younger brother, Doane R., graduated at Yale, studied divinity at Andover, is pastor of the Congregational Church at Custer City, Dakota. He is well qualified for the broad and promising field to which he has consecrated his youth and talents.



CHAPTER XIX.

HOW THEY LIVED.

Modern Improvements. Middlemarch. Scientific Activity. Victor Hugo. An honest Purpose. Pilgrim Habits. Kathrina. Charles I. Mr. Winslow and the Royal Charter. Blackstone. English Homes. Truro, Eng. Fashionable Gentlemen. Fashionable Ladies. Kitty Trevylyn. Old Grimes. Homespun. Labrador Tea. Lora Standish. Needlework. Live Geese. High Beds. Old Houses. The Sun-dial. The Kitchen. Geraldine. Gervase Markham. Tusser, the English Botanist. Fireplace Equipments. Jack-of-all-trades. Pewter Ware. Bean Porridge. The Punch-Bowl. Temperance Reform. Trenchers. Mortar and Pestle. Spider Cakes philosophically considered. Faculty. Well-fed. Sunday Dining. Resources. Herbert Spencer. Pumpkin Pie. Old Orchards. High-top Sweetings. Atlantic Apples. Old Pear-tree Tradition. The Old Colony Club. Daniel Webster. Home. The highest Honor. Contentment. Brother Joe.

THE comforts, conveniences and improvements of modern living have been so often reiterated, and held in such strong contrast with the past, and the question is so often asked, How they lived? that even the survival of the fittest seems little less than a Divine interposition. That nearly everybody lived, and, what is of infinite importance to this argument, raised large, healthy, full-grown families that did likewise under that exhaustive system, was not an accident.

Looking at the mother, you might hope that the daughter would become like her, which is a prospective advantage equal to a dowry.— *Middlemarch.*

That the present generations are the opposite extreme in the points enumerated cannot favor the comforts, conveniences and improvements of modern living.

Scientific activity has contributed chiefly to this advancement. Principally among these may be mentioned the use

of stoves, coal, gas and water-pipes, by which houses are heated, lighted and supplied with hot and cold water. Also friction matches, better and warmer clothing and richer food. Yet many people are banishing these now common modes of life and returning to the wood fire, blazing and crackling on the open hearth; the circulation of the open chimney, the cheerful lamp on the centre-table, water where there shall be no extra risk of drowning in the fourth story, and otherwise showing a modified appreciation of old ways. It has become almost fashionable to express admiration for most everything old. Victor Hugo says in *Notre Dame*, "Fashion has done more mischief than revolution," which is saying a good deal where revolutions are the fashion. Old garrets, worm-eaten chests, lumber-rooms and country kitchens have been so often hunted and reproduced and described that I distrust my ability to awaken new interest, and hesitate to undertake this part of my task. An honest purpose, however, to neglect no part of duty, leaves no choice. I shall therefore present to the best of my ability, faithful and truthful pictures of Old Colony customs and manners.

Nowhere in New England have the Pilgrim habits been preserved with so much purity as on the Cape. Prominent among these were industry and economy — twin-sisters of thrift and prosperity. These habits were as much inborn in the old stock as their bold, daring and stubborn independence. Both from principal and interest, the early days of the Colony were strictly frugal and simple; through years of constant aggression, more than a flavor of old-time *bonhomie* remains. Cut off as they were from the Mother Country and supplies, they soon found the necessity of self-dependence. As necessity is the mother of invention, their clever hands lay hold upon new resources, and soon learned to supply themselves.

> They drove the plough,
> They trafficked, builded, delved, they spun and wove,
> They taught and preached, they hasted up and down,
> Each on his little errand, and their eyes
> Were full of eager fire, as if the earth
> And all its vast concerns were on their hands.— *Kathrina.*

Many of them were skilful mechanics, having brought their implements from the old country. The forge, the loom and the shop, were soon active; and community wants were in a great measure supplied by community labors. Every year added to their home-supplies and home-comforts, and made them more independent, as they desired to be, of England. After Charles the First was beheaded, in 1649, Parliament meditated a new charter for the Colonies, and authorized the Council of State to appoint governors over them. Massachusetts, through her agent, Mr. Winslow of Plymouth, then in England, boldly remonstrated and pleaded the Royal Charter, which permitted them to have a governor and magistrates of their own choice, and laws of their own making, if not repugnant to those of England. Mr. Winslow said they had emigrated, settled, and maintained the colony without cost to the Parent State; they were able enough to have lived in England, and had removed to a wilderness to escape ecclesiastical persecution. Blackstone, who built the first house in Boston, said he left England to escape the arbitrary conduct of the Lords Bishops, and left Boston to escape the rigid discipline of the Lords Brethren.

Quite intimate relations and friendships with men and women from the west of England and the north of Ireland led somewhat to an understanding of the social life in these parts of the kingdom. It was a grateful surprise to recognize so many home habits, home virtues, and so much home thrift; so much of education and religion among the middle classes. Lately a short but gratifying experience among these people, a hasty study of their social problem, has fully confirmed these impressions, showing the superstructure of English homes quite identical with our own. I am grateful for this experience. It has opened many sealed fountains of deep satisfaction, and disabused my mind of many born prejudices. I am free to express a deep conviction that what we most prize and love in the simple habits and strong virtues of our fathers and mothers was not ingrafted. Nearly twenty years ago, when living in a Western city, a pleasant family of father, mother and daughters, with a cheery little home embowered

among jessamine and honeysuckle and choice flowers, cultivated with genuine English taste, was always open to a friendly call. They were from Truro, England, I from Truro, Massachusetts. The old Cornwall town by the great harbor of Falmouth, and the Barnstable town by the great harbor of Cape Cod, afforded many happy comparisons and delightful associations. May these lines fall before them, for days of *Auld Lang Syne.*

The old-time habits, strict frugality and independence of the first settlers, continued with little change for one hundred and fifty years. We might safely say that in the outlying portions of New England little change took place till 1800. The exceptions to this rule were inconsiderable among the common people. Dr. Freeman says: "The last half of the eighteenth century witnessed a great change; the Old World fashions became known and even were expressed in these quiet domains." In 1747 fashionable gentlemen wore sky-blue coats with silver button-holes, and huge cuffs extending more than half-way from the middle of the hand to the elbow, short breeches reaching to the silver garters at the knee, and embroidered waistcoats with long flaps that came almost as low. Silver knee-buckles, the three-cornered hat, white-topped boots, ruffles, and silk stockings. Sharp-toed shoes were carried to a great extent; we should say to the *extreme length* of fashion. Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, had the toes of his shoes two feet in length, to cover a defect in his foot, it was said. Complaint was made that the shoes were so snouted they could not kneel in the house of worship. "Joshua's courting dress at twenty was a full-bottomed wig and cocked hat, scarlet coat and small clothes; white vest, silk stockings, shoes with buckles and two watches." The above reads like a caricature, but is a correct description of the extreme fashion. What upon earth Joshua wanted of two watches courting, the chronicler deposeth not. Red-kid high-heeled shoes, fifteen-button kid gloves, silk and satin dresses, gold beads, hoops, peaked stomachers, modesty bits, riding habits and waistcoats trimmed with silver, perukes and cocked hats, were the vanities of the women of that day.

"Yet, young ladies, they were as gay and giddy in their time as you are now; they were as attractive and as lovely; they were not less ready than you are to laugh at the fashions that had gone before them. They were wooed and won by gentlemen in short breeches, long-flapped waistcoats, large cuffs, and tie wigs; and the wooing and winning proceeded much in the same manner as before them, and as it will proceed when you will be as little thought of by your great-granddaughters, as your great-grandmothers are now by you." It must be understood that even among the people who accepted these indications of wealth and growing conformity to the world, these "vanities" were worn only on the Sabbath or on great occasions, and were then carefully laid away; so from year to year.

Kitty Trevylyn, who reflects the habits of English country-folk one hundred and fifty years ago, tells how her father put on his best coat, twenty years old, to welcome her home from London when she returned from her first visit to his rich sisters; and how, when he took it off, her mother folded it so carefully in a white cover, and laid it on the shelf in the cupboard. Kitty's father was a retired captain living on a scanty pension, near the coast in Cornwall; he had all the pride and dignity of his profession, with the usual contempt for tradesmen. His sister Patience had married a rich merchant in London. "Father always spoke of his sister Henderson as 'Poor Patience,' implying she had lowered herself immeasurably by marrying a tradesman. But I find that aunt Henderson as commonly speaks of father as 'My poor brother.'"

Among the people on the Cape great simplicity and economy were maintained. The old men and young men all had a Sunday coat, waistcoat and small-clothes, and a fur hat. The old men only had a greatcoat, which lasted an average lifetime. The young men never thought of wearing an overcoat; they could wear a full wig, but comfortable great-coats were for old men. The men had one pair of well-tanned leather boots reaching to the knees. The winter every-day rig was homespun flannel breeches and jacket,

long striped waistcoat — like old Grimes', all buttoned down before — flannel or woolsey shirt, blue-yarn long stockings, such as Doctor Franklin wore at the court of France, and heavy leather shoes. Shoe buckles of steel or brass, rarely of silver, among the middling people, continued in common use till 1800. The eldest boy had for summer a suit of home-made everlasting, which, when outgrown, was handed down to the next, and so on in infinite digression. The women and girls wore on Sunday in winter, homespun flannel, fulled and pressed and sheared at the factory. How they smiled and charmed in these Quaker-brown suits, all guiltless of tuck or ruffle, frill or flounce, of gimp or ribbon, fringe or bow. Do you smile because in another fashion? Remember the old poet: —

> Fashions that are now called new,
> Have been worn by more than you;
> Elder times have used the same,
> Though these new ones get the name.

A silk gown was more prized than a paid-up life-insurance policy of to-day. For the silk dress was for life, with no danger of failing. A string of gold beads, or necklace, was the crowning glory and ambition of the young woman's toilet. They were heir-looms from generation to generation. Many such still survive. The more common dress of the women was loose gown and petticoat. In this graceful and healthful costume, our mothers and sisters baked and brewed, washed and ironed, carded and spun, warped and filled, wove and quilted, laughed and sung, and rocked the cradle. They touched the spinning-wheel and distaff with deft fingers. From the whirring wheels and shining spindle flew warp and woof fine as gossamer and firm as threads of steel. A letter is published in the *Massachusetts Gazateer*, March 3, 1768, written at Barnstable, which says: "A few days since a number of Barnstable ladies paid me a visit, dressed all in homespun, even to their handkerchiefs and gloves, and not so much as a ribbon on their heads. They were entertained with Labrador tea; all were cheerful and merry. Toward

THEY TOUCHED THE SPINNING-WHEEL AND DISTAFF.

night we had the company of some of the chief gentlemen of the town, who all drank Labrador tea." This was in the days when the *baneful* English teas was a question of loyalty. Labrador tea — (*Ledum latifolium*) — a small plant that

grows in or near swampy places, said to be a passable substitute for genuine tea.

The pride of these housekeepers culminated in their beds and bedding. Fine wool blankets, coverlets of elaborate designs, beautifully wrought, quilts in Grecian, mosaic and other artistic patterns; linen sheets bleached white as snow, all home-made, and a live-geese feather bed, were the expectancies for the trousseau of every fair-to-do young woman. Since the days of Lora Standish, fine needlework has been an accomplishment of the Old Colony daughters. The needle was a talisman, which if it did not always point to the North Star, drew many a star in its epicycle.

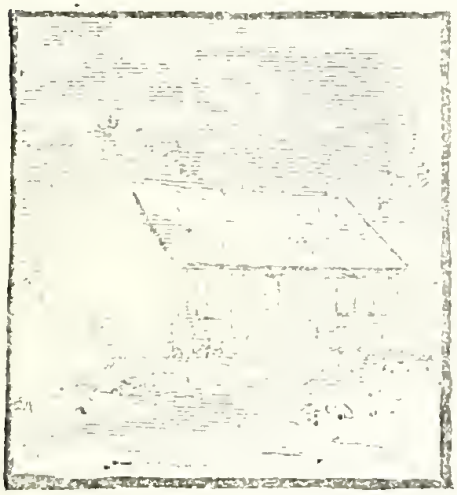
> Tent-work, raised-work, laid-work, prest-work, net-work,
> Most curious pearl, or rare Italian cut-work.
> Fine fern-stitch, finny-stitch, new-stitch and chain-stitch,
> Brave bed-stitch, fisher-stitch, Irish-stitch and queen-stitch,
> The Spanish-stitch, rosemary-stitch and maw-stitch,
> The smarting whip-stitch, back-stitch and the cross-stitch,
> All these are good, and these we must allow;
> And these are everywhere in practice now.—*Taylor the Water Poet.*

Lora Standish's sampler is among the curiosities of Pilgrim Hall, with this gentle prayer wrought with her own hands: —

> Lora Standish is my name,
> Lord, guide my heart that I may do thy will;
> Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
> As will conduce to virtue void of shame,
> And I will give the glory to thy name.

Live-geese feather-beds were an object of considerable emulation, and moved the social barometer much as would now a solid silver service. The frequent visits of the fishermen to Belle Isle and Labrador (pronounced by the fishermen Larbadore) afforded excellent opportunity to secure the genuine article. The sack that left home filled with straw, returned with the downy store, for bed and pillows, the latter called pillow bears, and apostrophized by the old people as pille'bers. Fifty years ago or less, high beds were as fashionable as now the other extreme. The boys used to joke about rigging a

jury-mast and rattle down the shrouds to climb into bed. The first houses were usually built two story in front, with long slanting roofs reaching within a few feet of the ground in the rear. Later, the rule was one low story still lower in the rear, with two liberal-sized front rooms, an immense kitchen, with two bedrooms and a buttery, or pantry, on the lower floor, and a "square chamber" up-stairs. The construction and general arrangement were substantially the same as in the now so well-known, "old-fashioned double house," which Thoreau describes as looking so fast anchored to the soil, and which, considering the cost and adaptation to the then style of living, the comfort for winter and summer, was a success, and could not be much bettered to-day. The cut on this page, which was intended for a larger size, is perhaps as good a specimen of the old-fashioned double house as can be found in Truro. It was built a hundred years ago by my grandfather, Joshua Rich, and has had no changes or modern innovations for fifty years. It is now owned and occupied by Leonard P. Rich, and is the easternmost house in Longnook Hollow.



OLD-FASHIONED DOUBLE HOUSE.

All the houses fronted the south and told twelve o'clock meridian with the accuracy of a chronometer. Every window was a sun dial, and often the only time-keeper. The front of the house was always sunny, and sometime during the day the long kitchen was sure to catch the broad sunbeams. The two front rooms were usually known as the "east room," where the family lived with the sunshine, say from November till April or May; and the west room, known as the "great room," which was for guests and especial occasions. The spacious kitchens, always fresh and cool, were open to all work in summer, and used for storage and common work in winter.

How altogether homelike and hospitable were these roomy, unrestricted old kitchens; whitewashed, floor-sanded and wide fireplaced. What a sense of long-day comfort floated in the air. How a cool current drifting through the open north windows, invited a siesta on the old settle or red chest.

For many years, the houses as a rule, were innocent of paint or paper, and some of plastering, particularly the kitchen, though kept light and clean with frequent whitewashing. The open beams, girders and walls were festooned with flowering herbs, stock-bearing seeds, and various home products for ornament and use, varying with the season. From the roots, herbs, berries, wild flowers, and a little New England rum, the mothers could prepare remedies to cure all the ills of body and soul.

> O weary lady Geraldine,
> I pray you drink this cordial wine,
> It is a wine of virtuous powers;
> My mother made it of wild flowers.

Old Gervase Markham, in his book called the *English Housewife*, containing "The inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a complete woman," places her skill principally in medicine. Tusser, an English botanist in the time of the Tudors, enumerates one hundred and sixty-six herbs and plants for the kitchen, for windows and pots, and for physic, which he inculcates in rhyme, beginning —

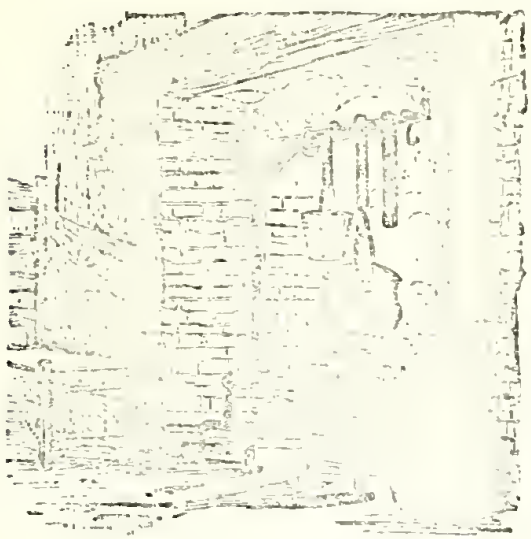
> Good housewives provide ere an sickness do come,
> Of sundry good things in her house to have some.

Unquestionably there was virtue in many of these things, but there was evidently no little superstition, which, however, was more harmless and less expensive than the doctor.

> The fire with well-dried logs supplied,
> Went roaring up the chimney wide.

The fireplaces were the old cord-wood pattern; wide as that into which Froissart's knight threw the donkey with his load of fagots. Additional room was also required for one and

sometimes two brick ovens. The fireplace equipments were an iron back, sometimes plain, sometimes corrugated, cornuted or crenulated; ornamented with mediæval dragons, centaurs or apostolic scenes; a long crane with graduated hooks and trammels; huge straddling andirons, called in the West dogs; in one corner a form, in the other a dye-pot, well covered by the boys in cold weather; the smoking kial on its favorite peg, with shovel (slice) and tongs right and left, by machicolated fender made complete. The last not generally in use.



THE OLD FIREPLACE.

Every householder was understood to be a carpenter, cabinet-maker and upholsterer — a jack-of-all-trades according to necessity. The furniture was simple and inexpensive. The oak-framed, well-flagged chairs ranged round the room testified to his or the neighbors' handiwork. Perhaps here and there an old English arm-chair or table could be found. Clocks there were none. From its perch on the high mantel-tree, an hour-glass did service; occasionally an ancient bull's-eye hanging high over the bellows, beat time like a steam sledge-hammer. A row of polished iron and brass candlesticks, with tray and snuffers, were also on the mantel. Addison says, — "The eye of the mistress made the pewter shine."

Pewter or block-tin ware, was largely in use. The cupboard or buttery shelves glittered with rows of platters, plates, pans, pitchers porringers and punch-bowl, which were the pride of every good housekeeper. Porringers were in common use for drinking porridge, till tea and coffee banished them by introducing cups and saucers. A collection of the various styles and devices of pewter ware would be worth securing. Swift wrote: —

The porringers that in a row,
Hang high and make a glittering show.

One hundred years ago few had carpets, and those only in front of the chairs. The floors were scrubbed white as snow, and sanded with white sand in puddles. Some of the best disciplined families kept the puddles intact from Monday to Monday, thus early training the boys to steer through the Dardanelles. In the last century, William Baker rendered a bill against the State of Massachusetts for scrubbing and sanding the Council Chamber, which was promptly paid. Those patterns of neatness, the Amsterdam housewives, carried this virtue to great excess. The Pilgrim mothers, of which little is said, while living in the Lowlands, quite likely borrowed the customs from the Dutch dames.

Settles were a standard piece of furniture. They were made of oak or pine, four or five feet long, with backs higher than the heads of the boys, to break the wind and cold while the ruddy blaze kept all warm in front. Or else —

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.

Bean-porridge was among the good healthful regulation diets. Hence: —

Bean-porridge hot and bean-porridge cold.

Some of the skippers were charged with ordering the bean-soup thinner than the law allowed. One day when dinner was announced, the bean-soup placed upon the table and the skipper had taken his place at the head according to custom, a funny little Frenchman began to peel off his jacket. "What in creation are you going to do?" said the skipper. "To pull off my jacket and tive for pean, by Cot!" said the Frenchman. Thereafter they had no occasion to complain of their bean-soup on that voyage.

The family punch-bowl was seen oftener than the family coat of arms. Charles Chatterbox boasted that he had read of

a man who swallowed a punch-bowl that held a gallon. That was about the standard size on the Cape. In the old-fashioned Cornish town of St. Colomb, mine host Polkinhorn of the "Red Lion," will be happy to show the huge silver punch-bowl presented to the elder Polkinhorn, for throwing the Devon champion at Tamar Green in 1826, after a three hours' tussle. It was said of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who settled in Londonderry, "that they never gave up a *pint* of doctrine or a pint of rum," and of the settlers of Amoskeag Fall: —

> Their only wish and only prayer,
> For the present world, and the world to come,
> Was a string of eels and a jug of rum.

The punch-bowl was in full favor till 1800. In common acceptation, everybody drank the famous punch and flip. At trainings, town-meetings, installations and funerals, it was sanctioned by general usage.

At a town meeting held by adjournment April 12, 1744, it was agreed and voted that the grass growing on the common meadows this year, should be sold at vendue at the highest bidder, and Elisha Snow bid ten dollars and it was struck off to him, and proprietors agreed and voted that the ten dollars shall be spent for liquor, and accordingly it was so spent.

Attest. ANTHONY SNOW. *Proprietor's Clerk.*

A barrel of wine was drunk at the funeral of a Boston minister. Old records groan with the abuses of this deplorable practice. The towns were saddled with bills for rum and cider at the funerals of paupers. The great temperance reform of 1826, that swept like wildfire, came none too soon. The punch-bowl was swept as effectually out of sight on the Cape as were Pharaoh's chariot wheels in the Red Sea. It is recorded in the Probate Office in Boston, that in 1678, at the funeral of Mrs. Mary Norton, widow of the celebrated John Norton, minister of the First Church, fifty-one and a half gallons of the best Malaga wine were consumed by the mourners. Where is the churl that says the old times were better than the new? In early times trenchers were used instead of plates. Among the effects of one family, were one dozen trenchers. The round were regarded the most fashiona-

ble and most likely to nourish sinful tastes. A good Connecticut deacon was charged with pride and worldly mindedness because he used round trenchers in his family. When he explained that he turned them with his lathe, and did not mean to indulge in sinful tastes, the charge was withdrawn. Knives and forks were not much used in Europe till after 1600. They were generally used by the colonists, though it was no breach of good manners to eat with the fingers. Solomon said, "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." Our grandmothers used to bray samp in huge mortars with pestle to match. No little rivalry was sometimes manifest among the smart housewives for the early golden samp. Some of the old mortars and pestles are yet stored in side-chambers and out-houses. Occasionally I pay my compliments to one that has seen little of the world for fifty years.

The spider, or skillet, and the Dutch oven, should not be omitted from the list of kitchen furnishings. They were indispensable agents of happiness and civilization. Though not intended, I am not sure this remark does not contain a philosophical truth. To the spider we are indebted for the famous "spider cakes," that for tender, wholesome, and well-cooked bread of wheat, corn or rye-flour, that to this day cannot well be surpassed. The principal qualifications in this formula was "faculty." It is surprising how largely that simple quantity permeated comfortable homes, and how large a factor it became in the social problem. Should I go further and venture an opinion, from a quite broad field of observation it would be that the one needed accomplishment in settling the domestic question of the day, is *faculty*. The favorite and never-failing item in the Cape bill of fare is pies. The Old Colony wives were well —

> —— versed in the arts
> Of pies, puddings and tarts,

proving most conclusively their relations with the counties of old Devon and Cornwall. A late writer states "that not one in a hundred of the population of the world have enough to eat."

I should not hesitate to say that not one in a hundred of the Cape populations that did not have enough to eat. The tables were plain, but the people well fed. In old times the children did not always sit at the table with their parents, but were content at a side table with good bean-porridge and brown bread, and sharp appetites, without which Dives' sumptuous fare was a mockery. Healthier and sweeter bread was never eaten than the substantial loaf made of native corn and rye and baked in the brick ovens. Saturdays' baking in some of the full-sized families, as the loaves ranged along the pantry shelf, resembled the ranges of Rocky Mountains in the school atlas. Sunday dinner was general for all, and not served till after both meetings were over. After long walks, long prayers, and two long sermons, they were fully prepared for the full courses. A boiled dinner with abundance of such vegetables as only grow on the Cape, was the substantial feature of a Sunday dinner; a pyramid of Indian pudding was the dessert, and ended the eating for the Sabbath-day.

Pork and beans that have become nationalized, like many other Yankee institutions, were especially a Saturday night and Sunday morning dish. A modern market was not known in the country round. Twice a year the standard staple groceries were laid in, and husbanded like gold. Stores were few and money not plenty. It was the custom to lay in a supply of well-cured codfish twice a year. During the fall, winter and spring abundance of fresh fish, including eels — Cape Cod eels, scarcely surpassed in delicacy by any fish that swim — could generally be had for the labor of catching. Shell fish, clams on the flats, the great clam on the bars, quahaugs, in some places oysters, could be had the year through. In the spring came calves, in the season, lambs, fat hogs, occasionally a steer; or older beef, which with chickens and game for Thanksgiving and other occasions, made up the table substantials. Flour bread was regarded a luxury, but a good corn-crib and rye-bin laughed at famine, while plenty of vegetables and generally an orchard were important connections. A cow or two, a flock of sheep, and poultry, and the provident wives' stock of dried and preserved stores were the year-round

dependencies in most all well-settled families. Whenever a calf, or pig, or steer was killed, all the neighbors received a piece; as this was reciprocated, though meant and appreciated as a real kindness, it was real good policy. The poor widow, or some unfortunate family that could reciprocate in thanks only, were the real beneficiaries. Herbert Spencer says, "Barter began by making a present and receiving one in return, and even now in the East, there continue traces of this primitive transaction."

Pumpkin was in great repute among the English settlers. The Pilgrims used to say:—

> We have pumpkins at morning, and pumpkins at noon,
> If it was not for pumpkin, we should be undone.

They were cultivated largely by the Indians, and entered considerably into their support. Cape Cod is a paradise for pumpkins, and the "Pumpkin Pie" is fit for the gods.

> I've tried the best
> In East and West,
> I've lunched 'neath tropic sun;
> I've tested all
> The fruits that fall,
> And like them every one.
> But North or South,
> No human mouth,
> I will the world apprise,
> Ne'er tasted food
> One-half so good
> As our own pumpkin pies.

The early settlers devoted much attention to planting orchards. Every house was located with this especial reference. Owing to the virgin soil, the protection by the original forests, or some other reason, the fruit-trees of the first hundred years and more, grew large, and yielded freely of fine, fair fruit. Great varieties of apples were cultivated. A favorite was the High-top Sweeting, the most delicious of summer apples, and in some particulars peculiar to the Cape. When fully ripe they were richly fragrant, and yellow as the

apples of Hesperides. Unless I mistake, these lines will be read by more than one in the sere and yellow leaf, who will stop to dream of the tall trees, the pride of the old orchard, and of the fair, fragrant, dewy fruit lying every morning on the grass or among the corn. In the hurricane of 1804, many of these trees were destroyed. About fifty years ago, a Truro fisherman returning from the banks, just before sighting the Cape, discovered considerable quantities of apples on the water, which were eagerly secured, and regarded a precious bit of good luck. In fishermen's phrase, a god-send. These were the famous Summer Sweeting, fair and fresh as if just from the trees. Moreover, the boys declared that they came from their own orchards in Longnook, a famous place for these apples; that Cape Cod must be sunk, and the fruit washed from the trees, or how could they be found floating upon the ocean?

The Cape, however, was duly found, and their old homes and favorite Summer Sweeting. But there had been a severe easterly storm, and the highest tide ever known in the summer on the Cape; it had washed down some of the sand dikes and flooded the orchards, and, owing to the heavy wind, the apples were thick on the ground; had been carried out to sea, and the ocean currents had borne them to the hungry boys who knew the apples from their own orchards.

Some of the trees grew to prodigious size. A pear-tree known to be growing when the town was settled, is still flourishing in the old orchard of the late Hincks Gross. It is in a deep valley, protected by the surrounding hills, its roots striking deep into living water springs. In 1812, as it had not borne fruit for some years, it was proposed to cut it down. Better council, however, prevailed. In gratitude for its preservation, for more than sixty years it has never failed a bountiful yield. The tree is tall and symmetrical, giving no sign of decay, and when in full blossom is a mountain of beauty. Concerning this tree, there is a tradition that one of the *Mayflower* party brought it from England, promising to plant it in the New World the first opportunity. That during the second visit to Truro, on the journey up the river in pursuit of fresh

water springs, perceiving a favorable spot, they fulfilled their promise. In favor of this story it may be said that the tree is but a short distance from the river banks, and the path of the company must have been a few rods only from the place. The property is now in possession of Dr. O. R. Gross of New York. Whatever may be the cause, the few High-top Sweetings, lone and dismantled, left here and there from once goodly orchards, will soon pass away. No other High-tops will take their place. All the apple-trees planted during the present century grow low, with wide-branching limbs. I have often seen trees cultivated as curiosities, not half as fine specimens as these grown curious by habitat. Trees not higher than a man's head will often throw out lateral branches twenty feet or more, and yield freely. It is not uncommon for the fruit growing on the uphill side, to rest on the ground. Quince and pears are now cultivated on all sheltered places with gratifying success. The old theory that fruit-trees could not be made to grow within a mile of the ocean is an old myth.

THE HINCKS GROSS PEAR-TREE, 1882.

December 22, 1769, the Old Colony Club, still green and vigorous, was formed to resist the growing oppression of the Crown. On this day, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, known as Forefathers' Day, was celebrated for the first time. The Club consists of seven original members.

As a specimen of Old Colony living, we present the bill of fare at that feast:

1. A large baked Indian huckleberry pudding.
2. A dish of succotash (corn and beans), Indian dish.
3. A dish of clams.
4. A dish of oysters and a dish of codfish.

5. A haunch of venison, roasted by the first jack brought to the Colony.
6. A dish of roasted sea-fowl.
7. A dish of fresh fish and eels.
8. An apple pie.
9. A course of cranberry tarts and cheese made in the Old Colony.

After the feast the following toasts were given : —

1. To the memory of our brave and pious ancestors, the first settlers of the Old Colony.
2. To the memory of Governor Carver, and all the other Governors of the Old Colony.
3. To the memory of that pious man, and faithful, Mr. Secretary Morton.
4. To the memory of that brave and good officer, Captain Miles Standish.
5. To the memory of Massassoit, our first and best friend.
6. To the memory of Mr. Robert Cushman, who preached the first sermon in New England.
7. The Union of the Old Colony and Massachusetts.
8. May every person be professed of the same noble sentiments against arbitrary power, that our worthy ancestors were endowed with.

Doctor James Freeman delivered a sermon on the anniversary of Old Colony Club.

The Old Colony Pilgrim Society was formed November 9, 1819. February 24, 1820, it was incorporated by the name of the Pilgrim Society. December 22, 1820, Daniel Webster delivered the first address. Mr. Winthrop said, "From this time, he certainly stood second as an orator to no other man who spoke the English language."

Home was the scene of industry and contentment. More happiness than falls to the lot of average mortals. Where large families are raised under constant sacrifices and concessions for each other, a broad charity is fostered, and domestic discipline encouraged, that disarms common trials and deprivations of more than half their terror. It is undoubtedly true that the majority of the common *poor people* of New England regard themselves "comfortably off," and never think or know that they are poor. Toil and close economy mean comfort and independence, and a ready hand for their friends in sickness and misfortune. Over all such homes, and they were not a few in the olden time on the Cape, the angel of peace spread her wing.

"I used to be as happy as the day is long and envied not Queen Victoria on her throne," said a lady of eighty, who had raised nine sons, caring for all the wants of the family in her husband's absence, and raising them to manhood and respectability. Two of these sons are ministers of churches, one a graduate from Yale; all are graduates from Fishermen's College, and the six now living are filling places of trust. What higher honor, what sweeter satisfaction for a woman as she approaches the grave, than to know that she has nourished and brought up sons and daughters to call her blessed and to bless the world?

> Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womanhood
> Beats with his blood. — *Tennyson.*

Said another old lady, "I worship every room most in this house. My mother came here a bride at twenty, ninety years ago. In that bedroom she slept till over eighty, and made that coverlid (white as snow) with her own hands. In that chair and by that window mother used to sit and talk in her old age. Here is where I live in summer; this floor now covered with a carpet, my mother used to scrub every week with sand till white as milk." Opening another door, "Here I live in winter, and the sunshine lays so beautifully; there is my grapevine — all the grapes we want — there is my flower garden; my good brother now eighty, never comes into the house without a smile, and is the best man in the world, and kind as he can be. What more do I want in this world?"

A few years since, while the writer was sawing a black-oak greatly disfigured by monstrous excrescences, known as "warts," an elderly woman who stood by remarked: "Those things on that log always makes me think of my brother Joe." I sawed through my log and sat down on the horse to cool, and said, "Tell me the story."

"Well, cousin Mary Newcomb lived about half a mile from our house, mostly through the woods, but clean nice paths all the way. We thought we must see each other every day, and had made a rule at whichever house we met, to walk with

each other half-way home, which we had agreed was by a large black-oak, covered with just such warts as that. At the tree we always used to stop a while to talk, as we had so much to tell each other. After a while, brother Joe and John Daniels, both great scamps, found out our parting-place, and were always sure to be going by just as we sat down to talk. They had occasionally remarked about our tree, and one time Joe said, I know what is the matter with it; every wart on that old tree — and there are millions — is a lie you girls have told about us innocent boys."

As she finished the story, I looked at that face of almost ninety years; the light of other days was there, and I fancied that before her dim eyes, like Job's, a vision had passed. That the intervening seventy-five years had never been; that cousin Mary Newcomb, brother Joe, and John Daniels, had once more been with her under the old oak-tree. As she turned her bowed form and slowly walked down the green grassy slope, I saw these companions three, with youth and strength in their step, love and beauty in their eyes and gladness in their voice, join in the beautiful procession.

> No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
> As I have seen in one Autumnal face — *Donne*.

CHAPTER XX.

WAR OF THE EMBARGO.

Prosperity. Turn of the Tide. Rotting Vessels. Petitions. An obstinate President. New Intercourse Act. Home Manufactures. Right of Search. Declaration of War. Letters of Marque. Privateering. Captain Reuben Rich. Yankee Navy. Songs of Victory. The *Majestic*. The Target. Mill Hill. Pranks. British Officers Socially. Dazzling Guineas. Provincetown Fortunes. Trading to New York In their own Coin. The Boy Pilot. The Newcastle. Peace. How it reached Provincetown. Old Dartmoor Prison. Truro Prisoners. Damp Weather. The Scape-Gallows. A polite Yankee.

FROM the close of the Revolutionary War till the Embargo declared by Congress in 1807, the Cape towns enjoyed a season of almost uninterrupted prosperity, gaining largely in material substance.

Freeman in his *History of Cape Cod*, says: "The war between France and Great Britain was of great advantage to the United States, maintaining strict neutrality, and the peaceable enjoyment of commerce with the belligerents."

The Embargo, such a calamity, and so much refered to by the old people of our younger days, was alleged as a necessary measure to protect our tonnage from British seizure. By the North, it was regarded a Southern measure and was especially unpopular. It was another time of trial in New England, particularly in the coast towns. Upon the Cape it fell with most disastrous effect, causing much embarrassment and distress. The ocean fisheries were abandoned, the dismantled vessels rotted at the grassy wharves. Gloomy, indeed, was the prospect. The men cultivated their little farms, taxing the light soil to the utmost, and fished in boats from the shore when

possible. The women toiled hard at the wheel and loom; every house was a little factory. By joint labors and strict economy, the wolf was kept from the door. Our vessels were worse than captured when the Embargo went into effect. Cartloads of petitions bearing the names of all the active people of the North, poured in upon President Jefferson, but he stubbornly persisted in his destructive policy.

After two years of Embargo came the Non-intercourse Act, interdicting all trade with Great Britain and France.

EVERY HOUSE WAS A LITTLE FACTORY.

This, however, like many other acts of the Mother Country intended to force obedience by crushing our enterprise, proved a blessing in disguise. Domestic manufactory sprung into vigorous life, and out of ruin leaped marvellous prosperity.

The next turn of Great Britain was her "assumed Right of Search" and impressment of American seamen, whereby her

ships were manned with thousands of our brave seamen who were forced on board by press gangs at the point of the sword.

These heaped-up and overbearing demands led to a formal declaration of war, June 18, 1811. It was also charged in the declaration that England had interfered with our rights as a neutral nation, or in derogation of our rights as a neutral nation, made claims upon the United States. The Declaration of War opened lively privateering under Letters of Marque. Under the severity of the preceding years, our men had become restive and ready for any changes and hot for retaliation. The fishermen crowded the privateers and volunteered in the naval service. Our young navy achieved high honors, and acquired wide renown in this war that gave to our history such names as Decatur, and Hull, and Perry, and Paul Jones. For a generation, the songs commemorating these naval victories were sung in the forecastle of every American ship on the ocean. If open to criticism, they stirred the old patriotic fire and were regarded a tribute of honor to the brave sailor.

We quote a verse from one or two of the most popular: —

You thought our frigates were but few,
And Yankees could not fight,
Until bold Hull the *Guerriere* took,
And banished her from sight.

Then next your *Macedonian*,
No finer ship could swim,
Decatur took her gilt-work off,
And then he took her in.

Ye Parliaments of England, ye Lords and Commons too,
Consider well what you're about and what you mean to do;
You are now at war with Yankee boys, and soon you'll rue the day,
You roused the sons of Liberty in North America.

The exposed condition of the town to the enemy was early apparent, and we find early in the beginning, a committee of safety appointed, consisting of the following persons: Israel Lombard, Esq., Zaccheus Rich, Captain Freeman Atkins, Captain Jaazaniah Gross, Stephen Mills, Jonah Stevens.

The Yankee privateers fully maintained the reputation

acquired during the Revolutionary War, that nearly stripped English ships from the ocean and vexed English commerce from sea to sea. Considerable money was made privateering. The most noticeable instances in our community was of Captain Reuben Rich, who with two others fitted out a vessel under Letters of Marque. The first day out they took an English East Indiaman, brought her to Boston, and Captain Rich sold out his interest for $17,000 and had his money in his pocket all within twenty-four hours.

The English men-of-war were as thick around the Cape as flies in summer, making Provincetown headquarters. The *Majestic* was the Admiral's ship. She used to lie at anchor between Truro and Provincetown, and used the old mill that then stood on Mill Hill, as a target during artillery practise. While this was going on, the people preferred the eastern side of the hill. This mill was among the first of the three windmills built in Truro, as mentioned by Doctor Freeman. It was kept at this time by Zaccheus Knowles. Some of the stones may be seen to-day on top of Mill Hill.

Many years before the war, on a cold, calm, winter night, some frolicsome fellows bent on fun at any cost, launched one of these mill-stones. It tore over the frozen ground, crushing trees, fences and everything in its way like a thunderbolt, and roaring like an earthquake. The people rushed from their beds declaring the Day of Doom had come. Luckily it missed a house near its path, which it would have gone through like stubble. The young blades were probably the most frightened, and as a reward was offered for their arrest, were glad not to advertise their prank.

In this connection I am reminded of another prank by the Pilgrim boys in the long ago. An old lady who lived alone, had a fat pig killed and hung up in a shed joining her house. Soon after, she went away for a few days, leaving her pig hanging up, as is the custom in cold weather. In those days, houses were rarely locked. There was not a lock or bolt on our house for forty years. Some boys entered the old lady's house, gave the pig a second dressing, this time in nightgown and cap, and lay it nicely in her bed, covered snug and warm,

with his head resting on the pillow. She came home in the evening alone, and was terrified to find her bed occupied by a stranger.

The officers often landed, visited the houses, were always very civil, and became well acquainted with a good many families. They purchased butter, milk, eggs, chickens, and other supplies, and secured small repairs as needed, paying for them quite liberally in British gold. The officers made no efforts to conceal their well-filled purses of dazzling guineas, which in those hard times quite dazzled the eyes of the poor people.

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels

If reports are true, the officers were sometimes equally dazzled by eyes bright as their guineas, and coy glances, withal. Provincetown received no small benefit from the English vessels, and some of the fortunes since acquired, had their beginning from this source. Some timid people kept their cattle in the woods, for fear they would be carried off by the bargemen; but as dastardly as some of the Britishers' doings were reported on the water, I have heard of nothing dishonorable among the people.

The landing of the barges was watched with much interest; an old lady told me they (the girls) thought it good fun to see them land. Another lady said, that returning from school with her young companions, and meeting a party of Britishers on the road, they turned a little up the hill. The jaunty lieutenant said pleasantly, touching his gold-banded cap, "Don't turn out of the road, young ladies, we won't harm you."

As it was impossible to carry fish to Boston market, it became a custom with the fishermen to load their boats, and, keeping well under the shore, and under cover of night or fog, avoid the barges, work their way to Sandwich, where boat and cargo were carted over to Buzzard's Bay, and so sail on to New York, and steal back the same way.

The boats were sometimes overhauled by the barges and searched. I have heard of only one or two cases where they were stripped of their stores; but what were the provo-

cations, if any, in these exceptional cases, I cannot tell. It is quite possible the fishermen smarting under the sense of injustice, and with the old hatred toward the English, inherited from their fathers, often aggravated them, and it is quite probable that the young officers in charge of the barges often transcended the orders of their superiors. It is said that the boys after one or two trips to New York were ready to embark on a privateer as their only way of revenge.

Commander Ragget, of H. B. M. ship *Spencer*, made a pemand upon Brewster for £250, which was paid. A demand was also made upon Orleans, which was refused, and the valiant captain paid in his own coin. In a few instances they seized boats and held their crews prisoners till the demand was paid.

One day the great barge of the *Majestic* was out on a foraging expedition to Wellfleet. Being in need of a pilot, and finding two boys in a whaleboat catching mackerel off Truro, the lieutenant demanded that the oldest, a lad of fifteen, should go as their pilot ; the boy said he was not a pilot, and could not leave his brother, a little fellow of nine years, alone in the boat. At the lieutenant's glittering sword held over his head, and a threat to cut his head off, he concluded to go, and let his brother get home as best he could. The boy rigged a Spanish windlass and weighed his anchor and managed to get ashore. The barge set the pilot boy ashore at Wellfleet, and he walked home without jacket, shoes or hat. The eldest boy was the late Captain John Elliott Knowles of Truro, the younger Captain Isaiah Knowles, a retired shipmaster now living on Forest street, Boston Highlands.

They sometimes felt the need of pilots, as especially illustrated at the close of the war, when the fine ship-of-war *Newcastle*, from Boston to Provincetown ran ashore on the shoal ground abreast South Truro. Help was immediately sent from Provincetown. Guns and other ordnance were thrown overboard, and a shot of cable slipped with sheet anchor, when she was got off. But the big cable and anchor, with everything else possible, was soon seized by the Truro and Wellfleet boats, and found a good market.

In all the vicissitudes, losses and discomforts growing out of all these years of the Embargo and war, Truro shared fully, and furnished more than an average number of men for all emergencies. The welcome news of peace was at last proclaimed. How it reached the Cape is related by a Provincetown man to his neighbor in the following story: "They say peace has got down as far as Truro, but it's hard telling, Bill D——'s boys lie so like fury."

The English war ships were as sharply watching our privateers as they were sharply watching to escape their clutches. Not unfrequently, however, one was gobbled up, and the crew carried to Dartmoor for a taste of prison life. Among these from Truro were Samuel H. Smith, William White, Ephraim Lombard, Sylvanus Collins, Ephraim Paine, David Snow, Abraham Chapman, John Grozier, Francis Wells, and Joseph S. Dyer; possibly others. Mr. Grozier, the last survivor, died November, 1878, aged ninety. Sylvanus Collins, aged twenty-four, died at Liverpool, March 16, 1814.

Fifty years ago, most every neighborhood of our coast towns had its Dartmoor prisoner, who, if he could not "shoulder his staff and tell how fields were won," repeated for the hundredth time, stories of prison life, to open-eared boys, some of whom no doubt supplemented a more bitter experience at Old Libby and Andersonville. Near the roadside of an old English inn on the borders of Dartmoor, there used to swing a weather-beaten sign, on which was rudely pictured a poor wayfaring traveller battling against a furious moor storm. Beneath were these words: —

> Before the wild moor you venture to pass,
> Pray step within and take a glass.

This inn was directly on the road to the old prison, and it is more than probable that some of our men and boys not only read these lines of invitation, but actually ventured to try a mug of mine host's nut-brown ale. Stretching away for miles are the desolate barrens of Dartmoor, and far out

on the coast is old Dartmoor prison, of which we used to hear so much, and sometimes see crude drawings kept as heir-looms. Dartmoor is one of the great, desolate moors, fifteen hundred feet above the sea, on the south coast of England, in Devonshire, fifteen miles from the great naval station of Plymouth, and takes its name from the river Dart, which flows through it twenty miles to the ocean. The prison was built in 1809, for French prisoners of war. It covers thirty acres, and cost £127,000. The grounds are enclosed by a double line of high walls, which enclose a military road nearly a mile long, with sentry boxes and large bells, which used to be rung during the thick fogs so often prevalent. It has fine-finished buildings three hundred feet long, with accommodations for ten thousand prisoners, which it has entertained. It is now occupied as a convict prison. Dartmoor is subject to rain as well as intense fog; hence the old rhyme in that section:—

The south wind blows and brings wet weather,
The north gives wet and cold together;
The west wind comes brimful of rain,
The east wind brings it back again.
Then if the sun in red should set,
We know the morning must be wet;
And if the eve is clad in gray,
The next is sure a rainy day.

In fine weather, and in summer, the climate is bracing and delightful, and has many tourists; but in winter the blustering winds sweeping over the craggy hills and broad moors, are dreary enough.

JOHN HILL THE SCAPE-GALLOWS.

In 1811, during the war between Spain and France, Captain Elisha Paine, of Truro, and Freeman Atkins, of Provincetown, first officer, of ———, were bound to the Mediterranean with a load of fish. John Mayo and John Hill were seamen. When near the Spanish coast, they were boarded by a French corvette, and by some cause not now known, Mayo and Hill

were carried off prisoners and landed in Lisbon. From thence they were transported to a French army corps of sixteen thousand men, who were marching through the enemy's country with a pay train carrying a large amount of gold. The march led through a deep and dangerous defile of three miles. When fairly in the pass, they were surprised by a murderous fire being opened on them from the overhanging cliffs and mountains that swarmed with men. Every officer, and all but sixteen hundred men, were killed. The remnant were taken prisoners and put in a Spanish prison. Among the prisoners were Mayo and Hill, who escaped without a scratch through the terrible slaughter.

The Frenchmen were inclined to offer indignities to their American fellow-prisoners. Mayo was like Miles Standish, small of stature, but soon red-hot. He carried a ready tongue and readier muscle. If they could not understand his tongue, there was no mistaking the eloquence of his muscle. On one occasion he whipped several and offered to fight the whole company if they would come on singly and show fair play, an invitation the polite Frenchmen declined, leaving Mayo a great hero. Hill was arrested as a spy and marched out to be shot ; just as the signal was to be given, a galloping horseman was seen in the distance waving a flag. He bore a reprieve, stating the wrong man had been arrested. Hill was released, but received his title of scape-gallows. After a few months they managed to escape, and were carried to Flanders ; and after many hair-breadth escapes, arrived at home safe and sound after years of absence. Mr. Mayo died in good old age, in the peace of Christ, having raised a large family of enterprising boys. Like the patriarch, he saw his children's children to the fourth generation.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MODERN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Dividing Line. Act of 1777. New Departure. The Bell Meeting-house. Honest Work. Rev. Stephen Bailey. Law Suit. John Harding. David Snow. Rev. Charles Boyter. Maximum of Prosperity. Government Bounty. Sailing for the Banks. Stewart and Bismarck. Love of the Marvellous. Spiritual Visitants. Public Sentiment. An Oracle. Lucky Fishermen. Smart Men. Captain Godfrey Rider. Uncle Wiff. "Jonas." Sermon on Luck. Rev. C. B. Elliott. A dual Life. Rev. E. W. Noble. Installation. 1849—Quarter Centennial—1874. Hon. Thomas N. Stone, M. D. Interesting Services. Poem. Sunday Fishing. Jeremy Taylor. Noble Christian Men. Cooging. Sunday-school. James Collins. The old Arithmetic. Character. Rev. Osborn Myrick. Union Church.

NO more gratifying assurance of the growing enlightenment of the age can be shown than the following act of the Court, June 7, 1777, which may be regarded the dividing line between the old and the modern Congregational Church. "Provided that every denomination of Christians, demeaning themselves peaceably and as good subjects of the Commonwealth, shall be equally under the protection of the law, and no subordination of any one sect or denomination to another shall be established by law." Citizens were henceforth exempted from taxation for the support of any other than the religion which they conscientiously approved and maintained. It was probably more than a generation before the spirit of this act was practically adopted in towns like Truro, with only one church. I have therefore allowed the new departure to begin with the closing of the tripartition of one hundred and eighteen years, ending with the death of Mr. Damon.

With the new Congregational Church, I must be content with a general outline. The present house, of which we pre-

sent a very fine pen drawing, first known as "The Bell meeting-house," was built in 1827, only one year after the Methodists had built on the same hill. The sermon of dedication was by Rev. John Turner; the text from Haggai, i. 4.

Cost of the house,	$2673.64	
Cost of the bell,	320.00	
Cost of the stove and pipe,	123.00.	$3116.64

The pews were sold December 18, at a premium of nine hundred dollars. Those were the days of cheap and honest work. All kinds of building material and labor were

1827 — THE NEW BELL MEETING-HOUSE — 1883.

cheap. The best of workmen were paid not over one and a quarter dollars per day, the architect and superintendent, Deacon Solomon Davis, perhaps a quarter more. The test of their workmanship can be seen after fifty-four years. The builders of that day began with the masonry and included every department — plastering, doors, sashes, putty, glazing, blinds if used, and painting. This was regarded a model meeting-house: a credit to the builders, the society and the town. The crimson damask silk pulpit hangings, in ample festoons, and the pulpit upholstery were not behind the fashions of the day.

Rev. Stephen Bailey, a native of Greenfield, N. H., formerly a Methodist preacher, was the successor of Mr. Damon. He preached at the Old North till the new house

at the Centre was finished, when he ministered to both societies. Mr. Bailey before coming to Truro, had preached several years for the Seamen's Friend Society in Boston. As a compliment, his church in Truro made him a life member of the society. In after years he returned again to this work. In 1830, after five years of successful ministry, he received a call to Wellfleet, where he preached eight years, when he was dismissed at his own request. During this time occurred the exciting lawsuit between himself and John Harding, of Wellfleet, then a partner of the late David Snow of Boston, who was also prominent in the suit. The court was holden in Truro and commanded considerable local attention, private discussion, interpretation and interpolation on the Cape. Frivolous charges from trifling causes, aggravated no doubt by sectarian jealousies of the day, were the occasion of this unchristian warfare. Nothing immoral was proven against Mr. Bailey's Christian character. Possibly it interfered with his usefulness and caused him to ask his dismission not long after, though very popular with his people. He moved to Dorchester, where he purchased a comfortable home still in possession of his daughters. While in Dorchester, through the coöperation of Doctor Codman, he built a small church, which became so popular that the Mother Church became solicitous for her own flock. Mr. Bailey was an earnest, energetic man, and an eloquent preacher. He died in Dorchester, December 10, 1868. Reverend Silas Baker succeeded Mr. Bailey. His installation took place March 7, 1832, upon conditions that the relations could be dissolved by a notice of six months, from church or pastor. As might have been expected, a relation so precarious, was of short continuance. He was dismissed May, 1834. Rev. Charles Boyter was the next settled minister. Mr. Boyter was born in Hull, Yorkshire, England; was a member of the University of Pennsylvania, and graduate of Princeton College in 1825. He was installed March 16, 1836, and continued his pastorate till June 6, 1843: expenses of installment, $15.00. Mr. Boyter was a sound moderate preacher, a faithful and sympathizing pastor of unquestioned piety. He was a gentleman of pleas-

ant address, wore a rosy, priestly face beaming with good health and good nature; calm and serene as a summer day. Had his observation been keen and discriminating, as his heart was generous and kind, he would have seen that a more ready adaptation to the people, and a more hearty coöperation in their work, were all important to his broadest usefulness. During Mr. Boyter's pastorate, Truro reached its maximum in population and prosperity. Education received a marked impulse, and the condition of the people materially improved. The manufacture of salt was profitable; a large number of vessels were bought; packing and outfitting were wonderfully increased, and the future seemed full of promise. Government bounty was then paid to vessels four months under license in the cod-fishery which kept a large fleet on the Banks during the spring. They were usually ready to sail about the first of April, or later, and all about the same time. The Sunday preceding this event, the churches would be well-filled to hear the good-by sermon to the Bankers. I remember how deserted and spiritless seemed the churches and surrounding hills for Sundays following. How wives and mothers sought comfort from each other, and bashful maidens looked their thoughts and tenernesses.

Sailing away;
Losing the breath of the shores in May,
Dropping down from the beautiful bay,
Over the sea-slope vast and gray;
And the skippers' eyes with a mist are blind,
Of a gentle face he leaves behind,
Thinking of him.

One spring Mr. Boyter advertised to preach to the fishermen a sermon on "Luck." This little word has a tremendous reserve force. Among fishermen, sailors and soldiers it is like the name of McGregor in the Highlands: "A spell to conjure up the devil withal." It is said that the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, was a firm believer in luck. So much so that he would not employ a man who had the reputation of being unfortunate. Bismarck is also a believer in signs and omens. Luck is unscriptural and absurd; theoretically,

only the ignorant and superstitious believe it. It is kept alive only by marvellous traditions in nursery books, or marvellous personalities, like the Flying Dutchman. Practically, however, Mr. Stewart and the great Prime Minister have more sympathizers than the world knows.

"Born to luck," is an old saying and full of mischief. "Luck is better than pluck," is good and acceptable doctrine to a lazy man. At this time — say fifty years ago — few had the courage to oppose a public sentiment, whose mantle of charity was wide enough to shelter their faults as well as misfortunes. The prosperous man this year, understood that his luck might turn next, and he hesitated to run against an oracle that might some time save his reputation.

A lucky fisherman must be quick of apprehension, fertile in resources, independent in judgment and wide awake. He may be all this, and not be lucky, not having the born faculty. Even the born faculty will not bring fish to his hook; there must be nerve, known among fishermen as "smartness." Lucky men are most always bold, brave men; and fortune favors the brave.

Captain Godfrey Rider, the father of Rev. Dr. Wm. H., of Chicago, and Colonel Godfrey, of Melrose, was at one time lying wind-bound in Hampton Roads near Norfolk, in company with a large fleet bound East. The wind was northeasterly and weather thick, but the young captain resolved to push out, hoping that the wind might vary a few points outside, which would enable him to pick his way along. When a few miles out he took a fairish wind so he could slant along, and saw no more land nor sky till he struck the shore in Portland Harbor. Here he had quick despatch, as vessels were scarce, and started again for Baltimore with a fair wind. When he arrived at Hampton Roads the same wind and weather prevailed as he had left, and the same fleet lay windbound, waiting a change to go to sea.

So strong was this feeling that it sometimes proved a serious embarrassment to good deserving men who happened for a few years successively to miss an average voyage. A successful old skipper related a bit of his experience to this

point. When he was young and had the reputation of making good voyages, one of his neighbors, an excellent man who had been unfortunate for several successive seasons, came to him and very sensibly stated his case, and desired to go with him the next season. The skipper said, "I will let you know in a few days." He thought the matter over seriously, and, like a wise man, talked with his wife about it. After considering that the applicant had a sick wife, a large family, and that he lived in a crazy old house and was in debt, and knowing that he was really deserving, he told the man he should go, and be one of his sharesmen. A few days after he met one of his old crew, who excitedly said, "I hear, Skipper, that you have shipped uncle Wiff (a nickname) to go with us next year; I won't go in the vessel with him; he is a *Jonas*, and never makes anything. You won't make a dollar, and I am not going with you if you carry him." The skipper said, "I have told uncle Wiff he may go, and go he shall, make or break, whether you go or not."

With a pleasant laugh and a merry twinkle in his eye, as the memory of early days and a good deed warmed his heart he added, "We made that year the best voyage I *ever made*, and uncle Wiff was one of the best men I ever saw. He went with me till his wife recovered, and he built a new house, and his children could take care of themselves."

Mr. Boyter had a crowded house to hear his sermon on Luck. He struck hard blows at many old-time abuses and crudities, and pointed out many inconsistencies. Unquestionably he gave much wise and practical advice which the fishermen might well have heeded; but the spirit and application of his sermon was unfortunate, and added nothing to his popularity. He declared emphatically that there was no such thing as luck, and warned them to banish it forever from their households, vessels and vocabularies. Three to five months' trips on the Banks, out of sight of land, he compared to "trouting in the brooks of Vermont with a fly and pole." He advised them how to bait their hooks, and said "if they did not catch fish, it was because they did not try."

The old fishermen of long experience, grown gray with

perils manifold, and the hardy young men early trained to skill in their calling, thought they knew as much about fishing as the parson who had never caught a codfish, and would not bait their hooks with red flannel, as he advised. Mr. Boyter moved from Truro to Orange, N. J., where he died a few years ago. His eldest daughter Harriet married Captain John A. Paine 2d, formerly of Truro. She died a number of years since.

Rev. C. B. Elliot was Mr. Boyter's successor. He began his labors as a stated supply and pastor, Sunday, July 16, 1843, and closed February 2, 1845. Ill-health was the probable cause of his short service. Mr. Elliot was a middle-aged man, a consumptive and hypochondriac. His mufflers, overcoats and overshoes, were no less a wonder than his sermons, which, never over twenty minutes long, were marvels of learning, logic, doctrine and eloquence. I have never since heard so much of a sermon in so short a time. His bloodless, parchment face, caused, it was said, by strong coffee and strong cigars, and solemn abstracted manner, seemed a part of his severe theology. Orthodox enough he was in the pulpit, in some sense heterodox in life, though without a moral blemish. Some people have a dual life, that, like the hemispheres, never touch. The wonder is that they always maintain their separate individuality and do not sometimes play the wrong part. Those who knew Mr. Elliot best, said that besides the ecclesiastic, cold, critical and accurate, there was another man; broad, sunny and compromising; full of anecdote and grim humor, with a keen relish for a joke. In the orbit of home he was frank and genial; a steadfast friend and good companion. Rev. George Goodyear, successor to Mr. Elliot, was from Townsend, Vt. He commenced his labors March 6, 1845; was settled February 18, 1846; dismissed June, 1849.

Rev. Edward Wolcott Noble, D.D., the present incumbent, was born in Williamstown, Mass., 1811. Graduated at Williams College. He was installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Truro, December 26, 1849. The churches represented were Chatham, Orleans, Eastham, Wellfleet, South

Wellfleet and Provincetown. Rev. Stephen Bailey, Moderator of the Council of South Wellfleet; Rev. Osborn Myrick, of Provincetown, Scribe; Rev. E. W. Tucker, of Chatham, Assistant Scribe. The sermon was preached by Rev. Charles C. Beaman, of Wellfleet. The ordaining prayer was by Rev. E. W. Tucker; the Charge to the Pastor was by Rev. Jacob White, of Orleans; the Right Hand of Fellowship was by Rev. Osborn Myrick; the Charge to the People was by Rev. Stephen Bailey. The entire expense of this installation was eleven and a half dollars.

His quarter centennial was celebrated by appropriate services in the church on Tuesday, December 29, 1874, afternoon and evening, under the auspices of the Barnstable Conference. As quarter centennials are becoming more and more of the past, an event so worthy of celebration is altogether worthy of record in this history. It also better covers the events of his pastorate during the first twenty-five years than any recital we could offer. We have therefore drawn fully from the published and other reports of that event.

The church was very tastefully and appropriately decorated with evergreen. An anchor of evergreen with the dates 1849 – 1874, surmounted the pulpit, while the desk was beautifully decorated with choice flowers, the gift of the pastor's friends in Boston. Near the close of the afternoon services, the sun looking out from behind the clouds shed gentle beams through the western windows of the church, and as the rays fell upon the anchor and the dates on the wall above the pulpit, it was regarded by some present as a happy omen for the future.

Rev. John W. Dodge, of Yarmouth, in behalf of the committee appointed by the Conference to take charge of the preparations, called the meeting to order. *How beautiful are their Feet*, was sung by the choir, and prayer was offered by Rev. Henry B. Hooker, D. D. The following original hymn was sung.

Father, within this ancient church,
We bend in grateful prayer,
Since 'mid the perils of the past
Our lives have been thy care.

We praise Thee for a Saviour's love,
His life, and death divine,
We bless thee for thy guiding stars
That on our darkness shine.

To-day we lift our heartfelt praise,
That at thine altar here,
We greet the pastor, loved and tried
Through many a passing year.

Bend o'er his path with love divine,
Dispel each coming fear,
And may he find in ev'ry strait
Thy promised aiding near.

And when that short'ning path shall end,
When ends for us his prayer,
May he, with harvest workers stand,
His full sheaves with him there.

Rev. John W. Dodge then spoke a few fitting words of greeting, alluding to the success of the present pastorate, despite the peculiar trials arising from the departure of so many of the people of the church and society to other places. We are here, he said, to congratulate the pastor and people in view of his success, and to rejoice that God has permitted him to render such service. Such an event as this is a rare one anywhere in these days. Only twelve active pastors in our denomination in this State to-day have had longer terms of service. The event is especially rare in this county. The average length of pastorates in this county is three years and a half. In Suffolk County it is fourteen years. Throughout the State it is seven years and a half. A pastorate of the length of this takes deep root in the life of any community. It influences generations.

The Hon. Thomas N. Stone, M. D., of Wellfleet, formerly a resident of Truro, and member of this church, was called to the chair as president of the day. The doctor's reputation was already well-established as a presiding officer, and he was never more at home. His native wit was never more charming and vivacious. He remarked, "They cannot show a large church, but it is a nursing church. Her former members have made their homes in Boston, and Somerville, New York, Chicago and San Francisco. They have gone out with an energy and spirit that was begotten here. There is something of Puritan stability still lingering here. This church has given the members too much energy, and they have gone away. The lazier churches have kept us at home." He made pleasant allusions to the Truro Academy, and the noble work it did in its day; that it had made itself felt as a power for good throughout the United States.

An interesting letter was read from Rev. Osborn Myrick of Middletown, Vermont, formerly a pastor of the Church in North Truro, and for twenty years pastor of the Congregational Church in Provincetown. Rev. Charles Beaman now a resident of Boston, who had preached Mr. Noble's ordination sermon, was introduced. He related that Chancellor Kent once said to Rev. Dr. Erskine Mason, that he would take his hat off to a minister who had stayed by his people ten years. He alluded pleasantly to the fact that Mr. Noble and himself were classmates at Andover Theological Seminary. The President announced the Rev. Charles S. Macready of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wellfleet,

would speak "without notes." *Oh, where are Kings and Empires now*, was sung by the audience, when Rev. Henry A. Goodhue of West Barnstable was introduced, who spoke in behalf of the other churches of the Conference. This speech was regarded as an "elegant and fitting tribute" to the pastor of Truro. Mr. Joshua H. Davis, formerly preceptor of the Truro Academy, now the superintendent of the public schools in Somerville, was next hailed, and made a historical address. The closing address of the service was given by Deacon Jonathan Higgins of Orleans, on "The Educational Power of the Pastor," which abounded in reminiscences. The company then repaired to the Town Hall, where a bountiful collation was spread. At 6:30 the services were resumed in the church. Prayer was offered by Rev. Emery G. Chadduch of Wellfleet. The chairman read the following original poem: —

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

By Thomas N. Stone, M. D.

Twenty-five years of pastor's life,
Who may their secret tell;
The hopes, the fears, the joys, the griefs,
Which in their memory dwell?

Twenty-five years he's sowed and prayed
In this his chosen field,
The harvest morn alone will show
What fold his labors yield.

Twenty-five years the babes he blessed,
Sprinkling each angel row,
Bear here the cross, or there the crown
Life brings her workers now.

Twenty-five years — yon white stones tell
How oft a tear he's shed
O'er those, who battled by his side,
Now with the silent dead.

Twenty-five years the youth he taught
With ever watching care,
Have shown in many a contest won,
The girdings of his prayer.

They stand beside Pacific's wave,
Down inland streams they glide,
They dare Atlantic's wintry storms,
They sleep beneath its tide.

They guide our ships o'er foreign seas,
They throng our cities' mart;
Yet lessons of their childish years
Still rest in manhood's heart.

We may not know which ray of Spring
  Unlocks the May-flower's tomb,
We may not point the drops of dew
  That made the violet bloom.

We cannot tell what word or look
  May stir the soul within,
We may not guess what gentle tone
  Will win the heart from sin.

'Tis ours to sow, though cold the sky
  And sterile be the soil.
Not for the sheaves our Master pays,
  But for his servants' toil.

The pastor's words some mother now
  In hope may sow again,
And future years will proudly show
  How waves the golden grain.

The purblind world may never know
  From whence the seed corn came,
The reapers on her prairies broad
  Ne'er hear our Noble's name.

God knows the sower and his toil,
  He knows from whence the seed,
His memory keepeth all the score,
  His love will bring the need.

Brother, amid old Truro's hills
  Still sow the precious grain,
The Master's eye will watch its growth,
  Will bring the sun and rain.

The sun is westing and the day
  Grows gray amid thy hair,
Fear not, the God who watched the past
  Will guide thy foot with care.

Not for earth's riches hast thou wrought,
  Not for his servile breath,
Thy Master's word comes cheering still,
  "Be faithful unto death!"

The poem was followed by an address historical and congratulatory, by Hon. John W. Davis of Provincetown, in which grateful and well-deserved reference was made to the

REV. EDWARD W. NOBLE, D.D.

pastor's wife. Allusion was made to the progress of invention and to the pastorate "in which time God and men have written history." Rev. John W. Dodge presented the correspondence, which consisted of letters from Rev. H. Beebe of New Haven, a classmate of the pastor's. Rev. George F. Walker of Ashby, formerly of Wellfleet, A. L. Clark of Greenport, Long Island, Rev. Charles A. Stoddard, D. D., of New York, Deacon E. D. Dyer of Newton, and Rev. Wm. S. Hubball of Somerville. Testimonial gifts amounting to three hundred

CONGREGATIONAL PARSONAGE — RESIDENCE OF DR. NOBLE.

dollars, were presented from former parishioners broadly scattered over the country. The pastor fittingly acknowledged the kindness of his friends and the good Providence that first directed his course to the Cape.

The chairman offered a sentiment to "the wife," and the Rev. Doctor Hooker responded, mentioning in his remarks that the pastor had joined in marriage during these years one hundred and twenty-five couples. A brief address was given by Rev. Ansel W. Westgate of Provincetown. During the evening *Coronation*, *Nearer My God to Thee*, and *Auld Lang Syne*, were sung. The services closed with prayer by Rev. Richard Burn of the M. E. Church, Truro, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. John W. Dodge of Yarmouth.

A faithful portrait of Doctor Noble is here presented. He is now (1883) in the thirty-fourth year of his service with the

society. During the one hundred and fifty-five years since the beginning of Mr. Avery's ministry, four pastors have served one hundred and fifty-four years, the interruption of the regular succession being between 1828–49. Whatever may be the future of this church, the past is secure. The parsonage, of which the artist has made a happy drawing, and where Doctor Noble has spent the prime of his manhood, was built fifty years ago or more. It is a comfortable home, always open to friends and visitors. He married Mrs. Blake, a daughter of Captain Benjamin Dyer, of Truro. With a pleasant society and life-long friends, a cheerful home, a promising family, his declining days promise rest, peace and the reward of the faithful.

SUNDAY FISHING.

This subject has always been an open question on the Cape, and in all other fishing communities. It furnishes abundant material for discussion in winter, and abundant opportunity for violation in summer. A celebrated Truro skipper who used to get unspeakably happy during the winter religious meetings, but amid the excitement and anxiety of the summer campaign, sometimes forgot his winter covenants, used to say, "There was no hope for him if he died during the fishing season, but in winter he was all right." I have said "an open question," because it is a broad issue, and can hardly be determined till the work of necessity is bounded. Christ taught, If a sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, to lay hold and lift it out. It is an accepted principle to save property from perishing on the Sabbath whether on the sea or land. If on the high seas, it is a lawful prize. A dead whale is also a lawful prize. If as valuable a whale lies spouting at easy distance, and ready to be taken, is it morally less a prize because alive? If a fisherman has toiled all the season without making sufficient to feed and clothe his family, and an opportunity offers to fill his decks with valuable mackerel, is it more a religious duty to secure the "prize," than to look on and see the neighboring vessels redeem the season? Is it a

necessity or not for these poor fishermen to take what seems offered, and thereby provide for their own want? The line, or spirit of favorite arguments as stated, is far from being exhausted, but enough to indicate the general drift, and I think none will say they are to be lightly answered. Old Jeremy Taylor, author of *Holy Living and Dying*, said, "It is better to plough upon holy days than to do nothing, or do it viciously."

Forty or fifty years ago, there were in Truro, Wellfleet and Provincetown, I might add from all the Cape towns, a class of strictly religious Sabbath-keeping skippers. Men of sincere piety and enlightened conscience, who honored the Sabbath day by keeping it holy. They sustained order and worship on board their vessels as at home. Tossed amid the fog at anchor on the banks, lying snug under the foresail out at sea, or safely moored at Labrador, their little cabins were bethels, whence arose hymns of praise and earnest prayers. They would as soon thought of stealing as fishing Sunday. Considered in the Christian light, with intelligent convictions of Christian duty, unwavering adherence to Christian character and true Christian manhood, these men were peers with any in the world. They received respect and confidence wherever known, and made Cape Cod and her sons honored at home and abroad.

There has been another class that would not hoist their mainsail to fish Sunday, but would do other work; go visiting, called "cooging," spin yarns, perhaps play cards, really violating the sanctity of the Sabbath and degrading its teaching. I would not be understood as begging this question, abating a jot or tittle from the letter or spirit of God's day, when I ask confessed Christians, whether the skipper who believes it his religious duty to fish Sunday and maintains wholesome discipline, is more a sinner than he who refuses to fish, but makes the Sabbath a holiday? Still, over all argument or sophistry is the plain text, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy."

One Sunday late in the fall of 1834, when the fishermen were quitting, some on their way home in boats from Prov-

incetown, an immense school of blackfish were discovered. It was a time of intense excitement; most all, including some Church members, joined in the race. The vast school of sea monsters, maddened by frantic shouts and splashing oars, rushed wildly on the shore, throwing themselves clean on to the beach; others pursuing, piled their massive, slippery carcasses on the first, like cakes of ice pushed up by the tide, till the shore presented a living causeway of over six hundred shining manmals, the largest number at that time ever driven on shore in one school. They landed at Great Hollow. The news reached the churches just at the close of the morning service. During the next few days while the stripping was going on, thousands came to the circus. Some who had never seen such an aquatic display, were wild with delight, jumping from fish to fish and falling among them as among little mountains of India rubber. The church-members who took a part, had a formal trial; I think none were expelled. Among those in the boats who flatly refused to join in the chase, and with the non-concurring church-members took separate boats, was a young man who belonged to no church, and professed to be no better than his set. His father belonged to no church, but was as tenacious of the Sabbath as an old Scotch Presbyterian. So deep seated was the home education of this young man and the force of his father's example, that neither gain nor ridicule could tempt him to "break the Sabbath."

His love and respect for his father and grandfather amounted to veneration. Like Daniel Dove, he was the last of his race, and had an honest ambition to know all that his ancestors had known before him, and as much beside as possible. He had read and conned by note, all the books that had come down in the family for generations. For successive winters, he carried to school an arithmetic, venerable with years. A new schoolmaster laughed at his arithmetic, and said he must have a new one. "Why do you want me to have a new arithmetic?" said the young man. "My father and my grandfather cyphered out of that arithmetic; I should think it *divlish* strange if I can't." In early manhood, James Collins

dropped into a consumptive's grave. He was called "old-fashioned," but a truer heart never beat.

REV. OSBORN MYRICK.

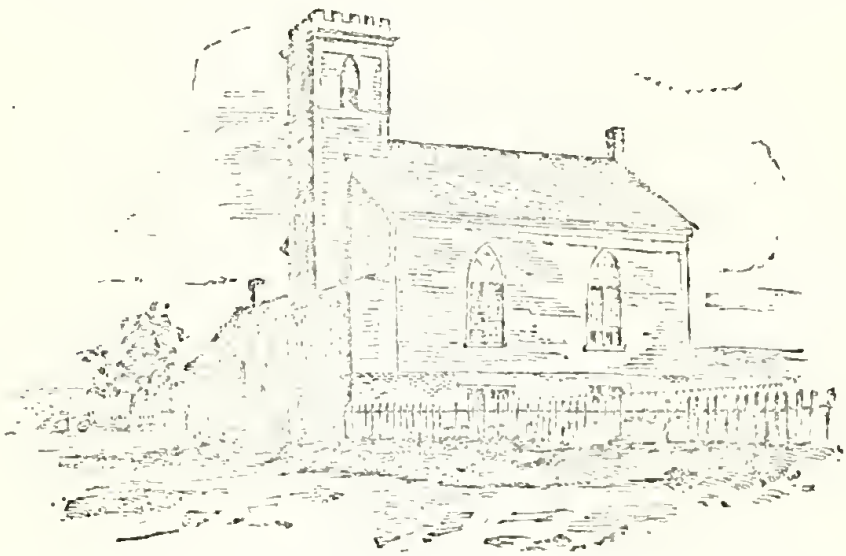
I have mentioned that the Christian name of the Dublin scholar and Eastham minister, Rev. Samuel Osborn, upon whom sat the ten churches, for heresy, became one of the popular names of Cape Cod. It has never been better represented than in the Rev. Osborn Myrick, of whom the accompanying engraving is an excellent portrait. Mr. Myrick needs no introduction to Cape Cod readers of this day and generation. The Myricks are an old Cape family. Deacon John was among the early settlers of Truro, bought pew Number Six in the new meeting-house in 1721, and was ordained a Ruling Elder in 1727. Rev. Osborn belongs to the old line: was born in Orleans, August 27, 1816; is a brother of the mother of Franklin and B. S. Snow. He graduated at Middlebury College; received his first license to preach by the Brewster Association; was called to supply the Union Church at North Truro, October, 1842. Strictly, was the first Congregational pastor; remained till March, 1845, when called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Provincetown. Ordained February, 1846. January 12, married Joanna C. Mills of Truro. The Congregational Church for many years had been greatly reduced; was without a regular minister, and in charge of the Home Missionary Society. Under Mr. Myrick's faithful and capable pastorate, a quite vigorous church and full congregation were gathered. Mr. Myrick is not only a good preacher and pastor, but, like the old Eastham minister, he is a valuable citizen; is not only interested in all that builds up and benefits community, but initiates the underlying process. He resigned, and was dismissed from the church, 1866. October of the same year called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Middleton Springs, Vermont, which he is now filling with great acceptability.

He is still fresh and active in his calling; his twoscore years of service have neither bent his form, clouded his brow,

nor soured his heart. His excellent wife is still sharing in the responsibilities and enjoying the privileges of a pastor's wife. May his next score find him still at his work. One of the most impressive sermons to which I ever listened, was from the Rev. Bartholomew Othemen, in the sixty-fourth year of his ministry, at the little church in Truro, 1878 The children of Mr. Myrick are Jane Josephine, November 5, 1846, died September 20, 1849. Joseph, July 22, 1851, died July 19, 1864 Osborn Jr., August 9, 1853, resides in Boston.

1840— UNION CHURCH, NORTH TRURO — 1883.

It was understood when the new Orthodox house was built, that the society at North Truro was to be continued under the same pastorate. Mr. Bailey first lived at the Pond Village. As all the Methodists went to the Centre, a small congregation was left to gather in the old meeting-house,



UNION CHURCH, POND VILLAGE.

which was inconvenient, in poor repair, and difficult of approach in bad weather. These considerations led to the sensible plan of abandoning the old connection, and uniting all the north part of the town in a Union Society, and building in the Pond Village in 1840, a Union Church. Amos Sellew, of the village, afterwards of Boston, whose untimely

THE REV. OSBORN MYRICK

death will be found in another place, was the architect and builder. Though then a young man, there was probably not in New England at that day, a church building combining such architectural design, harmony of taste, and superior workmanship, as this little village chapel that cost completely finished, nineteen hundred dollars. All the workmen engaged belonged in town, and were practical builders, any one of them capable of building a church edifice. The accompanying engraving is from a photograph taken since the alteration, which undoubtedly has led to the convenience, but not to the external beauty, of the original. The old meeting-house was taken down the same year the Union Church was built. The white oak timbers, cut on the spot more than a hundred years before, were sound as when framed. Many canes were made from them.

It was the basis of agreement in forming the new society that the pulpit should be supplied by ministers from the Congregational and Methodist Churches. I have heard of only peace and harmony during the forty-two years of united worship. Perhaps it would be hard to tell whether they are more Congregational or Methodist. The following list embraces the ministers who had served this society:

Seth H. Beals, 1840–41, M.; Benjamin M. Southworth, 1842, C., preached three months, died of typhoid fever, buried at Truro, a young man of promise; Osborne Myrick, 1842–5, C.; John D. King, 1846–7, M.; Arnold Adams, 1848, M.; Thomas Smith, 1849, Advent, three months, the society being without a pastor, and Mr. Smith being on a visit, supplied till another minister could be obtained; George W. Rogers, 1849–50, M.; Samuel J. M. Lord, 1851–4; C.; Franklin Sears, 1855, M., six months; Job Cushman, 1856–7, C.; Abiam Holway, 1859, M., six months, preached at the Centre, 1829; Malcolm D. Herrick, 1860, M.; Joseph A. Bartlett, 1861–2, M.; Philander Bates, 1863–5, C.; Charles Stokes, 1866–8, M.; Jacob M. Price, 1869–70, M.; Henry W. S. Packard, 1871–2, M.; Joel Martin, 1873, M.; Isaac Sherman, 1874–7, M.; Charles Morgan, 1878–81, M. the first two years, C., the last, having joined that church; Samuel Morrison, 1882–3, C.

CLIMBING UP TOWARDS THE GREAT BEAR.

CHAPTER XXII.

SEAFARING AND LANDFARING.

Seafaring. Daniel Webster's Letter. A Cardinal Point. Dr. Dwight. Capt. Obadiah Rich. Capt. Benj. Rich. The Good Samaritan. Dr. Young. The Humane Society. Letters of Sympathy. The Hill-top Groves. Rev. Charles Rich. Capt. John Collins. A model Sailor. E. K. Collins. The Dramatic Line. The Collins' Steam Line. From the Pinkey to the Snip. Capt. Richard Baker. Richard Baker Jr. Capt. Elisha Baker. The Atkins Family. Lombard. Isaac Snow Gross. Capt. Levi Stevens. Isaac Rich. Matthias Rich. Capt. Edmund Burke.

This is your uncle Charles come home from Spain.

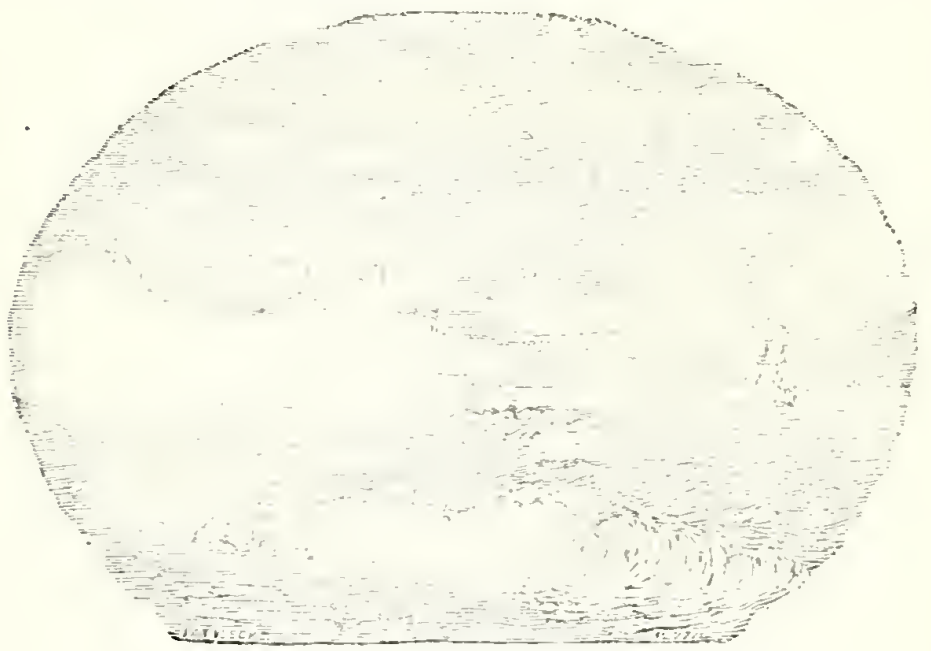
"SEAFARING" is the term applied to the Cape men. Their youth and manhood are mostly spent on the ocean or in distant ports. Every breeze swells their white sails, and their swift keel cuts the waters of every sea. Wherever commerce opens the door, there they shape their course, and there the old flag floats: now climbing up towards the Great Bear, now burning under Orion. Now the Polar Star is exchanged

for the Southern Cross, and the Northern Lights for the Magellan clouds. Better than the astronomers, these voyagers answer Job's sublime interrogation of guiding Arcturus and his sons, binding the sweet influences of Pleiades, and loosing the bonds of Orion.

> A stately ship
> Of Tarsus bound for the isles
> Of Javin or Gadire.

The great cities of the world with their babel tribes, and the sunny isles of the sea, are as familiar to these rovers as the cottages on their native sands. It sounds like a romance to hear such old sea-travellers compare notes when gathered around their own hearthstones.

Calcutta, Manilla, Pedang and Hong Kong, Melbourne, Good Hope, the Horn, and Chincha Islands, Valparaiso,



PASSING THE GOLDEN GATE TO 'FRISCO.

'Frisco, the ports of Europe and the cities on the Mediterranean, are discussed with a freedom quite appalling to landsmen, and carries the conviction,—

> They as comes to go to roam,
> Thinks light of they as stays at nome.

In 1837 one hundred and fifty masters of vessels belonging to the little town of Dennis sailed from various ports of the Union. In 1850 it was reported more masters and mates of vessels sail on foreign voyages from Brewster than any other town in the country. A late report states that Cape Cod has thirty young men under twenty-three masters of ships.

Daniel Webster once wrote a letter to his friends in Dennis, from which I copy a few sentences in harmony with our subject: —

> On the Cape and on the Islands, I have frequently conversed with persons who seemed as well acquainted with the Gallipagos, the Sandwich Islands and parts of New Holland, as with our counties of Hampshire and Berkshire. I was once engaged in the trial of a cause in your district, in which a question arose respecting the entrance into the harbor of Owhyhee, between the reefs of coral rock guarding it on either side. The council for the opposite party proposed to call witnesses to give information to the jury. I at once saw a smile which I thought I understood, and suggested to the judge that very probably some of my jury had seen the entrance themselves. Upon which seven out of the twelve arose and said they were quite familiarly acquainted with it, having seen it often.
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Whatever latitude you travel, upon whatever distant billows you are tossed, let your country retain her hold on your affections. Keep her in your hearts, and let your carol to her ever be,—
>
> Lashed to the helm should seas overwhelm
> I'll think on thee.

I have said economy was a cardinal point in Old Colony doctrine. The typical Cape Codder keeps an eye to the windward, and a grip on his hard-earned dollars and — dimes. But fast moored in their comfortable little homes, and among their friends and neighbors, their freedom and hospitality are proverbial. There, they enjoy as such men know how, the sunshine of life. Perhaps characterized by a bluff heartiness, not "black-browed and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter," but frank and natural, that disarms criticism, and makes ready friends. Travellers have always been attracted by this equality of feeling.

Rev. Dr. Dwight writes in 1807: "As there were no inns in Truro, I sought lodging at hazard. There are always

those, where there are no public houses, who will lay themselves out to give entertainment. It was my fortune to apply at the house of Captain Obadiah Rich, an obliging, industrious, and apparently thriving mariner, with a large family, a house of which the dimensions were increasing, and a good tract of land." Captain Rich was the father, and this was the house of the late Captain Michael A. His death, which occurred in 1810, will be noticed in another chapter. The Cape people have always drawn their principal support from the ocean: —

> Sterile her soil — not hers the grain
> Waving o'er hill and lea;
> What matters while her gallant sons
> Are tillers of the sea?

While the fisheries have been the main industry, the merchant marine has depended largely upon the good right arm of Massachusetts. Truro has always maintained a creditable representation in this department. Doctor James Freeman wrote: "The merchant service has been from the first indebted to Truro for some of its most able shipmasters." A long list might be enumerated of those who have been well and favorably known, and not a few who have signally distinguished their profession. Although of widely differing experiences, yet mainly they are through the same channels, and individual references would be a repetition, and might seem invidious. We shall therefore mention those

COMFORTABLE HOMES.

only who have gained some noticeable distinction. History is mostly a description of people; to describe the people has been our purpose in this book. All along we have referred to men of strong personalities, who represent certain phases of the people, regardless of the best or worst, if these comparisons are admissible. We have no great or overtopping men; they do not grow on every bush.

Among the names within the memory of the living who have added to the good name of their native town, stand Captain Benjamin Rich. He was born in 1775. In early life was a shipmaster. For fifty years was a successful merchant in Boston; for many years under the name of Benjamin Rich and Son. He lived near Church Green, on Summer street. From a sermon preached by his pastor, Alexander Young, D. D., of Church Green, upon the *Good Parishioner*, I select a few passages:

You must have perceived long ere this that the subject of my discourse has been suggested by the recent death of one of the oldest and most valuable members of this society. You must have felt that in describing the character of the "good parishioner," I have been insensibly sketching the portrait of that worthy man, whose animated countenance and manly form we are no longer to behold in our Sabbath meetings. You all feel that we have sustained a great loss in the departure of our lamented fellow-worshipper. For more than fifty years he has worshipped God in this place — his house, as you remember, standing hard by the synagogue — and for more than thirty years he has been a communicant. He loved holy times and places. He loved the Sabbath and the sanctuary. He loved to hear the "bells knoll to church." He loved to join with his brethren in social worship. He loved to hear the great truths of religion expounded and enforced. He loved to commune at the table of the Redeemer. To his foresight and decision mainly, seventeen years ago, we owe the preservation of our beautiful spire, which is not only an ornament to the church but to the city; and to him solely are we indebted for raising the necessary funds to erect the graceful iron fence by which our church green is now protected and adorned. As long as it stands it will be his monument. But Mr. Rich was not only a good parishioner, he was also a good citizen. His singular energy, decision, perseverance, were ever ready to be embarked in the cause of humanity and philanthropy.

He was born to command. He had by nature an executive will. He had a way of appealing to the generous sympathies of his fellowmen that was perfectly irresistible. The word *fear*, too, was not to be found in his dictionary. He was a bold, brave man, of an impetuous spirit and a firm, resolute will. In the performance of duty he was perfectly fearless of consequences. When in the month of May, 1818, the Canton packet blew up in our harbor, Mr. Rich

was the first to leap upon her blazing deck to rescue the crew, utterly heedless of another explosion. On the third of October, 1841, eight of the fishing vessels of his native town were lost in a storm. Mr. Rich forthwith went round with his subscription paper among the merchants of Boston and obtained between five and six thousand dollars for the distressed widows and orphans.

For twenty-three years he was a trustee and fifteen years the president of the Humane Society of Massachusetts. He superintended the building and location of the eighteen life-boats stationed along our coast.

The committee of this society in replying to his letter of resignation in 1844, expressed their highest appreciation for his executive ability and unselfish generosity. They say —

You have been instrumental in providing for the wants and relief of the needy and shipwrecked mariners. You have superintended the building and the localities of our life-boats. To yourself and to the lamented Oxnard belong emphatically the praise of this grand scheme of relief to the brave mariner in the hour of dreadful peril. Enjoy the high estimate you hold in this community, as a merchant and a philanthropist. Accept our best wishes for your future happiness and usefulness; and, when your sun sets, may it be in the serenity of a green old age.

Mr. Rich died in Boston in 1851. Upon the steep hilltop, northwest of Ebenezer Freeman's house, in a little enclosure, are buried two members of his family who died in Boston of small-pox. The white stones still gleam in the summer's sun, and seem to have bleached a purer white in the storms of more than threescore years.

His son Charles was a Congregational clergyman. In 1862 he was living in Springfield, Ill. He visited St. Louis at that time with his wife, an accomplished lady, when I made his acquaintance; I was then connected with a large mission school, which he addressed with marked ability. I found him a cultivated Christian gentleman, social and genial. He died in Springfield not later than 1864. Of other sons, Samuel H., known as "Gentleman Sam, tall and fine," died in Calcutta. Benj., partner with his father, died of consumption in the West Indies. A daughter married Mr. Larkin, the late firm of Larkin & Stackpole. As President of the Humane Society, Mr. Rich wrote the following letter, which will be read with interest:

Boston, January 15, 1834.

MRS. PAINE, WIDOW OF ELISHA PAINE, JR.

DEAR MADAM: — The case of your unfortunate husband with that of Mr. John Grozier and Thomas F. Small in endeavoring to rescue the people on board the Russian brig *Emeline Charlotte*, in October last, by which your husband lost his life, has been represented to the Humane Society, and a vote passed, placing at my disposal fifty dollars for the relief of yourself and children. You will have the goodness to acknowledge this letter and authorize some person to call on me and receive the money. It is more than is usually granted by the Society to any one, but this is considered a painful case, and although the sum is small, it would be gratifying to the Society if it could in any way be placed towards the future support of yourself and children. But on this subject you can act as you think proper. Wishing you all the consolation that our Holy Religion can afford in your widowhood,

I am, with Respect, your Obt. Servant,

BENJAMIN RICH. *President of the Humane Society.*

Prominent among the men distinguished in their profession was Captain John Collins, who was born in Truro, 1794. During the war of 1811–13, he with others ran fishing boats from Truro and Provincetown to Boston and New York. The bay was infested with British cruisers who were ready to give chase and seize the boats. Many young men stung by this robbery, entered privateers, and retaliated by preying upon British commerce. Young Collins soon found his way on board a privateer. Before many days they attacked a ship of war, supposing her to be a merchantman, after a hard running fight of an hour, they were taken prisoners and carried to England. Returning at the close of the war, he entered the merchant service and soon became master of a ship running between New York and Mexico, next to New Orleans in the ship *Shakespeare*. He then took an interest in the New York and Liverpool Dramatic Line. For several years he commanded the ship *Roscius*, the largest and finest merchant ship of her time. While in this command he distinguished himself not only as a remarkably successful shipmaster, but for his gallantry, skill and humanity in assisting disabled vessels. For these signal services he received repeatedly gold and silver medals from the Liverpool and London humane societies and by the British and American governments. Notable among the wrecked vessels relieved were the bark *Scotia*, the *Erin go Bragh*, and the schooner *Garnet* of Truro. The particulars

of the last will appear under the account of the October gale of 1841. Captain Collins superintended the building of the largest merchant ships of his day, and when his nephew Edward K. Collins began his unfortunate Steam Line, intended as a great rival to the English lines, he gave up the *Roscius*, became a joint agent in the great enterprise and superintended the building of these famous ships. He was a man of fine physical proportions, of light complexion, muscular and compact, with a full face expressive of quick emotions and decision.

The above is partly from a notice in Freeman's *Cape Cod*, accompanying which is a fine engraving of Captain Collins, which I hoped to present here. Miss Freeman very kindly offered the plate, supposing it could be readily found, which, I regret to say, we have not been able to do. Captain Collins died in New York, November 21, 1857, aged sixty-one years. He was the son of Captain John and Delia, or Dilla (Gross). He married first Mary, daughter of Captain Caleb and Jemima (Dyer) Knowles. The elder Captain John used to be called Mark Anthony, referring to a brig he used to command, to distinguish him from others of the same name. An elder son was Captain Israel Gross, who married in London, or Liverpool, Anne Knight, and brought her a bride to his father's house in Truro. In Mr. Damon's Register I find, "January 31, 1803, Mary Ann Collins, in the 21st year of her age, wife of Captain Israel Gross Collins — a person of an amiable disposition and of good education."

She is represented to have been a beautiful and accomplished lady, a clever performer on the spinet, an instrument she brought with her. She left an only child, Edward Knight Collins, born in June, 1802. His father sailed from New York, where the son went when a young man. In about 1835 he established the famous Dramatic Line of New York and Liverpool packets, among which were the *Roscius*, *Garrick*, etc., the best and largest merchant ships of that day on the ocean. In 1850–51 the "Collins' Steam Mail Line," the first Atlantic Steam Line in America, was established. The *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Baltic*, *Arctic*, and others of this fleet, were the largest and best equipped vessels then ever built.

The history of this unfortunate line of packets, in which the American people were so much interested, which Government had subsidized, and the ill-fated career of the *Arctic* and *Pacific*, are still fresh in the public mind. It has thus far proved the death-knell to American ocean steam navigation. Mr. Collins died in Brooklyn, January 22, 1878. He was the first vice-president of the Cape Cod Association, organized in 1856. His son, or a son of Captain John, E B. Collins, was president in 1860.

In *Gleason's Pictorial* of 1854 there appears a fine wood engraving of Mr. Collins, also of the *Atlantic*, all of which were destroyed by the great Boston fire of 1872, or I should here have reproduced the same.

Captain Joshua Atkins, born in Truro in about 1785, was early engaged in the Labrador fishing, making a market in Europe. He thereby formed business acquaintances in New York which ultimately led to establishing himself there in about 1835. He became a successful merchant. Died in Brooklyn, his home, in 1858, leaving a handsome estate. His wife was Sally, daughter of Deacon Anthony Snow. Religiously, Captain Atkins was Unitarian. His sons Joshua and Edwin were at one time his partners. Joshua is dead. Edwin is a resident of Brooklyn, retired from active business. Another son, Elisha Atkins of Boston, is well known in business and in the management of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Captain Isaiah M. Atkins, for many years port warden of Boston, was a brother of Captain Joshua. He died in Chelsea in about 1865. His son, Isaiah Malcolm, who died a few years since at his home in Chelsea, was an annual visitor to Truro; cultivated old associations. He was a man of great fidelity in business trusts, and had a large circle of friends.

Captain Ebenezer, for several years alderman from East Boston, John, known as Squire John, and Isaiah, all of whom lived in adjoining houses in East Boston, were sons of Captain Ebenezer, and were born at the old home in East Harbor. Captain Ebenezer Jr., was in early life a successful whaleman in command of the *Imogen*, through which he engaged in the oil business.

DAVID LOMBARD.

Captain Joseph Atkins was among the first of the active business men of Provincetown; I think founded the Central Wharf Company. His family was large and influential. Many others of the name have been prominent business men and good citizens.

BAKER.

In 1816 a young man of twenty-one was skipper of a pinkey. He was engaged to a young woman and was expecting soon to be married. When the fishing season was over he took the young lady to Boston in his little fishing vessel, for the marriage outfit, as was the custom. As they were hauling into the dock, a fine ship, the captain of which belonged to Truro, was passed. Calling the lady's attention to the ship, he jokingly said, "I would like just such a craft." "Why don't you, then?" she archly replied. That was his last fishing voyage. A few weeks later he was a sailor on the same ship, and after a few voyages *had his ship*, and for many years was one of the successful shipmasters of Boston. Captain Richard Baker was every inch a true sailor and a man. His son Richard, born in Truro, of the house of Weld, Baker & Company, died a few years since at fifty-two, leaving the largest estate, it is stated, ever left in New England not inherited. From the Boston *Daily Advertiser*: —

> Captain Richard Baker, who died in Charlestown last Sunday, was the last of the old sea captains of Boston, who made for the merchant service of the country a name and fame. For the past twenty years he has been retired from active service, and upon this retiring he was unanimously appointed a marine inspector for the port of Boston, a position which his long experience eminently fitted him for. He was a bold sailor, a skilful navigator, and an accomplished, modest captain, and it may be said of him that he gave to the world the most successful merchant of the present century, Richard Baker Jr., who died two years since, after accomplishing what few men dared aspire to, and what few men could have brought to a successful issue.

Captain Elisha Baker, a younger brother of Captain Richard, died in New York, where he was engaged in business in 1862, aged about fifty-five. He was an intelligent gentleman and an active business man.

LOMBARD.

LOMBARD: — In Mr. Damon's Register appears the following notice: "February 8, 1817, James Lombard, aged nearly 48 years." His wife was Hannah Snow, daughter of David, who was taken from his boat and carried a prisoner to England, as herein stated.

CAPTAIN DAVID LOMBARD, of whom the accompanying engraving is a good likeness, was born November 9, 1796; is the only living representative of this large family, and one of the oldest men in town. He married December 10, 1820, Anna Gross Lombard, a widow of his elder brother James. She died October, 1879, aged seventy-nine She was a crown to her husband, a blessing to her home and society.

The children by this marriage are James, born February 4, 1823, died December, 1878, at Somerville. Left wife and children. David Jr., born October 9, 1825, a bachelor, now lives in Truro. Lewis, born November 18, 1827, married Mehitable A. Stevens; lives in East Somerville. Malvina A., born November 2, 1829, married Nathaniel Harding, now his widow, lives in Truro. Angelia M., born October 26, 1831, married Horace A. Hughes; both deceased. Benjamin Jr., born May 30, 1836, married 1858, in Greggsville, Ill., the eldest child of Benjamin Lombard Sr.; resides in Galesburg.

The prominence of a majority of men in town and country depends upon their official capacity in civil and religious relations, or upon some accidental business patronage. A history of mediocrity prominent men could all be written from the same text. Men of strong party or sectarian leanings are apt to have strong sectional bias, and strong and weak points, of whom much good may be said and not a little evil. They have firm friends and bitter foes. Here is a man full of years and friends; a landmark in the history of the town for more than threescore years; that never held an office civil or religious; that never belonged to a church; that was never on the popular side in politics; that controls no business and asks nothing from the public. It is safe to say that no other man has ever contributed to the town so much in all that consti-

tutes a valuable citizen. Amid the perils and discouragements of the town he has never wavered in faith or allegiance I question if there has ever been money enough outside to tempt him to leave the old town. He has honored the sanctuary, always been found in his place at public worship and cheerfully contributed towards the support of all church institutions He has liberally encouraged home enterprise and improvements. A lifelong Democrat, year after year, in the face of fearful odds and obloquy, he has marched calmly to the ballot-box and deposited his straight Democratic vote. Such consistency is a jewel.

Captain Lombard was the first to establish mackerel packing in Truro. He carried on the business for many years successfully and was largely interested in navigation and in the growing enterprise of the town. In a green old age, surrounded by a devoted family, he waits in peace the summons to that land never trod by mortal feet.

Benjamin Lombard Sr. was the youngest brother of David. Born 1815. The long, even, conservative, contented life, and the restless activity, far-reaching enterprise, and eventful career of these brothers is in strong contrast. Benjamin's preparation for business was his youthful years at fishing and a short experience as schoolmaster, when the writer was one of his scholars. He went with the first considerable delegation from Truro to Illinois in about 1835. He first met with indifferent success, but began to prosper in the purchase of land, and soon became a quite extensive and bold operator. While living in Galesburg, he endowed the Lombard University, then struggling under another name and manifold misfortunes. In honor of his timely generosity, his name was adopted by the Institution. In about 1862 he moved to Chicago and embarked with eager enthusiasm in the splendid designs of that city. When Chicago was burned in 1871, Mr. Lombard was one of her most substantial and successful men. He was president of the Fifth National Bank, which he principally founded, was president of insurance companies, owned the Lombard Building, one of the most substantial blocks in the city, was interested in other great

enterprises, and had a princely income. The fire and panic soon following, shattered his great estate. In the winter of 1881, I shared his hospitality at Galesburg, when he narrated many of the events of his life, and calmly reviewed the calamities that swept away his vast possessions. Mr. Lombard died at Chicago, May 19, 1882; was buried in the family lot at Mount Auburn. He was twice married; by his first wife he leaves Mrs. Benjamin Lombard Jr., Mrs. W. Arnold, and W. C. Lombard of Galesburg, and James L., a banker of Creston, Iowa. By his present wife, two boys; Benjamin and Charles. Other brothers of this family deserve mention. Captain Lewis, an honorable and most substantial citizen, died at Truro, May, 1879, aged about seventy-five years; and Josiah, who with Marshal Ayers established the firm of Ayers & Lombard in Greggsville, Ill., later moved to Chicago and founded the Fourth National Bank of Chicago, now the National Bank of America, of which Isaac G. Lombard is president. Mr. Lombard died at New York, 1877, aged sixty-four. The house of Ayres & Lombard of New York is conducted by the sons of the old firm.

Binney and Israel Lombard, came to Boston when young men. Binney died in early manhood, leaving a good name, a moderate estate and an only son, the late Israel 2d of Newton. Israel, with Mr. Charles O Whitmore, established the house of Lombard & Whitmore, long and favorably known. In connection with their early business they carried on a branch of fishing and outfitting at Commercial Point, and built a number of first-class vessels, among which may be remembered the *Dorchester*, *Neponset* and *Squantum*. Some of the best fishermen of Truro were in their employ.

ISAAC SNOW GROSS.

Men are bold, brave, energetic, capable, persistent, religious, maybe; but they are moody, or sullen, or morbid, or crabbed, or melancholy, or proud. While fortune smiles they will continue to be civil to those who smile upon them. There are comparatively few men that step bravely

ISAAC SNOW GROSS.

out into the rugged paths of life, with an ever cheerful heart, and a strong arm to meet its changing fortunes, with a good grace. I might say few meet even the bright side of life with a good grace. Few men are born that have pushed their way through the world by sheer persistent energy, and met all its conditions with such a cheerful heart and ready hand as the man whose name stands at the head of this notice. He was the son of Captain Jaazaniah (mention of whom will be found in the life of Rev. Mr. Damon), and Anna (Lombard) Gross, born October 1, 1803, married April 8, 1823, Betsey, daughter of Captain Ebenezer and Azubah (Hinckley) Davis, in whose life have been beautifully blended the true Christian, wife, and mother.

Mr. Gross followed the trade of a carpenter, at home, till 1835, when, with a number of the enterprising young men of Truro, he moved to Illinois. He began merchandizing in Perry, Pike County, and built the first frame house in Perry. The hard times of '37 fell with crushing force upon that part of the West. Mr. Gross returned to Truro, and soon after was elected to the Legislature, about which time he moved to Boston. In 1841 he engaged in business in Quincy Market, which he pursued with success and unabated activity till he drew near to the close of life. In 1853 he moved to Somerville, where he resided till his death, April 16, 1873, surrounded by the comforts of life, and a large circle of relatives and friends. In these few lines are gathered the labors of a long and busy life, clustering with a rich share of generous sympathies, ardent attachments, and unchanging friendships. His children are Jaazaniah, born in Truro, April 8, 1824, successor to his father's business, and a resident of Somerville; Sarah Elizabeth, born August 28, 1831, married Horace P. Hemenway, M. D., of Somerville; Mary Ann, born in Illinois, died in Truro, aged four years.

CAPTAIN LEVI STEVENS.

[From the *San Francisco Bulletin*, Nov. 27, 1882.]

Flags are floating at half-mast at the Merchants' Exchange and other public buildings to-day in respect to the memory of Capt. Levi Stevens, who died at

Fruitvale yesterday morning. Born at Truro, Mass., and reared in common with most of the young men of that locality to follow the sea, he very early acquired a command and followed the calling most successfully, until in his early prime he left his ship on one of her early voyages to this port and shortly after assisted in establishing the house of Stevens, Baker & Co., of which he remained the honored senior to the end. During his active business career he was noted for his enterprise, untiring industry and firm integrity. He was pure in thought, manner and speech. His influence was gentle, harsh words from his lips being unknown. He wished all his fellowmen well, never harboring or expressing unkind thoughts towards any one. He possessed a marked and active sympathy for all those in distress and was for a long time a very efficient president of the San Francisco Benevolent Association.

In his relations to his family, of whom he leaves a widow and two grief-stricken daughters, he was most affectionate, generous, sympathetic and kind. Indeed, in all relations of life was one of Nature's true gentlemen.

[From the *San Francisco Alta.*]

We notice with regret the death of Capt. Levi Stevens, of the firm of Stevens, Baker & Co. Capt. Stevens came here as master of the ship *Southern Cross*, arriving on Sept. 22d, 1852, when he resigned command and started in business, and has continued ever since as one of our principal merchants. There were few in the community more universally esteemed than the deceased gentleman, as he was always an earnest advocate of all matters appertaining to the public good, and it will be long before we shall see his like again.

[From the *Oakland Tribune*, the home of Capt. Stevens.]

The funeral of Capt. Levi Stevens took place this afternoon at two o'clock, from the Hamilton Street Church, Rev. H. Stebbins officiating. The attendance was very large and the floral tributes were numerous and beautiful. The funeral sermon was an impressive and fitting tribute to the memory of a worthy man and good citizen.

The following acted as bearers: Hon. M. C. Blake, mayor of San Francisco, T. L. Barker, W. W. Montague, R. G. Sneath, Michael Castle, D. B. Hinckley, P. F. Marston, R. G. Bugbee.

Other notices testify to the character and position of Captain Stevens in his adopted home. A brief reference to his early life is only necessary to so complete a manhood. His training and education was no different from other boys of his time. He was born in 1812. I presume he went a fishing or tended salt-works when ten years of age and acquired his education from the district school three months a year till perhaps eighteen. When about twenty-one he began his career in the merchant service at the foot of the ladder, but soon found his way up. He married in about 1836, Olive White, a noble and generous woman. Made his home in Truro

CAPT. LEVI STEVENS.

till about the time of beginning business in San Francisco. A marble shaft and two symmetrical mulberry-trees mark the dust of their only son and two daughters, who died within a few weeks or months of each other. They were the first interred in the yard known as "Steven's Cemetery," where he built the first tomb in Truro. The loss of all their children at that time fell with crushing effect and left its mark upon their lives.

Captain Edmund Burke was many years the popular master of the Boston and Fayal packet *Azor*, known, while sailing under the British flag, as *Fredonia*. On New Year's Day, 1866, on his passage to Boston, in latitude 41, longitude 53, discovered the ship *Gratitude*, with two hundred and seventy-five passengers from Liverpool to New York, in a sinking condition. After learning her condition, Captain Burke threw overboard his between-decks' cargo, and transferred every soul, including women and children, safely on board his bark.

Owing to the large number, they were obliged to be put upon an allowance of bread, water, and oranges. They arrived in Boston Sunday, the 14th. The arrival in mid-winter of a shipload of half-starved and suffering men, women, and children, produced no small excitement. The city government took charge of the passengers, and nothing was spared toward their comfort.

Captain Burke found himself a hero. He had done only what every man ought to do, and what every humane man would do; but he had done his duty with an indifference to the results which might have proved disastrous to his business interests. In consideration thereof the merchants of Boston, in recognition of his noble conduct, generously contributed, and presented him, the sum of five thousand dollars. The British government presented him with a chronometer watch, suitably engraved. Generous and sympathetic the Captain may be, but possibly he may have the fear of consequences before his eyes, and sometimes allows his better impulses to be overruled by a craven spirit. To all such the history of Captain Burke is a noble example of untrammeled generosity, and its reward. He moved from Truro to Somerville, where he died, 1876, aged fifty-three.

ISAAC RICH.

Deacon John Rich, born 1665, in Eastham, who married Mary, daughter of Reverend Samuel Treat, and Richard, the first of the great Truro family, were brothers. John settled in that part of Eastham now known as Wellfleet. From his eldest son Robert we pass on just one hundred years through four generations to the fourth Robert, born 1778, married 1800, Eunice Harding. From this marriage was born October 21, 1801, Isaac. The father died in 1820, leaving six sons and five daughters. Their house stood about half a mile westerly from the South Wellfleet depot. If it is a good start to be born poor, Isaac started with a good capital.

I can learn nothing of his boyhood. Boys as poor as Isaac Rich don't have much boyhood. It is childhood and manhood. Captain Joe Higgins, a neighbor, a considerate man, and perhaps a relative to his mother, gave the boy his passage to Boston. When he landed, he was probably fifteen or sixteen years old. A Wellfleet oysterman furnished him an exceedingly small amount of money, which he invested in fresh codfish, and taking his whole stock in his hands, commenced business. Soon as possible, he bought a wheelbarrow, which he stocked with fish, and moved his market from house to house among the poorer class of people near the wharves. His next venture was a handcart.

In winter evenings, and sometimes on cold days, he bagged oysters through the streets. Once, as he was trudging along crying "Oys! oys! buy any oys!" a young man either through ignorance or malice, threatened him with a drubbing if he didn't shut up. Isaac lay down his bag, caught the fellow and rubbed his face in the hard snow till he cried for quarter. Some years later, when he began to make his mark among the market fishermen, somebody asked, "What kind of a looking fellow is Rich?" This was the answer: "You go down on to Commercial Wharf early in the morning, and the most imperdentist man you see there, will be Isaac Rich." If this was true, it was as true that he was also the *most modest-est* of men. In this poise of character — this measuring of

himself and even balancing, lay his strength. He probably never studied the Greek oracle, "Know thyself," but few men ever practised it better. The most venturesome of men, he never ventured beyond his depth in trade, in conversation, or in any department of life.

If the boldest and loudest on the market or wharf, he was docile and unaffected in social life. If dogmatic and arbitrary in driving a bargain, he was affable and courteous in the every-day walks of life. A ready and sharp talker, he never ventured to express himself in public. A dictator in the realm of business which he understood, he sat a humble listener wherever knowledge was dispensed. His voice was often heard in the committee room or caucus, but never in the forum. A chaffener for quarter cents on the wharf, he gave like a prince where his sympathies were enlisted by an intuitive or systematic sense of fitness, along certain lines, towards an objective point. He said in practice, "Don't waste powder on every noise you hear in the bushes, but wait till you see game worth your fire."

His social and religious life was marked by the same lines. His mother belonged to the Methodist Church, was a sensible, Christian woman. He sought her church and people; they welcomed him to their humble sanctuary with a cordial Christian grasp. They welcomed him as a poor boy, not as the founder of a great university, whose fame should fill the land.

As wealth and position increased, he clung to the Church of his mother and the plain sanctuary, and the plain people who gave him a kind hand, when he had nothing to give. The Church and people that had lifted him up should in turn be lifted up by him. Unlettered, he was the patron of learning and the associate of scholars. Untravelled, he read the letters and listened with delight to those who saw the world through his liberality.

He never paraded his wealth, but quietly and becomingly accepted the changed conditions of life. He sought no new social channels or friends. To the last he was faithful and attentive to those whom he had best known in his youth and obscurity. It is not on account of his large fortune, or his

humble beginning that the name of Isaac Rich has received so much attention. There are men who make more money in a year than he made in a long life of close application and economy; and there are men dying every week who leave more property, whose names are scarcely mentioned. But it is the character of the man, and the use he made of his property, that has attracted attention, I do not hesitate to say, around the Christian world.

By will, nearly the whole of his estate was given in trust for the endowment of the Boston University. The largest amount I think ever devised in this country by one individual towards a single enterprise. This magnificent endowment by no means indicated great liberality. I do not think Mr. Rich was so much a liberal as a sagacious man. He built wisely. Few have done as well, none better. He could not carry his estate beyond the grave. He had no children or grandchildren. His own people were well-advanced in life and required only a limited amount, which he provided; more than this would have been unwisdom. So he built his monument in the Boston University, which as well could have borne his own name; another instance of his delicacy of feeling and far-seeing sagacity, discriminating between the influence of a private and a public name. In carefully amassing, guarding and directing this great work, it is not impossible he left some Christian claims unmet.

Mr. Rich was rather under the usual size: symmetrical, graceful, and of rare personal beauty. He dressed with great care, neatness and taste. We have stated that he was born in Wellfleet, but through his business, was well-known to everybody in Truro, where his wife, Sarah Andrews, known in her youth as Sally Andrews, was born, in 1803. There are several men and women now living who were her associates at school and church and remember incidents in her early life. Mr. Andrews, her father, sold his house in about 1820 or '21, to Nehemiah Rich, and moved to Boston, where she was shortly afterwards married. They had a large family, all of whom died comparatively young; one daughter only was married, who died childless.

MATTHIAS RICH.

MATTHIAS RICH.

The men who make cities, come from diverging paths in life, each having in themselves much of interest by contrast. Given fifty years ago fifty men from the Cape, it would be safe to say, "Till ten, in summer — a barefoot boy, tough, wide awake — hoes, clams, fishes, swims, goes to the red schoolhouse taught by the village schoolmarm. After ten, on board a fishing vessel cooking for nine or ten men; at thirteen a *hand;* goes to the same schoolhouse three months or less every winter till seventeen or eighteen; graduates. At twenty-one, marries; goes skipper; twenty-five buys a vessel and builds a house, or has been looking around in the world to make a change Whatever may be the experiences of after life, the early history of Cape Cod boys could be summed substantially as stated.

Matthias Rich, whose name heads this paper, and of whom a perfect portrait is here presented, is the fourth generation of that name, and the fifth from Richard, the first settler of Truro; is the son of Captain Matthias and Delia Pike, born June 8, 1820. At twelve he commenced his education as cook of a fisherman; attended the red schoolhouse at Longnook, when Captain Barnabas Paine, that prince of ye ancient schoolmasters, taught reading, writing, cyphering and the ten commandments. At eighteen attended the Murray Institute and Normal School at Gloucester. At nineteen was skipper of a fisherman and taught school at Provincetown. In 1841, he married Sarah Ann, daughter of Joshua and Mary (Polly) Knowles, possessed of womanly and wifely qualifications essential to a cheerful home; was a member of the Truro School Board when the new districts and schoolhouses were first agitated. When sailing out of Gloucester in 1844, introduced manilla cables, which have long since superseded hemp.

In 1846 he concluded to make teaching a profession, and entered the Wesleyan Academy at Wilbraham as a student. The result of that influence marked and shaped his future career. He came to Boston in 1847 and engaged in the grocery business in which he still continues. The first seven

years in Boston he was superintendent of Father Streeter's Sunday-school at North End, then one of the large schools of the city. From 1857 to 1871 he was most of the time connected with the city government, part of the time an active member of the School Board and several years in the Common Council. In 1871 he was elected president of the Council. It was a year of great responsibility and labor, which with his private business so impaired his health that he was obliged to resign all public work at a time when the path seemed fairly open to more honorable positions. Mr. Rich carried to his public duties the best of qualifications, and discharged them with conscientious fidelity that secured the full confidence of his fellow citizens. No man was better acquainted with the business of the city government, or better understood its growing influence and commanding position. By years of faithful service and industry he acquired familiarity with the city institutions and the various departments, with their requirements, incumbents and necessary appropriations, just as men do with their own business.

His connection with the School Committee covered a long term, during which many new features were added and large outlays required. New measures were introduced and radical changes made during these years. Larger schoolhouses were built, great attention was paid to ventilation, improved school furniture and general convenience. The most capable teachers were employed at advanced salaries, and the Boston Public School system stood without a rival. To him, perhaps, more than any other, these important interests were submitted. He has been in active fellowship with the Universalist Church, during his business life, being at present a deacon of the Church of the Redeemer in Chelsea. Of his children, Matilda E., born 1842, at Truro, married Horatio E. Bradstreet, now living in New York. William Penn, born at Boston, August, 1849, a partner with his father. An infant daughter died young. Sarah Anna, born 1851.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FISHERMEN.

Yachting. A new Life. A Race. Nobody Beat. Changes. Tom Hood. The Coast Guard's Song. Long Ned. Judy Callaghan. Codfishing. Hygiene and the Banks. Shut Up. Saturday Night. The Song of Welcome. Uncle Sam. Ship *Mediator*. Pleasant Memories. Henry Pearce. Sinking of the *James Beard*. Mackerel. How they were caught. High Line. Kings. Commodore. Daniel Clark. Tide Harbor. A Breakwater. River and Harbor Improvements. Union Wharf. Beginning of Business. Elisha Newcomb. Beach Speculations. Sea Vandals. Improvements. John N. Devereaux. Captain Hinckley. Marine Insurance Company. Surplus Revenue. Benevolent Society. Picturesque Speech. A dull Sailor. Mr. Ambrose Snow. Mr. William White. Two Pine-trees.

By this craft we have our wealth.

YACHTING, including the whole family of aquatic sports, has drawn much attention the last few years, both sides of the Atlantic. Millions have been staked upon accomplishing the greatest distance in the shortest time, by sail or oar. Many people think with T. W. Higginson, "Sailing is of course delicious; it is as good as flying to steer anything with wings of canvas." Ambition to drive four-in-hand vanishes when the ribbons are exchanged for the helm. When the hand holds the tiller; when the white foam dashes from the sharp bow lines; when whirling eddies play in the straight wake; when a path never trod by human feet opens at his bidding, and a new, strange life opens at his touch, the amateur skipper has conquered a new world.

The model fisherman keeps his craft snug and taut. He has tested her temper and strength through storm and calm. He will defend her sea-going and fast-sailing almost with his

life. A larger fleet and finer manœuvring have never been seen than in a fleet of fishermen. Sometimes three or four hundred sail, from forty to perhaps one hundred and forty tons, all sea-going, well-equipped and well-manned, haul aft their sheets in a freshening breeze to reach a windward harbor.

Now for a race! Now she is trimmed to a hair. Now the mainsail is swayed till the boom lifts from the saddle, and the foresail till the luff bears the goose-neck. Now the sheets are hauled to an inch, and the sails are flat as a board and tight as a drum-head. Now the best man takes the wheel and the steed knows her rider. Some men can get a knot or more, just as a favorite mounter at the Derby can get more speed. Now like race-horses the leading craft seem to stretch their long, lithe bodies, swing their white manes and show their silver heels. The heavy craft soon fall to the leeward, the moderate ones drop astern. With the fast sailors, the interest intensifies till the harbor is reached, the freshening gale spoils the sport, or night drops the curtain. When they meet to compare notes, none will admit that they have been beaten, and as there were no stakes or referees, all agree to try it over again the very next chance.

It must be borne in mind that I am describing the life of a generation gone by, and not subject to criticism, owing to the many radical changes in the improved equipments and customs of fishermen of late years. Deep sea-seining, then unknown as applied to catching mackerel, is now almost universal. The changes in catching and curing codfish are no less radical.

But I fancy the life on shipboard is not much changed. I am surprised to find that the songs and stories to which I used to listen as new, when a boy, had, many of them, a beautiful antiquity. An old song that I supposed local, but on account of its vivid description and rythmic chorus, clung to memory, is quoted complete in Tom Hood's Works. It is related in his life by his daughter, that during one of her father's visits at Brighton, his favorite resort, he became acquainted with an old lieutenant of the Coast Guards, from whom he learned this odd song, in which he delighted, and was the only one he

was ever known to sing. It consisted of about twenty verses, from which I am tempted to make a quotation : —

Up jumped the mackerel,
With his striped back —
Says he, reef in the mains'l, and haul on the tack,
For it's windy weather,
It's stormy weather,
And when the wind blows pipe all hands together —
For, upon my word, it's windy weather.

Up jumped the cod,
With his chuckle head —
And jumped into the main chains to heave at the lead,—
For it's windy weather, etc., etc.

Up jumped the flounder,
That swims to the ground —
Crying, damme, old chuckle head, mind how you sound —
For it's windy weather, etc.

An old Irish song has a no less interesting history. It was a custom among the fishermen to make up a full complement of crew, by hiring men in Boston. Sometimes Portuguese from the Azores ; Frenchmen from Bordeaux ; Irishmen from County of Cork and Kinsale; such an one was Ned Owens, who had fished many a long night in the red sail-boats from Kinsale. For *short*, we called him Long Ned. Ned was a great fisherman ; the man that could beat him had to do some lively work. When fishing was moderate, Ned would saw away at his lines with some old Irish chorus as an accompaniment, happy as a lark. But when the fish bit sharply, Long Ned, with his long arms, would wind up the fifty fathom codlines like a steam reel, and keep a fish coming over the rail most all the time. A favorite song with Ned, and one of which he never tired, was *Judy Gallaghan.* I supposed it some old Irish ditty, that had perhaps been improvised by the fishermen ; albeit, something about it always lingered in memory. Judge of my surprise to find it among the odes of Horace as "The Sabine Farmer's Serenade," and translated from the Latin by no less a scholar and critic than the classical

Father Prout of Watergrass Hill. The first verse of the eight is all we can here afford : —

'Twas on a windy night,
At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings : —
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

It was not until the decline of whaling that the Bank, Bay of St. Lawrence, and Labrador, or Straits of Belle Isle fisheries pushed regularly. It was then the custom for the crew to cure their fish in the fall, and carry them to France, Spain, Portugal, and up the Mediterranean, for a market. To fit away, catch, cure and find a foreign market, required nearly a year. We have before referred to this as being a preparatory school from which graduated many of the most successful captains in the merchant service.

Codfishing on the Banks was considered tough work. The boy who could graduate from that school with full honors, could take care of himself; fight his own battles. It was kill or cure ; few, however, were killed ; he was sure to come home hale and hearty. As an infallible remedy for most all complaints to which flesh is heir, a Bank voyage, as conducted thirty or forty years ago, challenges comparison. The radical change of life, the pure, bracing air, the regular labor, the sound sleep, the forced temperance and ravenous appetite are the medicine that will cure when all the mysteries of the *Materia medica* utterly fail. A trip on the Grand Bank, and "throw physic to the dogs!" I have known scores of men of various diseases, in various stages, who have made the trip, but rarely, if ever, heard of an instance that failed. It is understood that I am not speaking of helpless invalids, but more particularly of dyspeptics, liver, humorous or cutaneous

diseases, and pulmonary complaints, in their early stages. I made the acquaintance of a gentleman of large fortune, on a Cunard packet, who said he had not made a square meal for thirty years. I believe a four months' trip to the Grand Bank, as a common hand, would enable this poor man to eat three square meals a day and look over his shoulder for a fourth. Charles Lamb says, "The foolisher the fowl or fish — woodcocks, dotterals, cod's heads, etc. — the finer the flesh thereof." Perhaps Lamb had eaten a codhead muddle at Old Margate Hoy. Who has not eaten a codhead muddle on the Banks, has something yet to do in the way of fine eating.

Going to the Grand Bank meant leaving home in April for a three to five months' trip, with no communication till the return. It meant besides usual sea casualities, to be shut up in the fog, exposed to icebergs and Merimachimen (English timber ships), and cut off from the world as if alone on the planet. Doctor Johnson said "Going to sea was going to prison, with a chance of being drowned besides." A trip to the Grand Bank would have confirmed the old critic's remark. Do not imagine, however, that these men felt they were prisoners, or even dreamed of being unhappy. It was their business, and they were more happy and content than the average working man I have met on the land. Day by day, and week by week, a more cheerful company, kind, pleasant and accommodating, it would be hard to find. Saturday night was a happy hour. At sunset the lines were snugly coiled, the decks washed, and a single watch set for twenty-four hours. Sunday was a day of rest. The bright, unfaltering star that never set or dimmed, that robbed the voyage of half its discomforts and terrors, was going home. How pleasant the anticipation, how glad the welcome, how lavish the store!

> And are ye sure the news is true?
> And are ye sure he's weil?
> Is this a time to think o' work?
> Make haste, lay by your wheel —
> Is this the time to spin a thread,
> When Colin's at the door?
> Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
> And see him come ashore.

And give to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun go on,
My stockings pearly blue,
It's a' to please my own gudeman,
For he's both leal and true.

Rise, lass, and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat. — *William Julius Mickle.*

I have said the fishermen are shut up for months in the fog on the Banks. In the days to which I refer, all Yankees fished with hand-lines from the vessel. The crew usually consisted of eight hands and the cook: four to each watch; one watch was always at the lines night and day if on fish. To be the first on deck after the watch was called, particularly if counting fish, required hasty toilets. A young, smart fellow, was no little chagrined to find uncle Sam, the oldest man on board, always ahead. One night the young man was bound to beat. He turned in with his boots on, jacket and hat under his head; at the first call he rushed out of his berth and on deck to find uncle Sam at his lines. The old man had been sleeping like the hare, with one eye open, and while his rival went up the gangway, he had jumped through the skylight and grabbed his lines.

Sometimes the monotony was relieved by visitors from other ships crossing the Banks. I well remember an incident of this kind in July, 1841. It was a pleasant day, moderate and smooth except the old swell that never goes down on the Banks. We lay at anchor near the southern edge, with fair fishing. When the fog cleared up about nine o'clock, a large ship crowded with emigrants, lay becalmed less than two miles off. They soon lowered a quarter boat; the captain and several passengers came on board. She was the New York packet ship *Mediator*, from Liverpool, with a full compliment of cabin and over five hundred steerage passengers.

Our visitors were wild with excitement to see the live fish

come in. They danced and capered around with delight. While they were on board the writer caught a sixty-pound halibut as handsome as ever taken from the ocean. An enthusiastic Englishman could scarcely contain himself in his admiration of this fish. Time and time again as the big halibut flounced and writhed in the kid, he put his white jeweled hands on the snow-white slippery skin, exclaiming, "What a magnificent fish!" We nearly loaded their boat with live codfish and the big halibut: they left us a few sovereigns, the London and Liverpool papers, hearty good wishes, promised to report us as soon as possible, which they did, and joined their ship. A breeze soon filled her friendly looking sails, bearing her homeward, while the fog folded us as we rolled away at our anchor, closer still in its dark pavilion. I have many pleasant memories of that Bank trip of twenty-two weeks out of sight of land, without one of our crew in the meantime stepping outside of our ark. Our skipper was not a professor of religion, but every Sunday night, or afternoon, after our supper of fried turnovers, he used to read the Bible, a few hymns were sung, and Henry Pearce, a noble Christian young man, used to offer prayer. Mr. Pearce was for several years afterwards a very successful skipper of the schooner *John A. Cook*. For more than twenty years he has been an Iowa farmer. I would walk a weary journey to once more grasp his brawny palm. Since writing the above Mr. Pearce has gone to his long home. Heman Harvender, of Provincetown, and the writer only remain of that crew of '41.

The following incident that occurred in our family nearly seventy years ago, of which we used to hear in our youth, we will tell in the old ballad fashion: —

The rye-fields wave in summer's sun,
With heavy ears hung low;
Next week the stalwart reapers come,
Their sickles all aglow.
The *James Beard* swings short cable scope,
Abreast of old Cornhill,
'Twixt Pamet and Great Hollow's slope,
Waiting the skipper's will.

SHE CHIDES HER THROBBING HEART.

"The wind is blowing fair," quoth he,
"We'll soon reach Sable Capes,
To-morrow at the Landing be.
Mind, bring your lucky cakes."
The fisherman leaves his native strand,
His wife braves well her part;
He watches far the fading land,
She chides her throbbing heart.

"Steer east by north — don't let her veer;
Must hug Seal Island Rock,
To hold the wind this time of year,"
Such was the master's talk.
The summer breeze blew fair and strong,
Fast flew the fishing bark;
While leads, and hooks, and pendants long,
Were rigged with skilful art

Now fades the deep-green sea to blue,
Now sea-fowl wheel to hand,

The fishers know the azure hue,
The Banks of Newfoundland.
'Thirty fathoms on the southern flow, —
Here are the fish, by Moses!
Stand by the anchor — let her go!
We are on their noses."

Watch and watch, by night and day,
Thus weeks pass swiftly by.
Now northern gales sweep down the bank
And swift the white-wings fly.
To willing hands and steady train,
The sea gives up her store,
September days are on the wane —
The salt is growing lower.

The fisherman dreams of wife and home,
He walks his sandy dunes,
He sees the ancient meeting-house,
He sings King David's tunes.
"All hands ahoy! she's sprung aleak!"
The watchful skipper cried.
"To the pumps, men, and pump for life!
We're on the ocean wide."

Nor sturdy arm could intervene
To save the gallant craft.
For like the *Royal George* careened
She settled fore and aft.
Good neighbors were the fishing crews,
They took the shipwrecked men,
Like old Anchises, bore them back
To native land again.

Two of the crew, neighbors well-tried,
Were landed at the Cape.
They journeyed home in thoughtful mood
Discussing creeds and fate.
They talked of wives and children small
To meet with empty hand,
Their fare of fish in Stygian thrall,
Three hundred leagues from land.

They talked of luck and Providence,
Of God's mysterious way —
Of Indian corn that rip'ning hung
That bright October day.

My father said, "I hope my field
Like that hangs thick with corn;
Our brindle cow will furnish milk,
We'll weather through the storm."

Thus conversing, past Tashmuit,
Where now tourists rally,
Through the oak-glades clad in russet —
Lo! our pleasant valley.
They saw the smoke from chimney tops,
And ripe corn-fields outlying,
The red-roofed barn with open door,
And brindle cow a-dying.

My father's arms were strong and broad,
And strong was his endeavor,
My mother's trust a triple cord.
Her faith knew no surrender.
With tearful eyes he raised the latch,
So bravely mother met him:
"The Lord is good to bring you home,
We'll never fail to trust him."

The mackerel fishery is a modern branch, and did not command very much attention till after the War of 1812. Mackerel had been caught around the shores of New England, particularly Massachusetts Bay, since the days of old Isaac Allerton, of the Pilgrims. They were well known, and a great favorite with the Indians, on account of their rich fatness. "Mackerel catching" did not, like Minerva, leap into perfection, but was attained by patient continuance. First, by drailing with long booms, much the same as bluefish are now hooked. Next, with lines from the boat or vessel under moderate headway. Then, "laying to," or a square dead drift, throwing bait freely, coying the fish, was found the most successful. By this way, with a moderate breeze, a school could sometimes be kept around the vessel for hours. As many as one hundred and fifty wash barrels have been caught by hook and line at a single drift. Lines, port or starboard, as seemed most convenient, was the custom when first "laying to" began, but before many years the starboard side only was used. A fleet of hundreds of sail, laying to and beating up

to the windward to keep on the school is a fine marine picture. Under these growing improvements the catch rapidly increased from 47,000 barrels in 1818, to 384,000, of 1831, an amount not since reached. Undoubtedly some of these pioneer skippers who nursed this great industry into life, as they witnessed the surprising facilities and magnitude of the business, which they bequeathed to their sons, felt akin to the great cotton lords who bequeathed millions of spindles and dollars to establish a family name. As Lord Bacon is made to say, "Note the difference of habitudes." "High-Line" is the highest degree conferred in this school. It outranks all others. Stewart and Vanderbilt were only high-line. When a millionaire, an old man and childless, was good-naturedly reproved for sticking so close to his business, and making sharp bargains, he replied, with the old fire in his eyes, "I want them fellows to know I ain't going to be beat." The fishermen of Truro were among the first to follow the mackerel business, and to the present, about two generations, there have always been some "high-lines," or leaders of the fleet from this town. Other places have had great fishermen who enjoyed for a few years a high reputation — real champions, but Truro has had a remarkable succession of leading or lucky skippers. I know of no time during hooking days, when some of her skippers were not acknowledged kings. A thousand white sails are on the ocean, all in hot pursuit of mackerel. Perhaps five hundred sail are in sight; they are bound to no port; there is no commodore, and not a word of agreement or command given, indicated or accepted; all are free as the wind; yet by some unknown law or force, this immense fleet accept a leader, and move and manœuvre as if the broad pennon was floating at his mast head. Ostensibly this leadership is not admitted or intimated, as there is no deference whatever, but the fact as a rule was plain as sunlight.

In the palmy days of hooking, the lines were sharp-drawn; not only between the lucky and unlucky skippers, but on board the vessels, every man and boy was measured presumably by his ability to catch mackerel. All other accomplishments and distinctions miserably perished. An average share was the

standard, but in every well-drilled crew, there was most always some *smart fishermen* high-line, who would catch nearly two shares, and a low line, who could scarcely catch half a share. Nor did it end here; these respective merits were well known at home and sometimes entered the social relations. Many a youth who would not be counted a second-class fisherman, became a first-class shipmaster or merchant, while possibly the high-line hung to his hooks.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish main:—
I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

About the year 1825, Daniel Clark, a young man belonging to Truro, having finished his fishing, made a trip to Liverpool before the mast, in the ship *New England*. On the homeward passage to Boston, when between the Capes, a northeast snowstorm set in. The ship was put under close reefs on the port tack. Clark kept both eyes open; soon as an opportunity offered, he told the captain that if he kept his ship on that tack she would be on the rocks before twelve o'clock. The captain at first tried to stand on his dignity, but soon found Clark knew what he was talking about, and was glad to follow his advice, and thereby, as he afterwards acknowledged, saved his ship. Clark was one of those fellows who, going to school three months in a year and never known to study, knew more than the schoolmaster. He experienced religion when a young man, and could talk more eloquently and persuasively than the minister, and sing like an angel, if angels sing. Physically, he was a fine specimen of the *genus homo*. Tall, well-shaped and athletic, graceful and handsome. It is said he was strong as a lion, and limber as a cat; that he could out-climb, out-jump, out-lift, out-fish, out-wrestle, out-sing, out-talk and generally out-do all competitors. He was proud, impulsive, imperious; generous and improvident. He early married a lovely young woman, and soon after engaged in the merchant service. After an absence of two years, he visited for a few weeks his family for the last time. He never again visited Truro, or his wife

and children, nor contributed to their support. Would you know further of this man with the talents of Altamont? The following inscription tells one side of his history: —

In Memory Of
HOPE,
Wife of DANIEL CLARK,
Died July 26, 1834, Aged 25 Years.

When the Pilgrims discussed the question of settlement on board the *Mayflower* after two visits to Truro, a majority decided that the principle objection was a tide-harbor. A tide-harbor has been an objection and an unspeakable drawback from that day. It was this fact that delayed business from being done at home so many years. Great efforts were made from time to time to improve the harbor, and had proper influences been reached the desired work might have been done by Government, as in scores of other instances of less importance.

In 1794 Dr. Freeman says, "The situation of Pamet Harbor is such as justly claims attention, and if repaired, would be of public utility. A wharf (or pier) sixty yards in length, fourteen feet wide on the ground, and sharp on the top, and ten feet in height, would make a safe and good harbor; and by estimation would cost, built of timber and filled up with stones, but eighteen hundred and fifty dollars. Though the top of the wharf would be covered at highwater, yet it would break the sea in twelve or thirteen feet of water." The idea discussed in Dr. Freeman's time, though on a modest scale, was undoubtedly the true plan. In 1839 the Truro Breakwater Company was incorporated. The purpose of this company was to build a stone breakwater in sufficient depth of water to afford a harbor at all times. Wharves were to have been built inside for packing and outfitting. A petition was presented to Congress asking for a moderate appropriation to this much needed improvement. Failing to secure an appropriation, the company found a lamentable grave If a larger amount had been asked, and the application had been pushed by liberal and persistent effort, there is reason to believe it might have been secured. It would have been of incalculable

advantage to the town besides a permanent roadstead for vessels falling to the leeward when entering Cape Cod Bay.

Previous to 1830, the custom had been for the Truro skippers to sail mostly in vessels belonging to other ports, doing all their business away from home; building up other places. Discriminating men saw the opportunity to benefit themselves and their neighbors. Their enterprise was well timed and most commendable. The initiatory movement was building the Union Wharf on the south side of the river, in 1830. This was done by filling tight bulkheads with gravel from a hill hard by. The wharf was several hundred feet on the river, and an immense tonnage of sand had to be moved. Perhaps no enterprise that required so much hard stubborn work, was ever accomplished with so much *esprit de corps*. The stock was divided into fifty or more shares; no individual, I think, could have over one share, and each stockholder could wheel his proportion of sand. A committee was appointed to superintend the work, and to see that there was no *shirking*. Among the company were young men of mercurial temperament who meant fun at most any price; to do so at the expense of dignity or good order was no sacrifice. They were willing to work harder than wheeling sand, to have the *reputation* of shirking, for the sake of defending themselves, or fastening the charge by presumptive evidence upon some good, honest, hard-working man who felt that neglecting his duty was nearly a crime. They lampooned the committee or some over officious individuals, in excrutiating doggerel that followed them to their graves. They furnished excitement and amusement during the winter, pleased themselves, shortened many long faces and many hours of toil. The work went bravely on, was well done, and for years paid a handsome dividend.

In 1832, Elisha Newcomb, a man of enterprise, built a dwelling-house, flake-yard and packing-sheds on the beach known as Newcomb's Point, where he commenced business. Several other dwellings were built on this Point; it seemed quite a promising locality. All of the houses have been removed, some of them to East Boston. About this time several houses were built on Beach Point; the children attended school

at High Head. Thomas Fields Small told the writer that he had seen upwards of forty scholars gathered in his large kitchen where the school was held. The town was considering building a schoolhouse there. The low sandy points, with a bunch of beach-grass here and there, were in demand, and considerable speculation therein, as many thought they would become the principal settlements of the town. The Bay mackerel fishing which continued many years, and could be followed successfully in boats, if the fishermen lived on the tide, was the real cause of these seashore settlers. Long Point and Wood End were large settlements with schoolhouses, a church, salt works and stores. Different causes have been assigned for the departure of the mackerel that used to abound in the Bay during the summer season. In an old Nantucket record is the following: "From the first coming of the English to Nantucket, a large fat fish called bluefish, thirty of which would fill a barrel, were caught in abundance, all around the Island, from the first of the sixth month to the middle of the ninth. But it is remarkable that in the year 1764, the year in which the sickness ended, all disappeared, and none have been taken since." These vandals of the ocean did not again make their appearance for more than seventy-five years. For several years they were scattering, and were found mostly in the old haunts of their pre-Revolutionary ancestors around Nantucket. Later they doubled Cape Cod, found their way into the Bay and drove out the mackerel, since which time the mackerel are only found early and late in the season.

In 1835, John Smith, a leading citizen, built the first outfitting store in Truro. It stood near the northeasterly corner of the South Wharf, where the Old Colony railroad now crosses The same year David Lombard commenced packing mackerel on the South Wharf. The North Wharf, on Snow's Point, directly opposite, was built about this time. Captain Michael Snow, and Deacon Daniel Paine, both active and capable men, opened an outfitting store and packing establishment on this wharf in 1836. The same season Elkanah Paine 2d, a popular young skipper, built a large store on the south side. Business was now well underway, and most all branches of trade

that belong to vessels and supplies soon gathered. Captain Eben N. Hinckley, associated with John N. Devereaux, of Boston, opened a sail loft. The skippers of that day were as particular about the cut and fit of their sails as a fashionable woman of her sails. Devereaux's sails fitted without a wrinkle, and balanced to a hair. No handsomer sails were seen than those worn by the Truro fleet. Captain Hinckley afterwards carried on the business, and sustained the reputation.

The Truro Marine Insurance Company was incorporated in the winter of 1840–41. The stockholders were mostly men of small means, who gave their notes for nearly the amount of their subscriptions. The great October gale of the same year ruined the company. The stockholders were obliged to pay the face of their notes without receiving a single dividend. After a second year of baffled fortune, the company was wound up with a full loss of the capital stock, all of which belonged in town. Since that time several companies have been formed in the neighboring towns on the same basis, which proved little mints to the lucky stockholders. This year (1840) cart-bridges were built across Great and Little Pamet Rivers. These were the result of years of discussion and much eloquence in the annual townmeetings.

When the surplus revenue was received in 1838, the town being then free from debt, it was voted to loan the same Though all due diligence and discrimination was intended both principals and endorsers slipped out, and those faithful guardians of the town's trust, the selectmen, had occasion to exclaim with Byron, "Where are those martyred saints the five per cents.?" The "Truro Benevolent Society" was incorporated in 1835. By the constitution, membership is conditioned by a small annual payment. In case of sickness or death a certain amount is paid to the family. This society has been well administered, has accomplished much good, and is still in a flourishing condition, having twelve hundred dollars in the treasury.

A late Boston journal correspondent writing from Truro and Provincetown, says of the people: —

In dialect, in manner, in their sturdy independence, their picturesque and colored methods of speech, and their love of grim humor, they are essentially Yankee. They have the breadth and generosity of language which is always accredited to the dwellers by the sea. There is a sort of poetry in it.

In conversation with a gentleman now in the sere and yellow leaf as regards age, but flourishing like a green bay-tree in youthful memories, he said, "I was once coasting in a vessel that would sail well free of the wind, but on a close haul I was ashamed to be seen on deck. Uncle Naylor was my mate; I always called him Mr. Hatch. One morning when a head wind had us at full disadvantage, and common sailing vessels were passing us like steamboats, I ventured out of the gangway and said, 'Mr. Hatch, how does she go along?' He promptly replied, 'By the Prophets' nippers, Skipper, when you can see her wake out of the weather hawse-hole, I call it a gallbuster!'"

I quote this as an illustration of the "picturesque and colored methods of speech." A few years since a young man from Boston, of good family and education, was visiting Truro for the first time. He was delighted with all he saw and heard, particularly with certain shades of expression which excited his curiosity. When he asked the meaning thereof, his friends referred him to Ambrose's Dictionary. After musing a moment, the young man replied, "I have heard of Saint Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, of whom James Russell Lowell wrote, —

> Never surely was holier man
> Than Ambrose, since the world began;
> With diet spare and raiment thin,
> He shielded himself from the father of sin,

but I didn't know he was a lexicographer." Our story concerns not St. Ambrose who built a perfect faith, but Mr. Ambrose Snow, who with remarkable versatility of accomplishments, made no pretentions to saintship. Mr. Snow was born in 1788; was son and grandson of the Davids, father and son, who were carried prisoners to England, as narrated in these pages. Ambrose was a buoyant, wide awake, daring young

man, hopeful, and of great expectations full. During the cold storm in January, 1806, known in New England as the "Cold Friday," the vessel on which Mr. Snow was one of the crew, was blown out of Harpswell Harbor, and all hands were severely frost-bitten. It was the coldest day then ever known on the Cape, six degrees below zero. Just fifty years after, in January, 1856, it was nine degrees below. Mr. Snow was sent to the hospital, and after months of suffering, he came forth at the age of nineteen, a cripple for life, but hopeful and reliant. At this time he was engaged to Miss Pratt of Cohasset. Realizing his changed condition and prospects, he wrote to the lady, releasing her from the engagement. Friends and neighbors said, "As Mr. Snow has lost his legs, you will now give him up." She replied, "Legs or no legs, I will not give him up." The result of this maidenly decision was a thriving family of seven daughters and five sons. One of these, Captain Ambrose Snow of Wellfleet, has been more than fifty years an energetic and successful skipper. He has, or has had at one time, six sons masters of first-class fishing craft, without exhausting the stock of boys. Their vessels are called the "Snow-Birds."

Mr. Snow of our sketch had a handsome, almost pure Grecian-cut face. He was neat in person, engaging in manners, mellifluous in voice, fluent in speech, and vivid in imagination. Though like Gray's shepherd, "He ne'er the paths of learning tried," he possessed a wonderful felicity of expression, I might say a genius, for coining and adopting rhythmatic words and popular phrases, and rendering them into graceful idiom. His phraseology fairly glittered with happy and original comparisons. Like the old Flemish masters who often chose simple domestic scenes to recreate in rare tint and shade, so his exuberant fancy clothed every-day events with pomp of ornament and Oriental splendor surpassing the pages of Rasselas. Possibly his grammar sometimes violated Lindley Murray. I cannot say that his logic would stand the strain of Locke, or that his rhetoric was in the perfect diction of Macaulay or Motley. An old dialogue makes Lord Bacon say, "He that can make the multitude laugh and weep as you

do, Mr. Shakespeare, need not fear scholars." So while old and young laughed and cried and quoted his sprightly rapsodies, he cared little for critics and scholars. He drove four-in-hand among the figures of speech, cracking his whip where clustered the fairest flowers, scattering homely apothegm and classic antithesis, of which he never heard, like the leaves of autumn. In an age of pure tradition without books, Mr. Snow's contributions undoubtedly would have been handed down as the sayings of a creative mind; but for this he came too late into the world; and as he wrote nothing, and was scarcely known beyond his little native town, little will survive his generation.

Somebody has said, "Had Abraham Lincoln ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythologized in a very few years." But had Abraham Lincoln lived and died without education in his native Kentucky village, his name would have been known only at the village resorts and perhaps the Four Corners.

Mr. Snow was also a man of courage and energy. During the war of the Embargo he purchased a five-handed boat that had been condemned, repaired and made her sails himself, and in her made trips to Boston. On a return passage, when below Minot's Ledge, he was overtaken by a furious northeast snow storm. A frail old boat, a rock-bound lee shore, a driving gale, and a long winter night, were fearful odds. His "second" and only man was William White, a small man, who had seen salt water and was noted for his imperturbable deliberation, and by a habit of prefacing his remarks with "By gracious, sir!" It was a desperate moment when Mr. Snow said, "Mr. White, what would you do?" "By gracious, sir, I would take in the mains'l, double reef the fores'l and give her an offing," said the little man with the calmness of Plato. As unexpected as was such advice, Mr. Snow was quick to see it was their only hope. They soon put their little craft in the snug trim advised, and rode out the dubious night in safety. Mr. Snow and Captain Rich, the blind man, with others, were once on board the Truro packet lying at the wharf in Boston, when a woman came into the cabin, and after making consid-

erable talk, in which none of the company joined, she left. The blind man remarked, "I soon *saw* her drift." "Yes," said Mr Snow as quick as lightning, "so did I; and if she had not left just as she did, I would have *kicked* her out of the cabin."

TWO PINE-TREES IN THE MOON.

We had reached the top of that range of high hills northeasterly of Mr. Noble's house, just as the full moon had fairly lifted herself from the dark woods to the south. With her lower disc barely clear of the trees, she hung against the hazy sky firm and fast as if nailed by the Great Builder. Two lone pine-trees in direct range on a distant ridge, were perfectly described within the lunar circle, making a grand picture. We took a few steps down the hill and looked again. There was the great red moon, its lower limb still almost touching the tree-tops; and there were the two pine-trees, with their long, bare trunks and fronded branches just filling the full circle. Keeping a square front, we walked slowly down the long-inclined hill, so as to continue the illusion of a fixed moon, holding within her burnished rim the two pine-trees in silhouette, on a blood-red field. Within the circle, there were no detracting objects; nothing that the Great Artist would have disallowed: just the two pine-trees. The farther we walked and longer we looked, the more natural seemed the picture, till moon and pine-trees seemed the work of an old master, as indeed they were. We thought of Joshua's command at Beth-Horam, "Sun, stand thou still in Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon." Of Ossian's apostrophy, "O thou round as the shield of my fathers!" Of the uprooted tree upon the shield of the disinherited knight at the tournament at Ashby. And of John's angel, standing in the sun. Then came trooping the bygones. How oft we had watched in childhood, when like a silver shield she danced amid the fleecy clouds. How oft in youth her cheerful lamp had been trimmed for our boisterous sports; and how oft at sea her broad welcome beams

had dashed away the shadows of night, and floored the ocean with a sea of glass beautiful as apocalyptic vision. As we came down the hill, the picture vanished. The moon mounting on her airy journey, like a balloon cut loose from strong cords, scattered her wealth of soft light and amber clouds up and down the long valleys in royal profusion, leaving the two pine-trees bare and alone on the distant ridge.

HER BROAD WELCOME BEAMS DASHED AWAY THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TIDE TURNED.

Prosperous Days. Cause of Decline. The Piling Failure. Truro Academy. Joshua H. Davis. Horace Mann. New Departure His Preparation. His Work. Popular Education. Tom Brown of Rugby. Result. A Traveller. Cape Cod Branch. Wharf Building Ship Building. Prospects. Universalist Church. New Lighthouse. Modern Tyre. Steamer *Cambria*. County Commissioners Staging over Sahara. Stage Acquaintances. Staging Englishman An Old Stager. Venice of New England. Government Recommendations. Mails. Attended their own Funeral. Cape Cod Telegraph Company. Final Blow. The Packet. Captain Zoheth Rich. The *Post boy*. Going to Boston. Canterbury Tales. Passengers. Comparing Notes. Thoreau. Captain Richard Stevens.

TWENTY-FIVE years (1830–55) covered the active business history of Truro. In loss of life and property they were the most calamitous that ever befell a community not blotted out. The most prosperous days were in about 1836, when the mackerel fishery was carried on largely by small vessels well accommodated by the harbor to do all their business at home. As the fashion or business demanded larger vessels, and the harbor could not be deepened, they began to leave In 1854, to retain them, another and final attempt to improve the harbor was undertaken, this time by driving piles. Several thousand dollars were subscribed by citizens and friends in Boston, which was spent to the best advantage; but old currents refused to be coerced, and the money was lost. Could the Edes-Jetty system have been tried, better success might have followed; but it seems to be a law of nature for all sandy harbors and inlets to fill up and wash away. The breakwater system is evidently the only practical plan.

In considering the material prosperity of Truro, I stated that education received a marked impulse. In a limited sense this was true, generally of Massachusetts at that period. But the direct cause of this new departure, which gave a new impetus to education, was the Truro Academy, built in 1840, incorporated 1841. Horace Mann, then at the head of the School System of Massachusetts, delivered the dedicatory address. Joshua H. Davis, now Superintendent of the Public Schools of Somerville, was the projector of the school, and the architect of the academy building, which was a model of symmetry and convenience. It stood on the south side of the river, about half a mile southwest of the bridge, on a pleasant knoll well up the hillside, fairly overlooking the town northerly. Mr. Davis opened his school August 31, 1840, and continued forty-seven weeks every year, till April, 1854, when his health required a change. In a note referring to the school he remarks: —

> Those were years of severe but joyous labor. My school was liberally patronized from its beginning to its close. In the winter season, especially, the academy was filled to its utmost capacity. I was always treated by the young gentlemen and ladies whom I instructed, with great kindness and courtesy. The remembrance of their affectionate regard is very dear to my heart.

Mr. Davis carried to his work a valuable practical preparation, but more than a valuable preparation; more than a genius for teaching, was a noble, conscientious purpose to elevate the standard and educate in its broadest meaning, the youth of his town. No teacher ever better understood the work before him, or more zealously consecrated youth and industry to a chosen calling. He was of the people, and felt their needs. He undoubtedly saw outstretching a wide and fertile field; he saw young men and women, capable and courageous, launching upon life, needing the discipline and directing hand of a better education. He combated the narrow biases and local prejudices to popular education, building on a foundation deep and strong, till one by one effete customs and traditional dogmas gave place to a thoughtful spirit of inquiry, and to an improved public sentiment.

He saw the possibility of these young men and women

entering other fields; but not the most careful observation, no turning of the horoscope, could forecast such varying experiences as lay before the youth of his school. Tom Brown's picture of the diversified lives of the boys at Rugby, under the good, wise, and great Doctor Arnold, would find a rival in these fishermen's sons. To common observation they would mainly follow in the steps of their fathers. Never did paths lie more divergent; never, perhaps, did the school of a small town become more scattered, or enter more unexpected callings. The town was never more populous, and particularly in young men. To the training and influence of this school we trace a growing spirit to better their condition; but the time was ripe for change, and the failure of the harbor, and series of disasters that befell the town, hastened the event. When the war opened, the navy, the army, and diversified commercial pursuits by sea and land opened wide other doors. The influence of the academy greatly improved the public schools, and was recognized not only in society at home, but in many, if not all, of the Cape towns. A traveller who visited the Cape at this time, wrote of Truro: "The schools were noticeable. No haggard faces, no ragged dresses — all neat — faces beaming with health and intelligence, and the *tout ensemble* indicating happy homes."

In 1846 the Cape Cod Branch Railroad was incorporated. Drew thus describes this event as seen through Bart Gosnold's prophetic spy-glass:

Aghast he stands in sudden fright,
His hair, behold it bristle!
The lens has brought the cars so near,
He hears the horrid whistle!

And peering into further years —
Not far from this our day —
He sees the happy era when
The Cape Cod Branch will *pay*.

In 1847 an act of the Legislature authorized the building of a dam across Mill Creek. The same year authority was given E. Rich and Company to build a wharf at Newcomb's Point.

Large storehouses and sheds for packing mackerel were also built, and a flourishing business began. In 1848 J. A. Paine, Allen Hinckley and J. W. Magoun were severally authorized to build wharves. At this time the indications were that ere many years wharves would line all the eligible points both sides of the harbor. In 1846 the Universalists built quite a sightly church edifice on the high hill at the northeast of Captain Lewis Lombard's. The building was finished on the outside excepting the windows. During a violent northeast storm, Thanksgiving eve it was swept to the earth, and so completely wrecked as to defy reconstruction. The society was small; had made great sacrifices, and this unforeseen calamity so discouraged them that no further effort was made. The location was well chosen, and commanding, and the new church added considerably to the picturesque view of the crowned hilltop, at the centre of the town.

Standing now upon the Old Colony Railroad bridge that crosses Pamet Harbor, over the very site of those wharves and stores, and surveying the almost desolate shores and the ever-moving tide unvexed by keel from flood to ebb, scarcely a vestige is left of all this busy, bustling enterprise. Here were wharves covered with stores and sheds; crowded with vessels. Forty-nine were hauled up one winter, besides several at East Harbor and other places. Here was a shipyard, where for many years two, and sometimes three vessels, were at the same time on the stocks. Much of the timber was cut in town and drawn to the yard, all of which kept the people at work. Ship-building touches a host of industries. Three packets were employed carrying fish to Boston and returning with supplies for the outfitters, or material for the new vessels, besides several traders and coasters to New York and other points, which, with the hardy crews of the fishermen going and coming, presented just such an animated picture as everybody loves to see. Salt manufactured all along the shore, and the creeks and coves, was brought down to the wharves in scows to a ready market. This was not a great business mart, surely, but a sense of activity and healthy development plainly seen and felt gave bright promise for the future. In 1849 Government

built a lighthouse on Snow's Beach, which was discontinued after a few years. Democratic influence, it was said, was not strong enough in town to keep the lamps burning. The real occasion, probably, for the removal, was the decline of business and the light being sometimes mistaken for others in the bay. This year, in April, the steamer *Cambria* from Liverpool to Boston, grounded on the Back Side. Two passengers went with the mails to Boston. Tug boats were sent down; the weather proving moderate, she was pulled off without serious delay. The passengers went on shore, and the English particularly, thought the prospect from the high hills and banks "the most delightsome they had seen." The Wellfleet oysterman told Thoreau that the ladies played pranks with his scoop-net in the pond.

This year the County Commissioners were authorized to build a bridge and lay out a highway across East Harbor in Truro. Provincetown and Truro had both long felt the necessity of this connection. The old road lay around the Head of the Meadow, down by the beach-plum hummocks, and under the bank by Beach Point, making, except at high tides, a quite passable, though very tedious drive.

At this time the tide cut out the *passable* way under the bank, and forced all carriage-travel for miles, over sandhills more trackless than the deserts of Sahara. Passengers were compelled to work their passage not only by walking, but sometimes, like Hercules, putting their shoulders to the wheel. One hour after the stage had passed, during high, dry winds, the deep tracks of the horses and wheels in the soft sand, would be as completely obliterated as if washed by the ocean surf beating in full sight on the beach.

Though a barren way, it was by no means barren of excitement or incident, nor always wanting in accident. Passengers were usually pleasant and jovial. A stageload of strangers at starting, would become better acquainted, and form more friendships, than the same number of first-class cabin passengers travelling together across the Atlantic.

In 1849, during one of the high tides, the mail stage while crowding the bank capsized, throwing a dozen passengers

into the water, which, being quite deep, all were wet to the skin; some of the women were dreadfully frightened, and one was in danger of being drowned.

An English traveller before referred to, relating his experience, wrote: "Mr. Collins (Jonathan), the driver, was familiar from infancy, with every spot on the road, and most obligingly communicated all the information in his power; this last stage of the road to Provincetown being the most curious and interesting in connection with the Pilgrims."

Mr. Collins will be remembered with much pleasure by old travellers on the Cape. He was a powerful man, of magnificent proportions, with a head as large as Daniel Webster's and a hand as large as George Washington's. He was well-informed, pleasant, facetious, with always a ready kind word. It probably did not occur to Mr. Collins on that morning ride, that by his affability to a stranger on his box, his name would be published in London, enter the great libraries of the world, and come back to find a place in local history. The same traveller was again astonished to notice a little girl at the tavern in Wellfleet, reading the *Mysteries of Paris*.

Somebody has said that, "From Truro to Provincetown is the Venice of New England, and as unlike anything else as the city of gondolas is unlike the other capitals of Italy."

In 1854, the Legislative Committee, under Governor Washburn, made a full and able report of the right of the Commonwealth in the Province lands, and the importance of Cape Cod Harbor and its protection. They suggested the joint action of Truro, the State, and the General Government. They recommended the building of Beach Point bridge, and "that the Government disburse its means with a liberal hand for the preservation of one of the most important harbors in the United States."

The Legislature passed an act for the protection of cranberry vines in the Province lands.

In 1817, the towns on the Cape petitioned the Postmaster-general for a mail twice a week to Brewster, and if practicable, to Provincetown. At this time the mails were carried by a solitary footman. As late as 1832, the mails were carried to

Provincetown by the *Post-boy*, twice a week. When a one-horse wagon and three times a week was reached, we thought the post-office department capable of marvellous expansion.

Just after the Revolutionary War, some of the men who had moved from Truro to the Kennebec, finding in the fall more potatoes than money, loaded a vessel and came to Truro for a market. The harbor soon froze up, and remained sealed like a bottle till spring. At the earliest chance they started for home, where they arrived just in season to attend their own funeral services. Not a word had been heard from them since leaving home, and their friends concluded they had been lost, and mourned for them accordingly.

In 1858, the Cape Cod Telegraph Company was incorporated; this was regarded a great step; but the next year the Boston and Cape Cod Marine Telegraph Company built a line in competition, so that instead of the old mail coach climbing the sand hills all the way around the Cape, rival lines almost fought for the privilege of flashing the news, and no sooner was a ship recognized from the Highland, than the merchant in Boston received the news.

The final blow from which the town never recovered, was the breaking up of the Union Company's store. This was an unincorporated company, each shareholder being responsible for the obligations to the full amount, or to his last dollar, a fact they all understood better in the end. The superintendent, Mr. Elkanah Paine 2d, was a very agreeable, enterprising, and popular man. The coöperation of the stockholders gave it almost unbounded influence in the community. A large and apparently flourishing business was carried on for many years. The stockholders were satisfied without investigation, so long as ten per cent. per annum was paid. The company bought and sold, and borrowed and loaned, but in the day of reckoning it was found hopelessly in debt, and was placed in the court of equity. The responsible stockholders were obliged to pay a sum fully equal to the amount of their paid-up stock, to free themselves from the debts.

Going to Boston by land was less common than a voyage

to China. It must be the king's business that demanded such an outlay of time and capital. Excepting the mails, carriage by water was the only recognized connection with Boston. Hence the "packet" early became almost a personality. My history would be imperfect without some reference thereto. I cannot learn that any one vessel was engaged in this traffic till after the War of 1812. Yet I have no reasonable doubt that there was some periodical connection many years before. The first regularly-established packet of which I have authentic information, was the pinkey *Comet*, Captain Zoheth Rich. In about 1830, Captain Rich and his friends determined to build a first-class packet. The result was the schooner *Post-boy*, the finest specimen of naval architecture, and of passenger accommodation, in the Bay waters. Her cabin and furniture were finished in solid mahogany and bird's-eye, and silk draperies. She was the admiration of the travelling public; all that had been promised in a first-class packet, and was often crowded to overflowing with passengers. Captain Rich, better known at home as Captain Zoheth, knew the way to Boston in the darkest night, and could keep his passengers good-natured with a head wind. He could laugh as heartily at an old story as a new one, and was always a good listener. Good listeners have many secrets. One of the most popular women in Europe could not communicate a perfectly finished sentence, but she could keep a secret, and was consulted more on important interests than all the rest. The captain of the *Post-boy* was not a fluent man, nor of a vivid imagination. His vocabulary was limited to the fewest monosyllabic words, which he used with miserly economy, cutting them short in a quick, hurried, inimical style; then as if impressed that he had not done full justice to his subject, he would repeat his first words still quicker, and with more marked emphasis.

The first day from Boston was always a busy one, and the captain was on the alert. People would soon begin to inquire, "Captain Zoheth, when do you go to Boston again?" "I think we'll go Wens'dy, wind and weather permit'n; yes, go to Bost'n about Wens'dy," They knew well enough that the *Post-boy* never went to Boston on that declaration;

none expected it. The next day the same question would be asked, with this answer, "Goin' to-morrer, if can get out the harbor; go to-morrer." "To-morrer" was sure to bring a scant tide, and scant wind, and the packet would not move.

Somebody was now sure to say, "Why, Capt'n, you didn't go to Boston to-day." "No, didn't get out; *divlish* low tide, and head wind." "Well, when *are* you going?" The last said, perhaps, with a slight impatience. "The *Piz-by* will go Bost'n to-morrer; yes, *sir*, the *Piz-by* will go to Bost'n to-morrer, wind or no wind, tide or no tide, by gracious!" Now it was well understood the packet would go to Boston to-morrow. Early the next morning the captain would be seen coming with his little black-leather trunk that always meant business; long before highwater the colors floated at the topmast head, the signal for Boston; and the *Post-boy* went to Boston, just about the time the captain intended, and when from the first it was understood she would go. I do not mean to say this was the captain's rule, by no means; when business was good, he made quick trips, and never stood on the order of going or coming; but there are scores now living, who well remember the *Post-boy*, Captain Zoheth, and his nervous Anglo-Saxon.

Never were travellers more happy or content than on the *Post-boy*. Never since the *Canterbury Tales* was social freedom and story-telling better practised or enjoyed. She sailed on no time-table. Passengers well understood at the start, that a few hours, or a few days, might be required, and that the stock of stores and stories would hold out. They knew that the interest and pleasure of the trip depended upon the good-feeling and comfort of their fellow-passengers, who, when at home, were mostly neighbors and townsmen. Here was sure to be some Marco Polo captain, who had killed elephants in India or seen the Brahma's great white bull. Some Western adventurer, who discoursed of steamboat races, herds of buffalo, and Indians. Here were the home traders, discussing the price of sugar, eggs, and palm-leaf hats. Skippers talked of mackerel and codfish. If the sail flapped idly against the mast, somebody had been becalmed in the Indian Ocean for

weeks, without a cat's-paw on the face of the water, or had run down the trade winds from the Windward Islands to the Equator, without starting his topgallant studding-sail brace; or, like the flying Dutchman, had beaten for weeks off Cape Horn. There was no monopoly or obtrusiveness in all this freedom of conversation. Each told their experience, or listened with interest and pleasure to the rest, and all sought with unaffected good-nature to please and profit.

The few travellers, visiting the Cape for health, pleasure or profit, for the first time, were drawn towards these people. Social conventionalities, wealth, birth and education melted their narrow partitions in this genial atmosphere, and, not unfrequently, those who met as strangers separated as life-long friends.

Captain Rich retired from packeting at the decline of the business, and spent the remainder of his days, till threescore and ten, in his snug little home, which for nice keeping was a gem. No grass was greener, no garden cleaner, no grapes larger, and no horse or cow fatter than his. For many years he shared the fellowship of the Church, died in her faith, and was gathered unto his fathers.

Thoreau says of his stage ride on the Cape, "I was struck by the pleasant equality which reigned among the company, and their broad and invulnerable good humor. They were what is called free and easy, and met one another to advantage, as men who had, at length, learned how to live. They appeared to know each other when they were strangers; they were so simple and downright. They were well met, in an unusual sense; that is, they met as well as they could meet, and did not seem to be troubled with any impediment. They were not afraid nor ashamed of one another, but were contented to make just such a company as the ingredients allowed. It was evident that the same foolish respect was not here claimed for mere wealth and station that is in many parts of New England.

Captain Richard Stevens was for many years a popular and gentlemanly packet master. He first ran the *Young Tell*, then built the *Mail*, and last the fine schooner *Modena*. He

was also connected with the steamer *Naunshon* that ran several years between Boston and Provincetown. Captain Stevens was a pleasant gentleman. With the travelling public he was proverbially a popular man, affable and attentive. He not only desired to accommodate and make his passengers comfortable, but he knew how to do it. He was a good neighbor, friend and citizen; represented the town in the Legislature and enjoyed other positions of trust. Quite late in life he received the appointment of wharfinger at the North End, and moved to Somerville, where he died in 1870, aged sixty-eight years of age.

CHAPTER XXV.

LAND MARKS AND SEA MARKS.

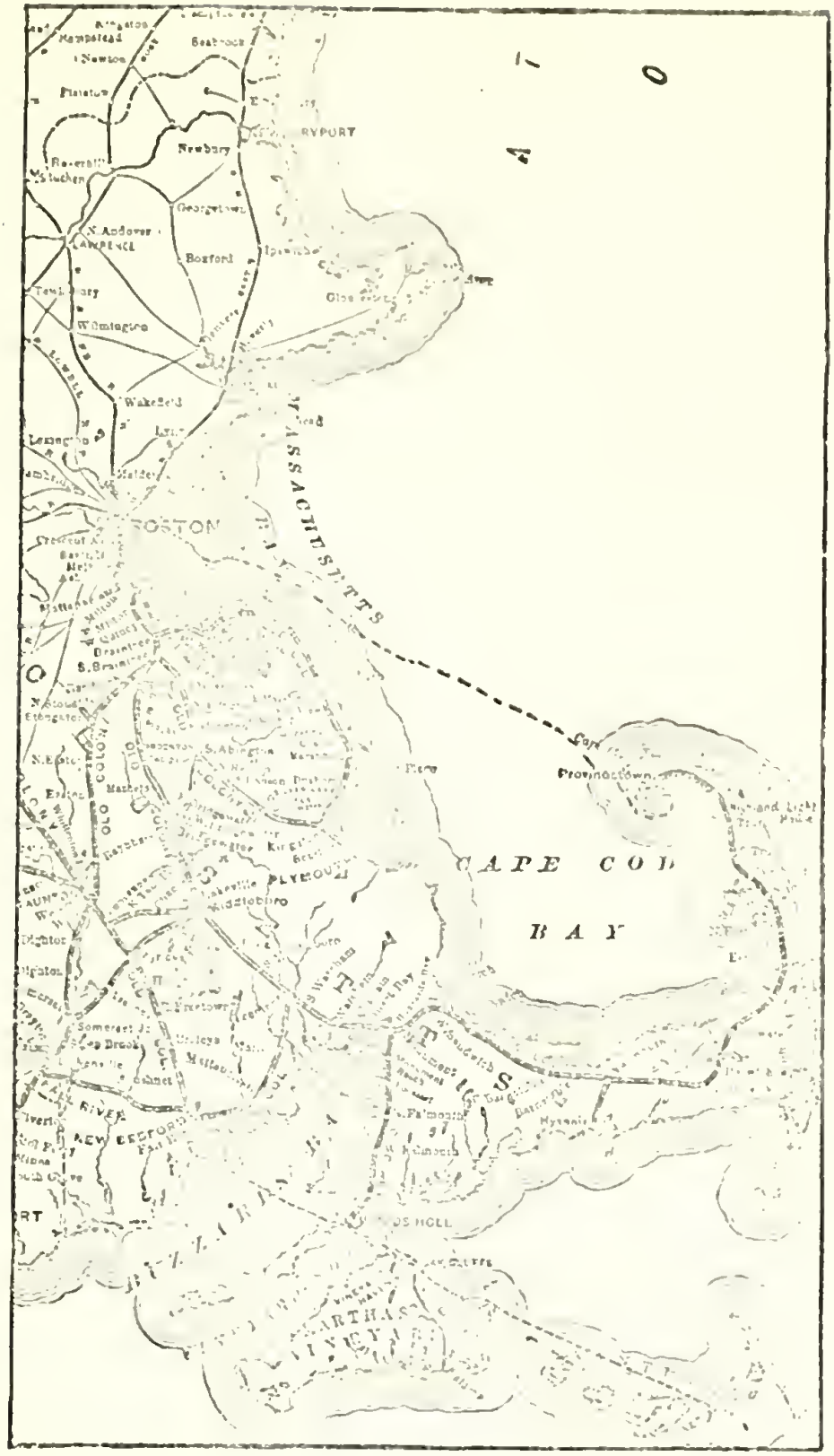
Old Acquaintances. *His Fact.* Emigration. Roof Tree. Citizenship. Changes. Population. Summer Resorts. 1830 Massachusetts Gazateer. Banner Town. Prospect. Possibilities. Prophetic Lens. Old Pictures. Salt Mills. Salt Works. Salt Fish. Salt Water. Salt. Well-preserved. Picturesque Town. Flemish Picture. Profane Visitor. One Horse with one Eye. Stone vs. Fish. No Road. Doctor Davy and Penzance. Carts and Carpets. Paths and Pilots. A Road that Needed no Sprinkling. United States Surplus under Feet Lost Feet. Railroad. Mackerel Fleet. Salt Industry. Consumption and Supply. Mills and Castles. Sancho Panza. *Dramatis Personæ.* The Grist Mill. The Old Miller. Golden Meal. Mills of the Gods. Chatham. A Whig Platform. Corn Laws. In Memoriam.

RETURNING from a walk my mother said, "Have you been to call upon old acquaintances?" "Yes, in the graveyard." Not only the old land marks and sea marks and old customs, but the good old people are fast passing away. I stood by the graves of four men born about the same year, in the same little neighborhood, almost one hundred years ago. As boys, they were together early inured to toil and the discipline of the times. For forty and fifty years, by diverging paths, they sailed to and fro, and up and down the world, meeting a full share of the hardships and misfortunes incidental to their calling. Having gained a little competence, once more, and at about the same time, they began to draw their furrows afield, and realize the dream of their lives, to enjoy undisturbed at home a peaceful old age. Together they met on the Sabbath in the same church, and in the same social and religious circle, till threescore and ten, and fourscore, brings them with their companions side by side in

the same graveyard, and each grave marked by a white stone. Standing there, I said, "How short the journey! only a few steps from the place of birth to the final rest; just from the valley to the hilltop. The swallow could scale it with steady wing, and yet, how long the march; how many starless nights and toilsome days in these few steps from the cradle to the grave."

Lovely and fair is the morning,
Bright is God's glorious sun;
But weary spirits rest at eve,
When the long, long day is done.

For a quarter century the tide of migration increased, till it became almost a panic. It would be safe to say all have not bettered their condition. Many families have been swept away who were valuable citizens, in the enjoyment of comfortable homes and influence, who have been swallowed up under new experiences. The old roof-tree, however humble, gathers around it so many cheap home comforts and blessings, so many pleasant social and religious relations, without distinction, that once cut off, the new life becomes a race with multiplied necessities, while barren to the heart. These remarks apply more to the middle-aged and past. The young have a fair field, and though few may win high position, yet every man is responsible that his citizenship shall be secured, and his good name a legacy which is often better than lands or bonds. Some of the Cape towns have been reduced more than half, Truro among the number; but as the majority are now much less depending upon fishing, and will be less likely to break up, the town is about holding her own, and better days may be in store. I have counted fourteen houses in a little neighborhood nestled prettily enough for an artist's pencil. For forty years not a house had been added or removed. The boy who left at twenty might have returned like Enoch Arden, with the marks of age, and though empires had been blotted out, mighty States marched into line, and the map of the world changed, yet not a change in its hamlet. The next turn of the road opened another picture, where


Newburyport
Newbury
Georgetown
N. Andover
Lawrence
Boxford
Ipswich
Gloucester
Wilmington
Wakefield
Lexington
Malden
Boston
Massachusetts
Braintree
S. Braintree
S. Abington
Plymouth
Middleboro
Provincetown
Cape Cod
Bay
Somerset
Fall River
New Bedford
Falmouth
Hyannis
Vineyard

I counted a dozen houses, and in imagination, a dozen more, that had been moved away within as many years. The population of Truro in 1794 was 1320, with 165 dwellings; in 1850, population 2051; in 1860, 1883; in 1870, 1269; in 1880 less than 1000. Over one hundred families from Truro now reside in Somerville; thirty from Doctor Noble's church.

I have said better days may be in store. As always in the past so in the future, the Cape will hold her interest in fishing. The modes may change. Some of the towns may decline still further, other points will increase, possibly the shore fisheries may cut a not unimportant figure. It is reasonably certain, however, that the aggregate product of the Cape fisheries will not decline. But a glance at the map before you, showing the geographical position, configuration and connection by land and water with Boston and New York, is better than any statement or argument, that Cape Cod is by nature wonderfully adapted for, and must become more and more, a summer resort. The Cape is not convenient for daily connection, but thousands of familes seek more distant places at great expense and inconvenience, to spend the season or a vacation. The advantages of the Cape for health, rest, pure air, pure water, sea bathing, wholesome food, moderate expense, general comfort and comparative convenience of access, must be better understood, till her breezy headlands, clean-washed shores and healthful hills and valleys are well dotted.

The last few years Provincetown has drawn a good many visitors. With accommodations and conveniences commensurate with her natural attractions, a few years will place her among the great popular resorts of New England. This requires both public and private enterprise, which will repay at least tenfold in the present life.

The best fishing points, with good harbors, are everywhere becoming the most desirable summer resorts. Torquay (Torkee), a favorite and fashionable watering-place, picturesquely located on a cove in sight of old Dartmoor, with a population of twenty-five thousand, was, twenty-five years

ago, a thriving fishing village. This is true of many other places in England and France.

[From the *Massachusetts Gazateer*, March, 1830.]

A daily stage goes down the Cape as far as Orleans, and from there every other day a wagon proceeds to Provincetown which might convey two or three passengers. From that place packets run at irregular but not long intervals to Boston in a few hours (if a fair wind). I do not doubt that the excursion when the route becomes better known, will become quite common, and as the travel is increasing the means of transportation will be improved. Should it become sufficient to require a steamboat from Provincetown to Boston, I can hardly think of a route that would be more likely to interest and profit a large part of the community.

Could the professor have looked through a prophetic lens, he would have seen in the not far-away future, the swift-footed, crowded steamers that now run almost daily to Provincetown

HIGH POLE HILL — PROVINCETOWN, 1870.

through all the fine weather, and the two daily trains, that in spite of wind or weather, blaze along the shores and through the hills, challenging with sharp whistle the hoarse thug of the ocean.

The census of 1870 shows a loss in every town in the county, Provincetown excepted. From the least and youngest, she has become the banner-town. Perched out on a crest of alluvial sand and almost cut off, she has fairly outrivalled the old towns of Barnstable and Sandwich, with good farms and wide domain.

From the farthest point of Sandwich to the city in the sand

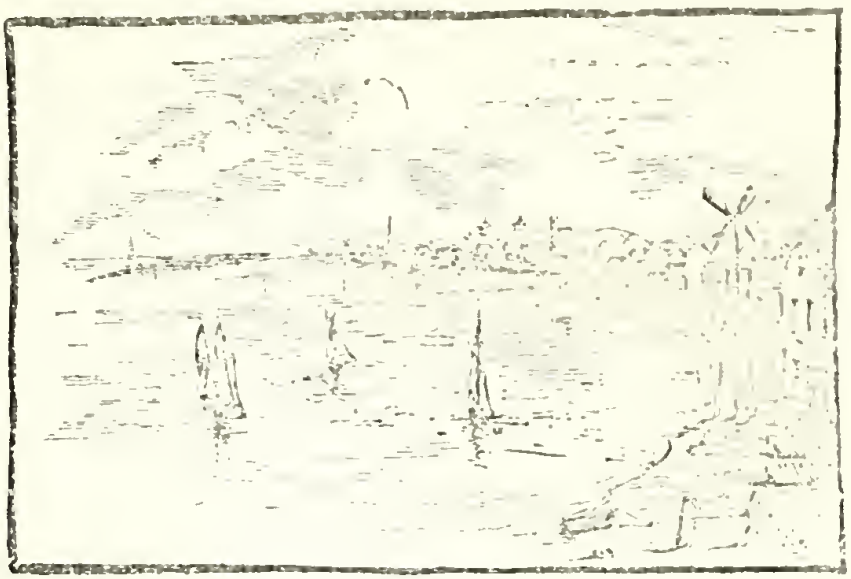
may have a literal interpretation. At present, 1878, a temporary cloud overshadows her prosperity. But with one of the best harbors on the coast, with diversified fishing interests, with coastwise and considerable local business, with energy, enterprise, sufficient wealth and a great growing country, what can prevent a rapid return of business.

Provincetown is well conditioned to largely increase her fisheries. No town in New England more so. The rapid expansion of the country must create an increasing demand for fish products at remunerative prices. An interest that developed the country and balanced its destiny when the population was a million, that has been well sustained during a century of extreme vicissitudes, cannot decline with a population of fifty millions, if the fish hold out. History shows that not the wealth of a few build up, but that united effort, liberal policy and intelligent labor will win golden victories. To keep capital and business talent at home, and to expand home interests, are vital considerations. She has great advantages and has had large experience; these well improved, and this century will close upon the most flourishing sea coast town in the State. The decline of some towns is as much a law as their growth. To fight destiny is foregone defeat. The reverse is true of this town. There may be contingencies as in all business, but for a series of years, all the conditions being equal, the cod fisheries are full of promise, and Provincetown will sow and reap.

Forty years ago the shores of Provincetown were lined with wind-mills, called in the vernacular, "salt-mills," used for pumping ocean water into the hundreds of acres of "salt works" that completely flanked the town and came up almost into their houses and bed-chambers. What with the salt ocean rolling on the back side, the salt bay washing the front, the thousands of hogsheads of pure salt crystallizing in shallow vats or high piled in storehouses, waiting market, and miles of salt codfish curing in the autumnal sun, Provincetown could lay good claim to being a well-preserved community. A view of the town is better worth seeing from any approach than hundreds of places of wider fame, but fifty

years ago an approach at highwater from Truro, the only land communication, was a rare view.

The quaint village hugging the crescent shore for three miles, hundreds of mills from the shore, wharves and hill-tops



PROVINCETOWN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

all in lively motion and commotion, the tall spars of the vessels in port, the steep hills rising like huge earth-works of defence, and the low sandy point half-coiled around the harbor, anchored at the tip by the lighthouse of old Darby fame, was a sight that could be seen nowhere else in this land, and was more like the old Dutch and Flemish pictures of Hobbema and Van Ostade than anything I have seen. About this time a profane visitor wrote in a weekly newspaper, "Houses, salt-works, and curiously-built hovels, for uses unknown, are mixed up together. It would seem that the God of the infidels, which they call chance, had a hand in this mysterious jumble." The citizens properly resented this fling at their practical architecture, and intimated they knew their own business.

In 1829, the Provincetown minister, Mr. Stone, said to Dr. Cornell, then a Wellfleet schoolmaster, "Would you believe that there is a town in the United States with 1800 inhabitants and only one horse with one eye? Well, that town is Prov-

incetown and I am the only man in town that owns a horse and he is an old white one with one eye." Mr. Stone and Mr. Fish used to alternate for the Mashpee Indians. The Indians through one of their own number, applied to the committee and requested that Mr. Fish be sent regularly. The committee urged Mr. Stone, saying he was the best minister. "Indian ask for fish, you give him stone," said the imperturbable brave.

There was then no road through the town. With no carts, wagons, carriages, horses or oxen, why a road? A road was well enough where there was use for it. The first sleigh ever used in the town was a dory; a good substitute and suggestion for the North Pole explorers. A Provincetown boy seeing a carriage driving through the town wondered how she could steer so straight without a rudder. Dr. Davy says his brother, Sir Humphrey, remembered when there was but one cart and one carpet in his native town of Penzance, now one of the beautiful and fashionable resorts of England. I don't know so well about carpets, but am sure the estimate on carts is not far from correct. Here every man had a path from his house to his boat or vessel, and once launched, he was on the broad highway of nations, without tax or toil. There were paths to the neighbors, paths to school, and paths to church; tortuous, perhaps, but they were good pilots by night or day, on land or water. Besides, at lowwater there was a road such as none else could boast, washed completely twice a day from year to year, wide enough and free enough and long enough, if followed, for the armies of the Netherlands.

> For you, they said, no barriers be,
> For you no sluggard rest;
> Each street leads downward to the sea
> Or landward to the West.

The cob wharves were then not as frequent or long as now, and travel passed under and around them. Washing fish is one of the cherished institutions of Provincetown. It might not inappropriately be adopted as her coat of arms. The division of the United States surplus revenue was the begin-

ning of a new era in Provincetown. When the question of appropriating the money for laying out a road and building a sidewalk through the town was being discussed, a citizen in town meeting said: "As this money has proved a bone of contention in most places, I think the best place for bones is under our feet; I am therefore in favor of appropriating this fund to a sidewalk throughout the town." Like all great improvements, it met with bitter opposition. The old were wed to old ways and content. They had known no inconveniences. Houses, stores, saltworks, fish flakes and mills were to be removed, wells to be filled, and rough places made smooth, before

WASHING OUT FISH ON PROVINCETOWN SHORE.

the road could be laid out and sidewalks built. All of which was done, and the five-plank walk on one side of the street, the whole length of the town, substantially as now, was opened for travel in February 1838, at a cost of two thousand dollars.

Tradition says that some of the old people, particularly the ladies, who had strenuously opposed the project, declared they would never walk on it, and were as good as their word, walking slip-shod through the sand as long as they lived. In some of the old pictures the people are represented without feet, it being understood so much was covered by the sand.

The railroad did not find its way to Provincetown by forced marches. The Old Colony first opened their road to Plymouth with an understanding it would be pushed on to Barnstable at an early day. After a long rest, the Cape Cod Branch, by a *coup d'état*, struck Sandwich, leaving Plymouth a terminus; they next opened to Yarmouth, with a branch to Hyannis. The next hitch was to Wellfleet. At each extension a celebration was held, magnifying the enterprising directors and urging on the work. The road was opened to Wellfleet October 28, 1869, on which occasion Rev. A. J. Church sung an *original* song. We quote the first verse: —

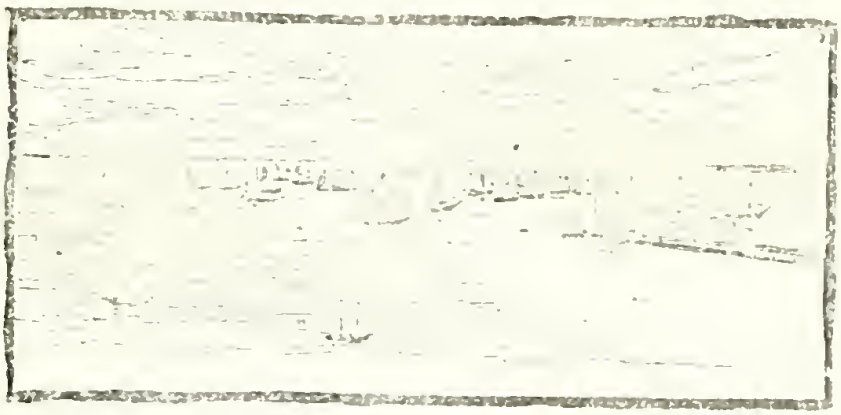
> The great Atlantic Railroad for old Cape Cod; all hail!
> Bring on the locomotive, lay down the iron rail;
> Across the Eastham prairies, by steam we're bound to go,
> The railroad cars are coming, let's all get up and mow.
> The little dogs in Dogtown will wag their little tails,
> They'll think that something's coming, a-riding on the rails.

Provincetown Harbor has often been mentioned as among the finest on the coast. In the fall of the year it is sometimes almost crowded with mackerel fishermen. When coming in or getting under way to go out, they present an animated scene.

From a short history of Dennis, published in about 1800, we find reference to the first manufacturing of salt on the Cape, once a valuable industry, and on account of its extensive use in curing fish, always an item of importance to fishermen. The amount of salt consumed in this country is prodigious and well-nigh challenges belief. A hogshead can now be bought for almost the price of a bushel a hundred years ago. It is one of the great blessings of civilization entering into every family and most every department of business. Previous to the Revolution, all the salt made in America was

by the crude and slow process of boiling sea water in kettles. It was this method that made such havoc with the forests at Pamet and Cape Cod, stripping the hills, as we have noticed. London fish-mongers built salt works in connection with fishing, at Dover Neck, in 1623. It will be noticed that our salt works were a development of Cape Cod.

"The only person who has been completely successful in obtaining pure marine salt by the rays of the sun alone, is Captain John Sears of Suet, Dennis. In 1776 he constructed a vat one hundred feet long and ten wide. Rafters were fixed over, and shutters so contrived that the vat might be covered when it rained, and exposed to the heat of the sun in fair



MACKEREL FLEET GETTING UNDER WAY. — PROVINCETOWN HARBOR.

weather. At length, to his inexpressible joy, Captain Sears perceived the salt beginning to crystallize. His works leaked, and the first year he had only eight bushels of salt. He was exposed to the ridicule of his neighbors, who as usual scoffed at his invention, styling it "Sears' folly." The second year he obtained thirty bushels of salt. In the fourth year a pump was introduced instead of a bucket. In 1785, at the suggestion of Major Nathaniel Freeman of Harwich, who had in some other country seen a pump worked by wind, the application was made with success. In 1793 Reuben Sears, a carpenter of Harwich, invented the "gable roof" cover, to run on wheels, which brought the system about to perfection. Other covers were used, but the "gable" became the uniform standard, I think, on the Cape. Salt was then worth one dollar

per bushel. Captain Sears obtained a patent in 1799, though it has been charged that he did not make a new discovery."

The Cape was wonderfully well situated, and all the conditions were remarkably favorable for salt-making by the new process. The water was pure from the ocean, and the salt of superior quality, weighing eighty pounds to the bushel, besides producing large quantities of Glauber's and Epsom salt and magnesia, all of excellent quality.

The practical demonstrations of *making* salt — of turning the ocean to gold — awakened new enterprise. Here was alchemy more to be desired by the toiling people than the Philosopher's stone. The transmutations began in earnest. In 1800 the business was in embryo. In 1832 there was in the county of Barnstable 1,425,000 feet of works, producing 258,250 bushels. It continued a large and moderately profitable industry for many years. The process was slow, and depended upon the weather. Every man living near the salt water had his patch of salt works, if it took his last patch of cornfield or potato yard. Building and repairing the works gave employment to a large number of mechanics, and making the salt gave employment to the elderly men and boys.

The reduction of the salt duty was a death-blow to this business, while the repeal of the bounty allowed to the fishermen by Government, which should never have been repealed, did not half compensate for the reduction on salt, which was the ostensible object of the friends of this measure. Both these changes were great disasters to the prosperity of the Cape, from which it will never recover. Truro was well situated for salt-works, and was a ready market for all that could be made. All along the shores and the banks of Pamet, its arms and coves and points were well covered, and every breezy summit was crowned with a picturesque windmill. As soon as the law went into effect the dismantling began. For years the work went on. Barns and out-houses, and sometimes dwellings, were constructed from the old covers and floors; the latter being saturated with salt, will last perhaps as long as Cape Cod. The peculiar appearance of the buildings if not covered, interested visitors

till weather-worn. Salt manufactory on Cape Cod has had its day. The business was at its highest state of prosperity in about 1832. In 1837, there were thirty-nine establishments in Truro.

All the trees mentioned by Bradford are indigenous to the Cape. To Mr. Dexter's valuable notes in his reprint of *Mourt's Relation*, I am indebted in part for the following list:

Oaks (white), *quercus alba;* (red) *quercus rubra;* (black) *quercus tinctoria;* (scrub) *quercus regida.* Pine (pitch), *pinus regida.* Sassafras, *sassafras officinale.* Juniper (red cedar), *juniperus virginiana.* Birch (white), *betula populifolia.* Holly (evergreen), *ilex opaca.* Ash (white), *fraxinus acuminata.* Walnut (mockernut hickory), *carya tomentosa.* Vines (wild grape), *vitis labrusca;* (green brier) *smilax rotundifolia;* (Virginian creeper) *ampelopsis quinquefolia;* (hairy honeysuckle) *lonicera hirsuta;* (poison ivy) *rhus toxicodendron.* To the above list may be added: Pine (white), *pinus strobus*, found rarely on the lower part of the Cape, considerably in Sandwich, in Plymouth County, is the common forest tree. Maple, *acer spicatum.* Locust (honey), *gleditschia triacanthus.* Birch (black), *B. lentā.*

Since salt water has been cut off from East Harbor and Eagle Neck Marshes by building causeways for the railroad, black-birch have sprung up quite freely, and promise a fine growth. How the seed found its way to these salt marshes, and when, is open for discussion. That it was deposited among the drift by the tides, seems the only reasonable solution. How long it may have been waiting a convenient season, it is impossible to tell. Wheat and other seed taken from the Egyptian tombs and mummy pits, deposited before Romulus and Remus, come as readily to harvest as if planted on the banks of the Nile during Joseph's years of plenty.

Oaks in all the varieties mentioned, pine, sassafras and ash, are still abundant. The red cedar or savin, called by Bradford "juniper," once so plentiful, is sometimes found in our woods and pastures isolated, mostly growing from old stumps. Gos-

nold and Smith called it "cyprus." Rev. Mr. De Costa mentions having seen juniper berries in Truro; I have seen them but rarely. The real cypress grows only in swamps and in standing water; absorbs and contains more water than any other wood, and will never rot. The natural trunk of a cyprus-tree, as it grows in its native bayou, is a perfect pattern of a spreading, clustering column.

Brush, as used on the Cape, has a wide range; it embraces coppices of scrub-oak, called "live-oak," which attain their growth in a dozen or more years, rarely growing over ten feet high. They cover many of the hills, and are cut off smooth from time to time for summer fuel. A few acres of cheap brush land never fail a good brush pile, which the fishermen used to prepare during the winter, and stack them up near the kitchen, neat as a thatched cottage. Like many other old customs, the brush fire is disappearing — passing away with the ample chimney and fireplace. Brush also embraces brake and thicket, among which may be enumerated — wild rose, *rosa lucida;* bush whortleberry, *vaccinium dumosam;* low blueberry, *vaccinium pennsylvanicum;* beach plum, *prunus maritima;* flowering dogwood, *florida;* josh pear, June berry or shad bush (*botryàpium*) (*ovalis*). From the low bush, mingling with the blueberry, to a graceful poplar-shaped tree, from ten to twenty feet high, scattered profusely among the sapling oak and branching pine, this tree or bush in its early white blossoms, is the beauty of spring, and the bright herald of dawning flower life, on the lower part of the Cape. It has spread rapidly the last forty years, is a most excellent fruit, and pronounced the most healthful of all the berry family.

The wild grape is abundant among the oaks, climbing thirty or forty feet, or to the top of the highest trees. They weave a network among the thick coverts, where hang the purple clusters, a feast for the birds and foxes. Blackberry vines abound in great variety, from the low creeper resembling the Southern dewberry, to the tall hedge-thorn or bramble. When corn was largely cultivated, the periodical ploughing of the fields was as good as cultivating blackberries. They

could then be picked by the bushel from the stubbles. Wild gooseberry vines, or bushes, are also found through the wooded districts.

Among the smaller plants or vines are found noticeably, the far-famed Mayflower, or trailing arbutus, and ground laurel (*epigæa*). The first smile of spring, with spicy breath, and rose-shaded blossoms, hiding under rough dry leaves. Checkerberry, boxberry, aromatic wintergreen or partridge berry, known on the Cape generally by the former, but quite generally as wintergreen (*procumbens*). Abundant in the more open woods. The young plants are called drummers, and are eagerly sought for their pleasant aromatic taste. The plums or berries gain in flavor by lying all winter in a warm bed of snow. Bearberry, mountain berry, sometimes called hog cranberry (*arctostáphylos uva ursi*). The better name is mountain-berry. With its battledoor, evergreen leaves and bright crimson berries, it sometimes covers the ground for rods with a thick shining carpet beautiful to behold. It creeps into the graveyards, spreading the low mounds with a matchless twining and interweaving attractive at all seasons.

Golden astor (*chrysopsis falcata*); golden rod (*genus solidago*); brown crowberry (*oakesia conradi*); pimpernel (*anagàllis arvénsis*), or poor man's weather-grass; violet (*violaceæ pedata*); bird-foot violet; smilax (*S. rotundifòlia*); azalia, flowering or false honeysuckle, perhaps (*a viscòsa*); poverty grass, before described, bayberry, or wax-myrtle (*myrica cerifera*), is the last we shall name of many varieties.

The bayberry, or wax-myrtle, is usually mentioned among the scrub-brush that make up the thickets and brakes indigenous to the Cape. It takes kindly to the open, sandy soil, where it throws out abundance of huge crooked roots, filling the soft sand like eels in a basket. The trunk is smooth and crooked, usually growing two or three feet, but when in great clusters, favorably located, it often stands as high as a man's head. The leaf is thickish, with a tropical polish much resembling the rhododendron. The berry is of a light gray, or ash color, smaller than a pepper-corn, and clusters thick along the branches. The wood is brittle, cracking like

SUMMER HOUSE OF THE AUTHOR AT LONDON.

pipestems when trod upon, and emitting an aromatic odor, which, mingling with the wild rose, sweet fern, and other sweet-scented shrubs, fairly loads the air.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods.

Here it may be found with strong staff in hand, shod with stout boots, following the cuckoo's note up the valleys and over the hills, treading down the sweet blossoms and tender leaf, pushing aside the spreading bushes, making your own path, till some grassy plot or leafy covert offers a pleasant retreat. Here seated, say —

I solitary court
The inspiring breeze, and meditate upon the book
Of Nature ever open.

Now the narrow rim of sand that encircles the green hills, and the boundless ocean that encircles the rim of sand, becomes a matchless double-border, and the hills and valleys an emerald setting of wondrous beauty. Now the scrub-oaks in scarlet tassels, the stinted pine and sassafras, stretch out into spicy groves of Arabia Felix, and the long valleys become the fragrant vales of Cashmere.

The butterfly and bumble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Timorous of his grassy trail.
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The oriole flashes through the light.
On graceful wing with plumage bright
Here the blue cat-bird trims his coat
And tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me.
O, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, or book to read:

A dear companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart, He tides:
The holy silence is his voice,
I lie and listen, and rejoice!

Father Raslas, a Roman Catholic missionary to the Indians near Quebec, obtained from them the art of producing wax from the bayberry, from which he made candles to light his chapel in the distant wilderness. He says, "Twenty-four pounds of this beautiful green wax, and an equal quantity of tallow, will make one hundred handsome wax candles a foot long." What could be prettier or in finer taste on Christmas, or any festive occasion in the country, than these beautiful green wax candles, home-made, burning in the old-fashioned, dazzling bright brass candlestick? These Indians were also adepts at making maple sugar; this writer thinks they initiated the English in the art. Father Raslas, like his contemporary Jesuit brethren, Lasalle, Marquette, Sallemond and Joliet, on the western frontier, was a man of extensive acquirements and undaunted fortitude. He shared with the Indians their privations, and continued their faithful, devoted friend and spiritual guide from 1689 till 1724, when he was killed while defending them against American troops.

Whatever may be said of the Jesuits, it must be admitted that they have been the most indefatigable, self-sacrificing, energetic and enterprising missionaries, since the days of St. Paul.

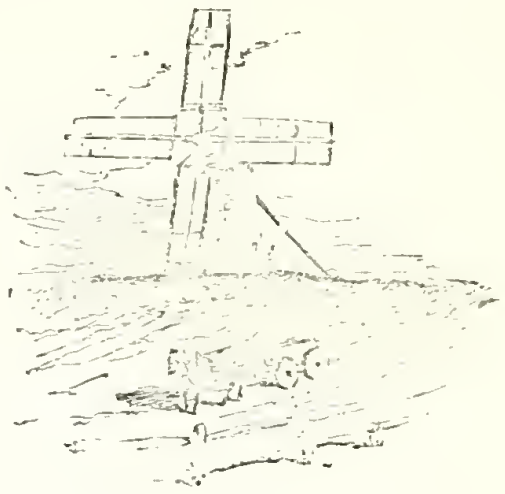
India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And from the isles of far Japan,
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory.

"While the enemies of Rome were ridiculing holy water, and scoffing at relics, the disciples of Layola were penetrating the wilderness of America, and searching the sources of the Ganges." Almost a parallel case is related in Grote's history of Greece. "Socrates was exposing his life for Athens, at

nearly the same time at which Aristophanes at Athens was exposing him to derision in the Country of the Clouds, as a dreamer alike morally worthless and physically incapable."

THE OLD MILLER.

We have referred to the great number of windmills standing on the banks and hills, connected with the salt works, as being an attractive feature, and as imparting a semi-foreign look to the scenery. These were comparatively modern; but the old grist mills standing top of the highest hills, were contemporary with the settlements, and were always a prominent feature in the landscape. At one time there were three or four in Truro.



OLD WINDMILL.—ONE OF THE LAND-MARKS.

Around old mills, almost as much as around old castles, there clusters much of history and romance. If not overrun by ivy and stained by blood, they tell the story of civilization and industry better than rampart, donjon or turret. Don Quixote and his valiant squire, Sancho Panza, have garlanded the conservative old windmills of Spain with a youth as beautiful and immortal as has our own gifted countryman the far-famed castles of the Moors, the marble halls of Alhambra, and the magnificent fabric of the Escurial.

For many years past the principal landmarks seen upon approaching Truro shore from the bay side, were the tall grist mill, and the two meeting-houses, grouped but a few hundred rods apart, in a triangular position. About thirty years ago a a town hall was built on the same plateau. From their peculiar geographical position to each other, a short distance by sea or land from a given point, would seem to remove them

miles apart. This, added to the peculiar looming, or atmospheric illusion, sometimes gave these almost rude architectural structures vast and symmetrical proportions: sometimes weird and shadowy shapes; sometimes the semblance of life. Then they became *dramatis personæ;* now striding off across the hills, like Fingal's misty ghost, lifting high his shadowy spear, now countermarching and confronting each other like angry giants for a conflict at arms.

But it is the tall mill that claims now our particular attention. It was built early in the present century. The frame was Southern tun timber, with its huge dimensions, as landed from a vessel stranded on the back of the Cape, and drawn to the hill-top by ox teams. A wash-barrel of grog was used at the raising. Doubtless this frame would have stood a thousand years, as when, two years since, removed it was as sound and bright as when first lifted to its airy summit. Its tall arms, and one long leg, the mast of a dismantled schooner,

TOWN HALL.

which, like a huge spider's web, angled from the cornice to a little wheel on the ground, nearly a hundred feet distant, and which turned the mill's arms windward, were the outside wonders. Inside, the giant shaft, the remorseless cogs, the

iron spindle, the upper and nether millstones, were wonders of mechanism, and filled my mind with admiration for the men who could construct such mighty engines of power and cunning. On the wall of the first loft, nailed against the timbers, was a plain deal board about eighteen by forty inches, on which, carved by some educated jack-knife, were these letters,—

F. A.

A. H.

S. R.

Which being interpreted meant, "This mill is owned in equal parts by Freeman Atkins, Allen Hinckley, Samuel Rider." These were important personages in my mind. The first of them only concerns us in this sketch.

He it was who climbed the slender latticed arms and set the sails; he it was who hitched the oxen, waiting grist, to the little wheel, and with the boys pushing, turned the white wings to the wind's eye; he it was who touched the magical spring, and presto! the long wings beat the air, the great shaft began to turn, cog played to its fellow cog, and the mammoth stones began to revolve. He it was who mounted like Jove upon his Olympian seat, and with one hand on the little regulator, that, better than the mills of the gods that ground only slow, could grind fast or slow, coarse or fine, with the other hand caught the first golden meal.

I see him now, in my mind's eye. A tall man, with long arms, like his mill; kindly blue eyes, angular face, prominent nose, and close shut lips, with a lingering of the old quarter-deck compression still revealed. He was not called a handsome man, and used to say facetiously that he was a warning to mothers with handsome babes, as he was considered the handsomest in town. But far more than the paintings of the old or new masters, this homely face had attractions for me.

Ever and anon as he removed his great bony hand from the hot meal, touching his face and long nose till whitened like a distant promontory, he grew still more attractive, and I nestled still nearer his coveted seat, encouraged by his kindly manner to ask a few more questions.

This old man with his grist mill, and salt works, and patch of cornfield, and semi-weekly newspaper, was no every-day man. In his younger days as sailor and master of a ship, he had seen the world. With keen observation and good memory his mind was well stored. He had —

> Old Greece and Rome surveyed,
> And the vast sense of Plato weighed.

In the fall of the Harrison campaign, when the vessels were packing out their fish at the wharf in Truro, I saw this son William Pitt, during some discussion dressed in oil trousers, green baize jacket, fish boots and sou'wester, jump upon a barrel of mackerel, as a Whig platform, and make an impromptu Harrison speech to hundreds of fishermen, who received it with great applause. Besides home politics, the old miller used to discourse of the Corn Laws, and the Corn League of England — fresh topics in his day — and of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law rhymer. He had many stories to relate of his experience. The old miller has ceased from his labors, and the sound of the grinding is low. A stone to his memory in the Congregational churchyard has the following:

> He came down to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe.
>
> In memory of
> Capt.
> Freeman Atkins.
> died
> Nov. 1, 1855,
> Æt 79 years 1 mo
> & 14 days.
>
> Though time had set the seal of years upon his brow,
> Yet still that brow bowed not beneath the weight of care,
> Till by the reaper's hand in Death's embrace laid low,
> Like shock of golden grain well prepared.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

Fort Sumpter. Liberty Poles. War Meetings. Tall Flag Spars. Hoisting the Flag. Devotion to the Cause. Enrollment. Mutual Support Club. The Army. Volunteers Mass. 43d. Nine Months' Men. Volunteers of 1862. Mass. 33d. Fighting Family. A Prison and a Monument. Prison Rules. Prison Fare. Active Service. Haps and Mishaps. Hard Marching. Good Fighting. The Work done. Marching Home. Turning over the Flags. Served and saved the Country. The Navy. Accomplished Officer. Swallowed up. Father and Sons. Final Discharge. Gallant Commander. The Boy Sailor. Prize Master. Blockade Runner. Never heard from. The End.

WITH the exception of the large towns, patriotism in the North did not assume positive or popular action till the attack upon Sumpter and call for troops. Truro promptly discussed the issue, and, as in the war of the Revolution, voted to *fall in.* In May a liberty pole was set up in the south part of the town, with due formalities and enthusiasm. In June a pole measuring one hundred and one half feet, was planted on the hill north of Wilder's. It was a fine specimen of spar work by Isaac Collins, now of Provincetown. A large company was present; a military turnout discharged cannon, etc. Some of the oldest people of the town, including John Pike, John Mayo and Mrs. Sally Collins, the latter over ninety years of age, hoisted the flag amid long cheers and patriotic songs. Able speeches were made by Captain Eben Davis of Somerville, Rev. E. W. Noble and others, all of which counciled devotion to the cause and the preservation of the flag at whatever cost. A little later a third pole was raised in North Truro with a like creditable baptism. During the war many meetings were held to discuss war questions

and provide men and means. Committees were chosen to confer with the Governor, etc. I have not been able to gather details of these meetings, but learn that there were no divisions; that unusual equanimity and a common spirit of sacrifice prevailed. When the war began, some of the fishermen thought their business ruined and their vessels worthless. Some of the faint-hearted would not fit out. The four years of the war were prosperous in every branch of the fisheries, so that every man who enlisted felt he was making a sacrifice of interest. I infer that a large proportion of the enlistments were made from patriotic devotion. Early in the war there were one hundred and fifty-six men liable to draft; of that number, thirty-two only that either did not volunteer, or were drafted. These did not all serve. In 1865, M. W. Grant, military captain, returned to the town the enrollment of two hundred and seven names, age, occupation, etc., stated. The following is substantially a copy of a "Mutual Support Club," signed by one hundred and eleven men of Truro who were liable to military draft:

We, the subscribers, each agree to pay the sum of twenty-five dollars towards a fund for furnishing three hundred dollars to such members of the Club as are drafted to the war. If the Club does not subscribe sufficient money to pay three hundred dollars to each and every member drafted, then it shall be applied in proportion to the amount subscribed.

N. B. Should any member of this Club drafted not be accepted by Government, he shall refund the money advanced, for the benefit of the Club.

Truro, May 16, 1864. [There may be a mistake in this date.]

THE ARMY.

John A. Gross, Henry R. Paine, Jeremiah H. Rich, Isaiah Snow, John Cacy, Daniel P. Smith, John P. Grozier, possibly others, whose names I have not been able to obtain, enlisted in the 43d Mass. Reg., as nine months' men. They served in North Carolina, and were on their way home when General Lee's army made its famous raid into Pennsylvania, preceding the battle of Gettysburg, when the 43d was sent to the defence of Washington. They were in the service about a year, and honorably discharged July 28, 1863. Part,

perhaps all, participated in the battles of Whitehall, Kingston, and Goldsboro.

JESSE S. PENDERGRACE enlisted November 18, 1861, in the 24th Mass. Vol. Was in the battles of Virginia, Goldsboro, N. C , Norris Island, S. C., and Bermuda Hundred. June 17, 1864, at Wyer Bottom Church, Va. ; lost right arm, part of left hand, and other wounds, by a shell. Discharged November 22, 1864, Corporal, Co. F. Mr. Pendergrace has since been a member of the Legislature ; now lives at Reading.

ELKANAH PAINE JR. enlisted November 25, 1861, in 32d Mass. for three years. Was in all the battles fought in Virginia, and in the fight at Gettysburg. Was shot once in his knapsack, had the breech of his gun shattered by a ball, and another carried away a piece of his nose. His regiment went in with two hundred and eighty men, came out with eighty. When the three years were expired, enlisted for the second three years, or the war, and served till the fighting was over. Sargt. Paine probably smelt more powder, and saw more fighting, than any of the Truro boys. He was undoubtedly a model soldier, and earned over and over a commission, but was one of those modest men who innocently believed promotion would follow faithful service.

JOSIAH R. PAINE, brother of Elkanah and Henry. R., enlisted September, 1862, in the 42d Mass. This included all the sons. Went to Galveston, Tex.; taken prisoner by General Magruder; carried to Austin ; started for Vicksburg after forty days' march ; fed on ground cobs and corn and water; they reached the Red River. Here the rebels found our gunboats, and released the prisoners on parole. Paine found his way to New Orleans, and thence home.

At the call for more troops July, 1862, Samuel Knowles, H. P. Hughes, James A. Small, and Edward P. Sly volunteered to fill the Truro quota. Upon arrival at Lynnfield, Sly was rejected as being too slender for the service. The others were attached to Co. A, Mass. 33d, and ordered to the command of General Seigel, in Virginia. After a few months' service, Co's. A and K were transferred to the Mass. 41st Infantry, with eight companies then in New York *en route* for

New Orleans. Upon arrival in New Orleans Knowles was taken sick, and sent home in the spring of 1863. Hughes and Small joined their regiment at Baton Rouge. They scoured the country, and secured horses enough to mount the regiment when it was organized as the 3d Mass. Cav., doing good service at the seige of Port Hudson. Then ordered to New Orleans to recruit men and horses. In March, 1864, they entered on the Bank's campaign up Red River. Were in the severe engagements at Sabine Cross Road, on the eighth of April, where they suffered badly in killed and wounded. The next forty days were made up of constant fights and skirmishes, among which were the battles of Cane River, Muddy Bayou, Pineville, Bayou Boeuf, Snaggy Point, Bayou Deglades and Yellow Bayou. During the Red River retreat the third was assigned the duty of guarding the rear. Remained in Algiers till ordered to join the nineteenth army corps in the Shenandoah Valley against Early. Were in the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and at Cedar Creek, when Sheridan made his famous ride. Hughes was commissioned lieutenant after these fights, and Small was sergeant-major of the regiment from the time they first entered the valley. In the early spring of 1865 they operated against Mosby, and in general scouting duty till the surrender of Lee. Lieutenant Hughes was mustered out of the service at Falls Church, June 13, 1865, and Sergeant Major Small, on the twenty-second of May, having served thirty-four months, passing through nearly twenty battles, and many skirmishes, without a scratch.

Joseph R. Gross enlisted as a private; did garrison duty in Boston Harbor. Jeremiah Thomas Paine, 39th Reg. Mass Vol. Co. E., died in Washington, Oct. 12, 1863, aged 30 years and 27 days; Edward Winslow, 20th Reg. Mass. Vol. Co. H., died in Washington, March 22, 1862, aged 28 years. Remains repose in the cemetery of the Congregational Church. John Brimmer, drummer boy, enlisted from Wellfleet for three years; was shot.

John Wilson, Benjamin K. Lombard, John L. D. Hopkins, John C. Rider, and Enoch S. Hamilton,

enlisted Dec., 1863, in the 58th Mass., Co., E. for three years. For volunteering to do hazardous service at the fight of Petersburg, Hopkins was promoted to sergeant of Co. A.; was soon after taken prisoner and carried to Salisbury, N. C., where he died Feb. 12, 1863, aged 21 years, 11 months. A handsome monument stands to his memory and valor in the Congregational churchyard, Truro. John C. Rider on the long, fatiguing march of five days, not having become used to such service, "fell out by the way through sheer exhaustion," says his companion John Wilson. He was picked up by the guerillas and carried to Andersonville, where he died. E. S. Hamilton followed his regiment through the war; was in some of the great fights in Virginia; had his gun shattered by a ball in hot work, but came out unharmed. Mr. Hamilton is now in the Boston Custom House.

Benjamin Keith Lombard, an adopted son of John Atkins, belonged to Co. A. On the morning of May 5, 1864, to the Wilderness, having marched twenty-two miles, many fell out through fatigue; of these ten were taken prisoners, and sent to Andersonville Prison. Young Lombard was among the number. He died there July 11, 1864. His funeral services were held in Truro, April 23, 1865. A hymn composed by his brother, to the tune of "Break it gently to his mother." was sung by the choir.

John Wilson entered the Navy December 25, 1861. Was transferred to U. S. S. *Western World*, where he served over two years, most of the time in blockade service with the South Atlantic blockade squadron. After receiving his discharge, enlisted as noticed above. Left for the front April 20, 1864. Did hard fighting in several battles. At the fight at Petersburg was taken prisoner and sent to Danville, Va., where he remained eight months. Was robbed of everything, and nearly starved. The orders were that prisoners should not look out of the windows. For unintentionally disobeying this order, a young man forfeited his life, being shot by a guard. He was a comrade of Wilson's, who watched over him till he breathed his last.

Samuel H. Wharf, Thomas Lowe, and William R.

CARNES (the last two as Provincetown quota) entered 3d Mass. Cav., July 28, 1862. Did service in Louisiana and Mississippi till close of the war.

SAMUEL PAINE, BARNABAS COOK, SHUBAEL A. SNOW, three years' men in the 24th Mass. Vol. Co. F. Snow was wounded in 1864. Health was impaired by service. Died of consumption 1876, aged 43 Mr. Paine is a citizen of Charlestown.

JOHN S. RICH was a carpenter; went to Iowa in 1857; built the first frame schoolhouse in the county of Dyer. When the news of Bull Run reached them, said to his partner the country needed his service; closed up and rode horseback seventy-two miles to Omaha; enlisted in the 1st Neb. Cav. as private; did not know a man in the State. At St. Louis was placed in "Curtis Horse Cav." At the battle of Fort Donaldson; did scouting service through Middle Tennessee. At Murphysborough. Chickamaugua. On return from tearing up the Macon Railroad, only sixty men left of the regiment; the rest were taken prisoners or driven into the river or timber. Commissioned 2d lieut. in '63, and 1st lieut. in '64. On the expedition against the raider Wheeler was in command of a detachment of horse from his regiment. In the fight at Nashville and Pulaski, in Hood's retreat and last fight at Selma. Eleven miles from Jeff Davis when taken prisoner. After close of three years, reënlisted for 2d three years or the war. Discharged at Nashville after four years' active service. In several great fights, and almost numberless skirmishes, without a wound. Was engaged in building in Nashville till 1871; built several colleges and public buildings. Moved to Malden, Mass., where he now resides.

AMASA ELLIOT PAINE was a member of the Medical School at Harvard. Entered a private in the 43d Mass. in 1862 at the age of 19. Was assigned to Hospital Department; continued till term of service expired. After attending the Harvard course of lectures, received appointment as military cadet in the reg. army. Served fourteen months in Mt. Pleasant Hospital, Washington. Then graduated at the Georgetown Medical School; received a commission as assistant surgeon in the 104th Col. Reg't., where he served till mus-

tered out in 1866. Dr. Paine is now a practising physician with a growing reputation, in Brockton, Mass.

RICHARD T. LOMBARD enlisted April 19, 1861, while a law student in Boston. Mustered into 16th Mass. Vol. Infantry, June 30, 1861, as private: served as private, corporal, and sergeant. At Second Bull Run, August 29, was appointed 2d lieut. for good conduct; promoted to 1st lieut., capt., and on a Brig. Gen. Staff. Later Judge Advocate on Major Gen. Staff. End of three years assigned to 11th Mass. Battallion and appointed major. Mustered out after three years and four months. Was engaged in twenty-seven battles and skirmishes, including Fair Oaks, Glendale, Malvern Hill, second Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness Spottsylvania Court House, and Petersburg. Was several times hit by bullets, but not seriously wounded. Twice mentioned in general orders for bravery on the field. Mr. Lombard resumed the study of the law, was admitted to the bar and secured a good practice in Boston, which he was obliged to abandon on account of poor health caused by army service. Has travelled extensively; now on a farm, and practising law at Wayland.

THE NAVY.

Jan. 22, 1862, Benjamin Dyer Jr. was appointed acting master on gunboat *Maheska*. Aug. 25, 1864, was ordered to the command of steamer *Home;* remained till April 12, 1865, when ordered to the *St. Louis* at Port Royal. Was a brave and accomplished commander. Joined the navy as acting master Sept. 11, 1866. Appointed to the Pacific squadron and joined the *Dakota* at Caloa, with wife and two children. Was next transferred to the store ship *Fredonia*, on board of which both himself and wife were swallowed up by the earthquake in Arica Bay, Peru, August 25, 1868, aged forty-four. Their two children were on shore at the time of the earthquake, one of whom, Arthur W. Dyer, furnished the particulars of this notice.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK A. GROSS entered the Navy as

acting ensign, May 30, 1863. Received instruction in gunnery in New York. July 7 was ordered to the bark *Release* in Boston. Sailed for Beaufort, S. C. Served as executive officer. Next transferred to steamer *Gettysburg*, of the North Atlantic blockading squadron. Captured several prizes. Early in March, 1864, captured the English steamer *Don*, of which he was made prize master and sent to Boston.

Returned to the *Gettysburg*, was at both battles of Fort Fisher, where several officers were killed; was sent home in charge of the bodies of Acting Paymaster Gillett of Hartford, Ct., and Acting Ensign Laughton of Portsmouth, N. H. March 17, 1865, was ordered to the steamer *Advance*. May 8th was promoted to acting master; ordered to the European squadron. July 21st, at Flushing, was transferred to frigate *Niagara*. December she went out of commission, the war being ended, and Acting Master Gross received an honorable discharge December 25, 1865. Died in Boston, January 8, 1871, aged 58 years; buried with his wife, who soon followed, and kindred in Truro.

Frederick A. Gross Jr. entered the Navy December 29, 1863, as acting master's mate. Was sent to steamer *Cowslip* to join the West Gulf squadron under Admiral Farragut. Was at the battle of Fort Morgan August 5, 1864, when the entire rebel fleet, with one exception, including the ram *Tennessee*, were captured. Was next transferred to steamer *Pocahontas*, receiving an honorable discharge October 25, 1865.

Thomas H. P. Gross, second son of Captain Frederick, was appointed acting master's mate about July, 1863. Served on steamers *Zouave*, *Maratanza*, and *Gettysburg*; captured several prizes, and was in both fights at Fort Fisher. Resigned June 28, 1865. It will be noticed that Captain Gross had two sons in the navy and one in the army, which was all his stock and all he had to offer.

John R. Atkins received an appointment as acting master's mate, June 6, 1864. First ordered to supply steamer *Admiral* from New York to Mexico, touching at all the intervening ports. Went to the hospital in New York in December. Reported for duty June 12, 1865, and was ordered to

the steamer *Georgia*, 19th; was promoted to acting ensign and sent to the South Atlantic Blockading squadron, went to Aspinwall to protect the Panama Railroad and American citizens. September 2d was granted a month's leave of absence. Honorably discharged November 11, 1865.

COMMANDER THOMAS L. PETERSON, April, 1862, entered the Navy. In July was stationed on the flag-ship *Hartford*. February 22, 1863, was promoted as acting master commander, and ordered on gunboat *D*—— in the Bay of Mexico. March 28, 1863, at Pattersonville, Texas, while standing by the pilot giving orders, was struck in the breast by a ball, from which he fell dead on the spot, aged 41 years. Was buried at Brashear City, now Morgan City, La. Commander Peterson was a brave and gallant officer. His position was fairly won, but heeding no danger, he ventured beyond orders, and fell a sacrifice to his ambition to win fresh honor.

ISAAC E. AYDELOTTE entered the Navy early in the war when sixteen years of age. Served two years on gunboat *Western World*, in company with John Wilson. Young Aydelotte contracted disease, and came home, where he died of consumption March 15, 1863, aged eighteen years.

ROBERT W. LAIRD was appointed in the Navy December, 1863. Ordered to steamer *Savannah* May 12, 1864. June 15, to steamer *New Hampshire*, with fourteen hundred men and stores for S. Atlantic squadron. Returned on account of small-pox, July 22; ordered to steamer *Norwich* as acting ensign; on blockade duty on St. John's River, Florida, where the ship rendered important service. Honorably discharged August 30, 1865.

JAMES PAUL KNOWLES, of Roxbury District, grad. H. C., born in Truro, was master's mate of war ship *Seminole*, and prize master of ship *Robert Peel*, blockade runner. Died in Roxbury, 1864, aged 28 years. Reuben Pearce entered U. S. Receiving Ship *Ohio*, by certificate, July 29, 1864. Mr. Pearce lived near the boundary line between Wellfleet and Truro, about which some question was made, and whether owing to that fact, or that he was drafted, or some other reason, it was never known what ship he was transferred to, or what branch

of the service. He was killed or died from sickness. A certificate signed by Charles Green, captain U. S. Receiving Ship *Ohio*, now in possession of the town, states that Reuben Pearce, a citizen of Truro, aged 28, shipped July 24, 1864.

Smith K. Hopkins received an appointment as acting ensign on the steamer *Fort Jackson*. Luther Smith was appointed acting ensign, and was an efficient officer. He died of consumption shortly after receiving his discharge. I have not been able to learn of his service. William M. Armstrong was appointed acting master of steamer *Iuka*. His brother, C. H. Armstrong, of steamer *Union*.

In closing this chapter, though conscious that partial justice only has been done, I am as conscious that it is not for want of effort on my part. I have felt the importance of placing in these pages a full and correct history of the action of the town and of the patriotic men who served their country and laid down their lives, knowing how difficult, if not impossible, it would be in later years. Being in another part of the country where armies met, and my own home often threatened, I knew little in particular that was going on in the North, and have been obliged to gain information at great expense of time and labor, from best seeming sources. If, therefore, important omissions occur, and errors have crept in, it must be understood we have aimed to render a faithful record, and have not been insensible to our trust or to the noble service rendered by those who filled the ranks of the Army and Navy from the old town in the great War of the Rebellion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SHIPWRECK.

Dedicatory. God knows. Unrest. The missing Ship. Toil. Missing Link. Heroines. Deacon Moses Paine. A Diary. The first mentioned. Four Masters. Ship *America*. Salem *Gazette*. Captain John Simpson. John S. Emery. Three Salem Ships. The Brutus. The Man in a Sand Mask. Elegy. An intuitive Navigator. A gentle Sailor. 1825 a fatal Year. Visitor to a Townsman's Grave after forty-five Years. Clutching for Life. The black Flag. Duty and the Grave. A noble Woman. The young Merchant. A sad Sunday. The Poet. Towed under. October Gale of 1841. The lost Fleet. Account of Joshua Knowles. Account of Matthias Rich. Other Notes. A Sea Feat. Love's Phantom. Mysterious Calamity. The Fishermen's Graves. A family Record. The venerable Skipper lost near his own Doorstone. The October Gale of 1851. Honor to his Craft. Heroes. The fearless Captain. A true Sailor. Buried at Sea. Not divided in Death.

DEDICATORY.

O fleet that silent tarries
  Along our listening land,
No night to come dismays thee,
  No bar and tempest strand.

O sails that seek no shelter,
  That need no beacon-light;
In vain our harbors open,
  In vain our hearts invite!

O watchers, all ye look for
  Will come, or soon or late;
They cannot always tarry,
  Ye cannot always wait.

For this work.—By Hiram Rich.

A STATEMENT was made in a late English paper, that among the bodies recovered from the wreck of the ill-fated ship *Northfleet*, at Lydd, near Dungenass, was a beautiful child. The parish constable answered the undertaker for the

name. The stern man, used to hard sights, looked at the fair dead child, and with tearful eyes and trembling voice said, "God knows." "So let the name be," said the undertaker. They buried the child with tender care, placing at the grave a stone with only this inscription:

GOD KNOWS.

Of that unnumbered company from this town who have made their graves in ocean depths, or in distant lands, without stone, or cross, or sign, scattered world-wide, and that cannot be gathered by mortal hands, it is a consoling thought that God knows, and they are in his keeping.

It matters little to the dead of whom we write, whether they lay down in the calm hush of home, with loving hands to administer, and loving hearts to mourn, or were hurried with the crushing wreck, unshrouded and uncoffined. But to the living there is left a painful unrest, a tempest that never calms, a storm that never sleeps. A thousand recollections disturb, and a thousand hopes and fears float on till the last day of life. In the fresh glow of youth, in the strength of sturdy manhood, they sailed away from home, but never returned.

Day after day, year after year,
And yet she does not come;
And though they watch and pray and weep,
All useless is the watch they keep,
The ship will not come home.

When marble shafts and stately hatchments crumble to dust, we trust the names here gathered by persevering toil may be cherished and held in grateful remembrance. The value of such a connection will appear when we know there are thousands of people who have searched all their lives, and perhaps spent thousands of dollars, to find the name and fate of some ancestor, the missing link between past generations. The first hundred years of the history of Truro, closing with the eighteenth century, was a long, perilous night. Hun-

LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT.

dreds perished by sea, and in foreign lands, in the army and navy, in hospitals and prison-ships, whose names can never be gathered.

When the record comes to us "lost at sea," we shall mention the name only. With the exception of what may have been gathered from old gravestones, or of incidental cases, we know little of the casualties incident to the sea, till contemporary with Mr. Damon's Register, about the close of the Revolutionary War, when information is collected from other sources.

The loss of young husbands and fathers, so often mentioned, is the beginning of many sad histories. Devoted husbands leave their young children and wives, to whom life was all sunshine and promise, never to return. Another life, such as cannot be written, now unfolds. Weeks or months of intensified agony intervene, in which the lone wife surveys her life-work, counts the cost, and accepts the situation. Calmly and cheerfully, armed in triple steel with a new life, she comes forth, and bravely enters upon her mission. She has no more time to weep or mourn; broken heart and blighted hopes are left in the crucial. Henceforth duty is her star. Has God hedged her in? Nay, verily. She has now become a co-worker with God, and through this painful experience, or providence, these children may bless the world. These mothers are heroines. They deserve tablets and monuments; but in all our humble churchyards their unmarked, lowly graves are found.

It is an interesting fact that the first names here recorded were found in the diary of Deacon Moses Paine, now in possession of Josiah Paine Esq., of Harwich, without which apparently trifling duty of a thoughtful boy, we should have had no knowledge of this event. "November ye 29, 1716, this day Captain Joshua Doane, Thomas Pitty, George Vickery, William Shustan, Joseph Sweat (Sweet) and Sam Charles, (an Indian) were drowned in going from Eastham Harbor to Billinsgate."

Josiah, b. 1731; Micah, b. 1726, sons of Micah Gross, were among the first lost at sea of which there is any knowledge.

John Atkins aged 25, 1754; Elisha Paine aged 23, 1769; Jaazaniah Gross aged 25, 1770. From the town record, "Barnabas Paine Jr., of Truro, died in Portsmouth Harbor, Old England, on the tenth day of December, 1757, in the thirtieth year of his age, having been carried there by John Stott, commander of a man-of-war schooner called the *Gibraltar Prize.*" Ebenezer Dyer aged 19, d. in S. C. 1778; Captain David Snow aged 40, 1749; Thomas W. Lombard, 1780; Jedediah Paine Jr., aged 24, 1790; Benjamin Lombard aged 23, d. at the W. I., 1794; Nathaniel Knowles aged 26, d. at sea 1783; Hutta Dyer aged 21, d. at New York, 1781; John Dyer aged 27, d. at Jamacia, W. I.; Joshua Atkins, 1794; John, aged 24, son of Captain Gamaliel Smith, 1794; Captain Nathaniel Harding, aged 26, 1794; Isaiah Atkins, aged 19, d. at the W. I; Joshua Paine, aged 28, 1792; Jonathan Collins Jr., aged 16, drowned near Pamet Harbor, 1792; Paul Dyer 3d, aged 20, Thomas Smith, aged 18, Hugh Paine, aged 22, and John Cobb, aged 21, were lost in one vessel December 14, 1793; Binney Lombard, aged 22, and Nehemiah Harding, aged 21, d. of small-pox at the W. I., 1704; John Smith, aged 25; Eliakim Paine, aged 23, and Thomas Cobb Paine, were lost from one vessel, Feburary 7, 1794; Nehemiah Knowles, and William Pitt Atkins, aged 29, d. at S. C., 1794; Barzilliar Smith Jr., Samuel Hincks, aged 25, and Ebenezer Collins, aged 17, were lost coming from the Grand Bank, 1794; Daniel Snow, aged 28, d. at S. C. 1794; John Atkins, aged 25, 1794; Daniel Snow, aged 17, 1796.

Rev. Dr. Freeman says, "In the time of the contest between Great Britain and America, four masters of vessels, with all their men, the greater part of whom belonged to Truro, were lost at sea." Although this event happened less than a hundred years ago, and in the nature of the case, must have overshadowed the town with desolation, yet I have not been able to gain a shadow of further information.

The ship *America*, owned by Col. Elisha Doane of Wellfleet, commanded by his son William, foundered at sea 1783. It is understood that there were several Truro men on board, but I can learn nothing further.

Ephraim Paine Rich, aged 30, d. at St. Lucas, 1793. Freeman Collins, aged 26, d. on his passage from the W. I., 1895. John Brown, aged 20, John Dyer, aged 28, Jesse Brewer, aged 22, and Joseph Smith, aged 13, d. in the W. I. June 1, 1795; probably a whole crew. Jonathan Collins, son of Joseph, aged 17, and Anthony Snow Jr., lost coming from the Grand Bank, 1796; Archelaus Smith, his eldest son, Ephraim, brother-in-law Thomas Kenney, and Zephaniah Hatch, were lost in one vessel, Dec., 1795; Reuben Rich, aged 23, d. at S. C., 1796; John Atkins, aged 21, lost at sea soon after leaving Carolina, 1797; James Atkins, aged 45, 1797; Samuel Avery, aged 17, 1797; Elisha Rich, 1797; Isaiah Paine, aged 22, 1798; Capt. Silas Knowles, aged 36, 1798; Jeremiah Hopkins, aged 20, d. at Virginia, 1798; Richard Stevens, aged 20, 1799; Richard Jr. about 1795, and Snow, aged 22, 1799, brothers of Capt. Doane Rich; Sylvanus Jr. aged 23, son of Esq. Sylvanus Snow, d. at London, 1799; Isaac Snow, aged 23, d. at New Providence. Captain John Hughes, aged 48, Captain Shubael Coan, aged 34, Paul Dyer Jr., aged 29, and Hutta Dyer, aged 17, were drowned at the Pond Landing from a whale boat, returning from their vessel; Richard Rich 4th, Noah Rich, and Benjamin, aged 14, son of Samuel Treat, d. at Havana, 1799, supposed from one vessel; Daniel Lombard, aged 23, 1799; Jonathan Paine, aged 34, 1799; Ephraim Lombard, aged 25, 1799; Joseph Atkins, aged 39, d. W. I., Dec., 1799; Sylvanus Rich, aged 20, d. at Surinam, 1800; James Webb, aged 24, d. at Carolina of small-pox, 1800; Ebenezer Collins, aged 22, d. on passage from the W. I., 1800; James Laha, aged 18, d. at sea 1809; Richard Knowles, aged 24, d. in Europe, small-pox, 1800; Obadiah Rider, aged 17, d. with yellow fever on passage from W. I., 1800; Barnabas Higgins, aged 32; Josiah Snow, aged 41, lost returning from the Grand Bank, 1800; Sept. 8, Caleb, aged 18, son of Paul Dyer, and Richard Jr., aged 17, son of Richard Rich 3d., d. at Norfolk, 1800; Joshua Rich Jr., aged 23, sailed from Liverpool for Boston, never heard from, 1799.

A memorable gale occurred November 20, 1798. The Salem *Gazette* of November 30, 1798, at Essex Institute, has

the following: "There are said to be seven vessels ashore on Cape Cod that have gone to pieces." The account given to a vessel that anchored off near the shore since the gale was, that twenty-five bodies had been picked up and buried. It is uncertain whether any lives have been saved. The schooner *Rachel*, Captain John Simpson, of Frenchman's Bay (Sullivan), was no doubt one of the vessels above named. Referring to this notice we welcome to our already over-crowded pages, the long account furnished by John S. Emery, of Boston, not only as a beautiful tribute of family affection, but as an example of historic interest and veneration worthy of imitation:

About the middle of November, 1798, Captain John Simpson, of Sullivan, Maine, a prominent citizen of that town, sailed from that place for Salem, Mass., in command of the schooner *Rachel*, a vessel of about one hundred tons, nearly new, of which he was sole owner, laden with lumber, and having on board a crew consisting of the following persons, viz.:

William Abbott, mate, who had been in charge of the vessel the previous summer; Stephen Merchant, Zachariah Hodgkins, and James Springer; also Paul Dudley Sargent Jr., son of Colonel Paul D. Sargent of Sullivan, who was intending to spend the following winter at school in Salem. They left Sullivan in company with the new schooner *Diana*, commanded by Captain Josiah Simpson Jr., a brother of John, and came through the inland passage from Frenchman's Bay to White Head, coming through Deer Island and Fox Island thoroughfares. On arriving at White Head they made a harbor at Seal Harbor, and both vessels sailed from there probably about the fifteenth of November, and on arriving off Herring Gut Harbor, St. George, Maine, some ten or twelve miles from White Head, the weather became threatening, with the wind northeast, and giving indications of a storm. The *Diana* hauled up and went into Herring Gut, while the *Rachel* kept on for Salem. The vessels were so near that the two brothers talked over the situation, and the captain of the *Diana* decided to make a harbor, while the captain of the *Rachel* concluded, as it was a fair wind, he would keep on, hoping to make a quick run to Salem.

The impending storm proved to be one of the most severe ever known in New England, the snow falling to a depth of from four to six feet, greatly impeding and obstructing the travel on what were then called the "post roads," for a long time. The newspapers of that time, in describing the storm, said that it partially cleared off once or twice after its commencement, and then came on again more violent than ever.

After the storm was over, seven vessels were found to have gone ashore on Cape Cod, and many, or most of their crews, were all lost. Among them was the *Rachel*. She was found ashore, with all her crew lost, a short distance below or south of where the Highland Light now stands, between the second and third hummocks, or sand-hills.

The bodies of the crew were all found on the wreck or on the beach, and that of Captain Simpson was easily recognized from his clothing and things found in it. And that of the young man Sargent was known from his wearing apparel being different from that of the crew of the vessel. There were many little things found belonging to Captain Simpson which were carefully preserved and sent to his family. Among them were a small trunk covered with seal skin and a small pocket handkerchief that was put in his pocket by his little daughter (then five years old) the day he sailed from home, and also a pearl-handled pocket-knife. The above articles are now in possession of his grandchildren. The bodies were all carefully buried in the old burying-ground at North Truro; and the following summer Captain James Sullivan, a brother-in-law of Captain Simpson, and in charge of one of his vessels, went to Truro and put up a rough slatestone slab at his grave, which afterwards helped to identify the place of their burial. He also received the little relics that were saved, or found, and took them home to Sullivan.

In 1878, John S. Emery and Erastus O. Emery of Boston, grandsons of Captain Simpson, went to Truro, and by the aid of Captain Jesse, and Miss Polly Collins, whose father helped to bury the *Rachel's* crew, found their resting-place; and later, the same year, John S. Emery erected a marble tablet of large size over the grave of his grandfather. It is set in a base made from Sullivan granite quarried near the home of Captain Simpson, and the tablet is of fine Italian marble, made by Messrs. Bowker, Torrey & Co., of Boston, and bears the following inscription:

"This tablet marks the burial-place of Captain John Simpson, of Sullivan, Maine, aged 35 years, master of sch. *Rachel*, of that place, who, with his entire crew, consisting of the following persons, viz, Paul Dudley Sargent Jr. (passenger), William Abbott, Stephen W. Merchant, Zachariah Hodgkins, and one other [James Springer, name not positively known when tablet was made] were lost on the wreck of the above vessel near this place, in the memorable snowstorm Nov. 20, 1798, and afterwards buried here.

"Erected in 1878, in memory of Captain Simpson, by his grandson, John S. Emery of Boston."

For more than fifty years, a beautiful March day would often be associated with "The three Salem Ships," and every great snowstorm following a fine day in March, would revive the story of "The three East Indiamen from Salem." Through the attention of Mr. John S. Emery of Boston, who perhaps holds the most valuable files of shipping news in the country, I have been furnished with copies of the *Boston Independent Chronicle*, from which I gather the following history:—

March 4, 1802:—On Sunday last week the three following ships, belonging to G. Crowningshield & Sons, sailed from Salem on foreign voyages, viz.: The

Ulysses, Brutus and Volutia. Capt's Brown, J. Cook and S. Cook. Accounts from Cape Cod make it appear too probable that the whole were cast away on the back of Cape Cod.

March 8th: — With respect to the fate of the Salem vessels, mentioned in our last, we extract the following from the *Salem Gazette*: A state of anxious uncertainty concerning the fate of the *Brutus* and her consorts, the *Ulysses* and *Volutia*, has existed ever since the first report of their being wrecked on Cape Cod in the late severe snowstorm, until yesterday, when a melancholy relief was afforded by letters from Capt's S. & J. Cook. These three valuable ships sailed from Salem together on Sunday, the 21st ult. It appears from the letters that they kept company together until twelve o'clock at night, etc.

The three ships were driven ashore not far from the Peaked Hills, at about the same time, a mile or two from each other. The *Brutus* was a total loss; five only of her crew were saved. Both of the other crews were saved; the ships were a total loss.

During a severe easterly storm in 1880, a portion of the bank was washed away where the *Brutus* was wrecked. Under the bank was found the skeleton of a man with silver coin and a watch, which had stopped at two o'clock. It is supposed to have been an officer of the *Brutus*. Two o'clock was about the time she came into the surf, and the wheels of the watch and the wheels of life stood still and had been wrapped in their sandy winding-sheet for seventy-eight years.

In 1804 Captain Paul Knowles, aged 43, with his eldest son Paul, aged 14, and William Lombard, first officer, aged 50, were lost in a gale on Cohasset Rocks. He was in a brig from Spain bound to Boston, had had a long passage; was spoken a few days previously and reported had suffered severely by sickness and scarcity of food. A well-preserved portrait of Captain Knowles, painted in France according to the fashion of the times, is in possession of Mrs. L. P. Rich.

Captain Caleb Knowles, aged 38, of ship *Confidence*, died on his passage from Senegal to Boston, October 8, 1805. Mr. Damon remarks, "He was an enterprising and benevolent man. In his death not only his family and friends sustain a great loss, but many poor people in the town." Thomas Atkins, second officer, also died on the passage. His chief officer, his younger brother Isaiah, took charge of the ship.

After his arrival at Boston was placed in command for a voyage to the coast of Africa. He sailed March 24, 1806. The first night out was capsized in a white squall near Race Point, and every soul was lost. The wreck drifted on the Shoal Ground of Wellfleet. Captain Knowles was twenty-six years of age. I here introduce a single verse from the "elegy" of twenty-six, that were written on that occasion.

'Twas on the twenty-third of March,
Upon a Sunday morn,
There sailed the fair ship *Confidence*,
To India she was bound.

Zaccheus Knowles, aged 44, was lost overboard near Wood End from a small vessel from Plymouth, November 11, 1814. The above four were brothers; sons of Captain Paul Knowles, who built and lived in the house last occupied by his daughter, Mrs. Childs. Captain John Elliot Knowles, aged 30, and Reuben Brewer, aged 25, officer, were lost, with all hands, on the passage to Honduras, 1832. Captain Zaccheus Knowles, son of Zaccheus above, aged 25, d. at Mariguana, W. I., 1822. Was the father of Mrs. O. R. Gross of New York, and Mrs. Winslow of Provincetown. John Snow Jr., aged about 22, d. at same time with Captain Knowles; Nathaniel Dyer, aged 44, d. abroad, 1801; James Stevens, aged 32, d. at Norfolk, 1801; Benj. Lewis, aged 19, d. at Havana, 1801; Thomas Knowles d. on passage from W. I., 1801; William Treat, aged 18, d. at Havana, 1801; Sylvanus Treat, aged 24, d. away from home, 1801; Uriah Rich, aged 26, d. at Havana, 1801; Joseph Small Jr., aged 24, d. on passage from W. I., 1801; Simon Lombard, aged 45, d. at the eastward, buried on Green Island, 1802; Joshua Dyer, aged 28, and William Thayer, aged 16, boat capsized by a squall while they were fishing in the bay, 1803; John Avery Jr., aged 29, d. at Charleston, S. C., 1804; Jesse Small d. suddenly at sea, 1804; Solomon Snow, aged 22, son of Esq. Sylvanus, d. at sea, 1805; Captain George Pike, 1805; Nehemiah Somes Rich, 1805; Captain John Snow 3d, d. at Savannah, 1805; "a friendly and benevolent man." I have also a record

of Captain Jonathan Snow, died the same year at Savannah aged 33. It is reasonable that the same individual is meant, and as the first is made by Mr. Damon, it is most likely to be correct, but I have no assurance that they are not both reliable.

John Cole, aged 22, d. at the West Indies, 1805. Captain Thomas Smith Rich, aged 32, d. in Charleston, S. C., 1807. Captain Benjamin Parker Lombard, aged 31, d. on his homeward passage from the River La Platte, 1807. Thomas Smith, aged 21, 1809. David C. Cobb, aged 22, 1808. Elisha Higgins, 1803. Cornelius Shaw, aged 27, d. at Havana, 1809. Thomas Millon, aged 19, d. on passage from West Indies. Captain Benjamin Rich, aged 23, lost in the Mediterranean Sea, 1809. Reuben Rich, aged 23, d. at Charleston, S. C., 1809. Richard Rich Snow, aged 28, killed at sea by the breaking of a boom, 1809. Captain Jonathan Harding aged 31, d. at St. Pierre, Martinique, of yellow fever. "He was an active and industrious man; his death was a great loss to his family, and a loss to society." James Rich, aged 41, 1810. Solomon, aged 24, the last of six sons of Paul Dyer, fell overboard from the topmast, 1809. Samuel Atwood, d. at the West Indies, 1809. Captain Isaiah Harding, aged 24, d. on his homeward passage from the West Indies, 1809. James Harding Dyer, aged 50, drowned near Freeport, January 7, 1810. Nathaniel Rich fell from aloft, instantly killed, 1810. Hawes Atwood, aged 22, d. at Havanna, 1810. John Brewer d. at Tonningen, 1810. Richard Higgins Paine, aged 22, d. of small-pox on homeward passage from Cadiz, 1810. "A steady young man." Sylvanus Dyer, aged 47, in a boat alone which was capsized near Pamet Harbor, from Boston, 1810. Joseph Atkins Lombard, aged 18, d. of lockjaw at the Cape of Good Hope, 1810. "A steady and promising youth." Richard Snow Collins, aged 23, lost on homeward passage from Cadiz, 1810. "A very active and likely young man." Job Avery, aged 21, son of John, was lost overboard, homeward passage from Tonningen, 1810. "A steady young man." Enoch Snow, aged 20, lost on his homeward passage from Gottenburg, 1810. "He was a steady and promising young man." Captain Obadiah Rich, aged 35, d. December

24, 1810, on his passage from Archangel to New York, and was buried on Staten Island. Captain Rich is referred to by Doctor Dwight. He was a prosperous and energetic master mariner. He was by intuition a skilful navigator. He could keep a better dead reckoning with fewer figures than any sailor ever known. A few chalk marks on the cabin door or at the head of his berth, and he knew his position on the Western ocean, whatever wind or weather, as well as if in his father's cornfield. His book-learning was not much, but his perception was powerful. Thomas Mayo, master, aged 40; his son Thomas, aged 18; his brother Samuel, aged 35; brother-in-law Moses Paine, aged about 27; father of Captain Jeremiah Paine; James Rich, aged 40; and Zoheth Smith Jr., aged 17; perhaps others sailed from home on the schooner *Washington*, for a second fare to the Grand Bank, 1815; never heard from.

Josiah Skull, aged 21, lost overboard on passage from north of Europe, 1811. Abraham Coan, aged 24, killed at Queen Charlotte's Island, Nootka Sound, in an adventure when the natives made an attack on the ship, 1811. Lewis Lombard Chapman, aged 19, 1811. George W. Spencer Ellis, aged 12, drowned near Pamet Harbor, 1812; a lad who lived with Richard Rich. John Lee, aged 23, d. in Washington, N. C., 1812. Captain Nehemiah Harding, aged 24; ship foundered in a heavy gale on passage from Europe to Boston, Aug. 25, 1812. Captain Eleazer Lewis, lost on passage from a Southern port to Boston, 1812. Ambrose Avery, aged 20, son of John, and David Elliot, lost on passage from Europe. Francis Pascall, aged 30, 1813, a native of Genoa; he came when a boy to Truro with Captain J. Gross; was noted for his gentle manners and good breeding; had he been the son of an Italian nobleman could not have been more polished; married Sarah Dyer Rich; was the father of Joshua R., Francis Pascall and Mrs. Shaw.

Zaccheus Rich, aged 32, washed overboard from a five-handed boat, crossing from Truro to Sandwich, 1816. Benjamin Lombard, aged 20, d. in hospital at New Orleans, 1816. Captain Joseph Chandler, aged 45, d. at Charlotte, S. C. George Morris, aged 21, d. at N. C. John Thomas, aged 45,

fell between the vessel and wharf in Boston; lived but a few hours; left a wife and eight children; 1816. Jeremiah Knowles, aged 18, and Daniel Dyer, d. on the Grand Bank with the prevailing fever, May 25, 1816. That these two young men, nearly a thousand miles away, should die of the same sickness, and nearly at the same time, when most fatal at home, seems a remarkable fact in connection with the great sickness to which this refers. Edmund Cook, of sch. *Welcome Return*, Josiah Cook, master, of Provincetown, lost with all hands in the fall of 1816; most of her crew belonged in the Pond Village. Elisha Pike, aged 24, lost on his passage from France, 1818. Jesse Rich, aged 25, d. at the West Indies.

Andrew Collins Cobb, d. at St. Peters, Gaudaloupe, 1816. Solomon Hopkins Jr., aged 20, lost overboard on passage from Liverpool. Captain Isaac Paine, and brothers-in-law Reuben Chapman and Dean Snow, 1816. Benjamin Lewis, aged 18, d. at Havana, 1816. Henry Johnson, aged 36, d. at Port au Prince, 1814. Benjamin Coan, aged 22, drowned at the Back Side, 1815. Also, "Benjamin Coan, aged 24, lost on his passage from a fishing voyage, 1818." Edmond Dana, Clark Cook, John Trabow and James Hopkins (evidently belonging to the same vessel), supposed to be lost on passage to Grand Bank, 1818. Captain Thomas Lombard, aged 33, was run down on the Banks in the fall of 1819, his second fare; only a part of the crew were lost. Jesse Knowles, officer, aged 20, lost on passage to Liverpool, 1815. Ephraim Knowles, aged 24, d. at Matanzas, 1818. Daniel E., aged 11, son of Freeman Lombard, lost on the Grand Bank, 1818. James Lombard, officer, aged 26, d. at New Orleans, 1819, a brother of Captain David. Nathaniel Harding, aged 22, d. on passage from Greenock, England, 1820. Sylvanus Nye, aged 41, drowned near Wood End, 1820. Benjamin Collins, aged 24, d. in Havana, 1821. Joseph Atkins, aged 24, d. at Liverpool, 1821. "A man of amiable disposition." Captain Joshua Paine, aged 29, d. at Havana, 1821. Josiah D. Atkins, aged 25, washed overboard, near Race Point, 1825. Lawrence Auford, aged 29, lost back of Cape Cod, 1821, is Mr. Damon's record; I have another notice, d. at New Orleans. Ephraim

Snow d. at Matanzas, 1822. John Gross Lombard, aged 18, d. at Havana, 1821. John Thomas, aged 25, 1825. Captain John Knowles d. at New Orleans, 1820. Josiah Damon Atkins, aged 25, lost near Race Point, 1825. "A remarkably steady and likely man." Jedediah Payne Dyer, aged 35, drowned near Wood End, 1826. Jesse Still, d. by falling from aloft to the deck, 1827. Noah Rich, aged 25, d. at Charleston, S. C., 1824.

The year 1825 was remarkable in the annals of New England for a succession of severe storms and many sad losses. Captain Reuben Snow, aged 42, Thomas Hopkins, first officer, aged 37, and William Gallagar, aged 22, in the brig *Onslow* from Boston to Laguire, were lost March 1825, probably the second day out. In April the schooner *Joseph* was lost on her passage to Grand Bank. Was last spoken by Richard Paine in the *Little Martha*, near Sable Island. Her crew were Ephraim Atkins, aged 47, master; Joseph Lewis, aged 25; David Doble, aged 25; Parker Lombard, aged 19; Joseph Small; Francis Churchill, aged 16, and Joseph Smith, aged 14.

In June the schooner *Hornet*, on a mackerel voyage, foundered in a gale near Long Island, with all her crew. Leonard Snow, master, aged 31; John Snow, aged 17; Henry Snow, aged 19; Moses Collins, aged 18; Jonathan Collins; Jonathan C Lee, aged 16; John S. Molenay. They were nearly all relatives and from the same neighborhood. It was stated in the journals of the day that nearly six hundred men from the fishing towns of New England were lost in 1825. A vessel from Charleston, S. C., with thirty or more estimable young men belonging on the Cape, who had been employed during the winter in the South, was lost with all on board.

April, 1828, Schooner *Dart* sailed for the Grand Bank; was never heard from. Her crew were Thomas Sellew, master, aged 28, John Hughes, aged 23, Atkins Hughes, aged 32, John H. Sellew, aged 23, John Avery, Frank Gowen, John Curracio; all belonging to the Pond Village. Captain John Stevens, aged 38, was thrown overboard with the deckload in a gale Aug. 24, 1830, on his passage from Boston to the West Indies. Captain Joseph Chandler, aged 28, in schooner *Thea-*

tre, was lost with all hands on his passage from North Carolina to Boston, February, 1829 1828, Caleb Upham Grozier, in command of a brig, was murdered by pirates with all his crew, second mate only escaping.

March 30, 1830, Captain Elisha Cobb, aged 35, d. at Marseilles. About 1875, Captain James Rich of Truro visited his grave, the first friend, or perhaps countryman, that had ever stood over his dust. I wish he had then planted a tree.

November 1, 1831, Reuben Dyer, aged 31, skipper of the pinkey *Emily*, and his brother-in-law, Elisha Mayo, were lost by collision with the ship *Russell*, of Boston. Joshua Knowles was a boy on board. The two lost men made the fatal mistake of jumping for the ship, supposing she would crush them like an eggshell. Heltzell Freeman of Provincetown, also jumped, but held on to the chain-plates. So desperate was his grasp, that the blood oozed from his finger-nails when rescued. He was the same night transferred on board a fisherman. The pinkey was only slightly injured. Captain Dyer was the father of Elisha M. Dyer of Provincetown. John McTiers married Achsah Lombard, lost; I have no particulars.

December 16, 1832, Captain Michael Hopkins Jr., aged 28, lost overboard from brig *Henry Clay* on his passage from Russia to Boston.

November 18, 1833, Nathaniel Rich Jr., aged 21, Lyman Rich, aged 20, George W. Rich, aged 19, part of the crew of schooner *Joy*, were drowned between the vessel and shore at South Truro by the swamping of the skiff. They were all promising young men, and were returning home to spend the winter. Inscription on the gravestone of Nathaniel Rich Jr.:

> Youth full of health and at its ease,
> Looks for a day it never sees.

October 2, 1833, Elisha Paine Jr., aged 32. The letter of Captain Benjamin Rich to the widow of Mr. Paine, in the twenty-second chapter, tells this sad story. He had just come into his house from a fishing trip, when the alarm that a ship was in the breakers, was made; and he went to duty and an early grave. John Grozier and Thomas F. Small, men-

tioned in the letter, saved their lives when the boat was capsized; one by clinging to the boat, the other by swimming ashore, but they both proved their heroism by staking their lives to save their fellowmen. This was many years before the present efficient system of the Life Saving Service as now conducted, and when all service was voluntary.

Mrs. Rebecca, the widow of Mr. Paine, was an intelligent

SWIMMING ASHORE.

and energetic woman of the Avery, and Parker Lombard families. She gave me much encouragement and information in the beginning of my work. Nobly and faithfully she discharged her duty to her children, who preceded her to the better land, and, like a true warrior, lay her armor down at the last command.

Died in Canton, China, December 19, 1833, Isaiah Lombard, aged 23. He had just entered upon business engage-

ments. The news of his death was received with general sorrow. November 22, 1834, lost overboard from packet *Post-boy* on passage from Boston to Truro, Daniel Rich, aged 37. January 3, 1834, washed overboard from schooner *William*, near the Capes of Virginia, Richard S. Lombard, aged 23. Caleb K. Childs, aged about 25, never heard from. Sunday, December 6, 1835, at Great Hollow, in sight of their own homes, Captain Obadiah Rich, aged 37; Snow Rich, aged 34; Joseph S. Paine, aged 35, Freeman A. Snow, aged 27, and Andrew Jackson, aged 23. This sorrowful event and the funeral of the five men that followed, was a great shock to the community, from which they did not soon recover; the four stricken wives never, the last of whom, Mrs. Paine, d. lately in Charlestown, and buried beside her husband after a widowhood of 48 years. Captain Rich was a man of recognized energy and business instinct, etc.; was master of the *Bianca*, a fine vessel for the times, in which he had been very successful; was returning from Provincetown, where he had been to put their fish on board for Boston. It was a bitter cold day, a high wind from the northwest and heavy sea. They were advised not to leave till more moderate, but knew no danger. The boat capsized on the bar, and the anchor caught, or perhaps they would all have clung to the boat and been saved, as they were all immediately washed ashore. Albert Robbins, the local poet, touched his melancholy lyre on this occasion. Poor fellow! like Mozart, it was almost writing his own requiem, for a little later we have his fate to record. I will here introduce a verse from his "Loss of the *Bianca's* Crew," not so much on account of the poetical merit, as in memoriam.

> They started at the hour of ten,
> They started like five gallant men;
> While thoughts of home their hearts did fill,
> They little thought of coming ill.

In the fall of 1836, James Needham, aged 25, master of schooner *Coral Rock*; Caleb Hopkins, aged 31; Nathaniel Paine, aged 28; —— Babstock, and perhaps others, were lost

on their homeward passage from the Grand Banks. They were spoken on the Banks with a full cargo. The *Coral Rock* was a large, first-class vessel, and Captain Needham and his crew valued citizens.

August 3, 1836, Ebenezer Paine, aged 37; James Russell, aged 22, and Jonathan Paine, aged 19, part of the crew of schooner *Turk*, were towed under in a skiff-boat, by a large blackfish on Georges, and perished in sight of their vessel and crew, who could not help them, it being calm. The skipper was Elkanah Paine; the lost were his relatives and neighbors; he not only had to leave them behind, but meet their families with the painful news.

In the winter of 1838, Captain Ephraim Doane Rich Jr., aged 29, was lost with his crew in the Bay of Mexico.

Lewis Smith, aged 22, d. at the West Indies about 1840. Alvin Collins, aged 19, was washed from the jib-boom of brig *Chief*, March 7, 1836, from Boston to Charleston, S. C.

In August, 1839 Captain Shubael A. Thomas, aged 30, of the schooner *Comet*, and his crew, were murdered by the Indians at Cape Carnival, Florida. He was wrecked by striking a hidden reef near the Cape. Captain Thomas had previously been captain or pilot on the East Boston Ferry. Theodore Lyman, a younger brother, was lost overboard from brig *Kremlin* on the coast of Africa.

December 27, 1839, the little schooner *Senator* was lost on the Jersey coast. Her crew were Captain Bernard French, aged 26; Albert Robbins, aged 21; Frank De Acenaro, aged 19. They were engaged in trading on the coast. Captain French and De Acenaro were brothers, natives of Havre, France. They left home with thousands of the flower of the French youth of that time, to avoid conscription. They had lived many years in Truro, and attended the district school. Bernard was an intelligent fellow, had become a citizen, adopting the name of French. Albert Robbins was a young man of considerable originality, and some innocent eccentricities — the gifted Hopkins of the neighborhood. I have referred to his poetry. His compositions were mostly elegiac — pentameter verse. Though several years my senior, I grew up

by his side, and can say to his memory as Mrs. Browning said over the grave of Cowper: —

With quiet sadness and no gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
To God whose heaven hath won him.

Edward Pendergrace, aged 40, left his vessel at Norfolk, February, 1840, and took passage for Boston in the schooner *America*; Captain Samuel Cook Jr., of Provincetown; were never heard from. Henry Johnson, aged 36, d. at Port au Prince, February 14, 1841; Thomas Kenna, aged 20, March 5, 1841.

The most appalling calamity that ever befel Truro, overshadowing all others, was the losses by the October gale of 1841. The monument that commemorates that event has often been referred to by travellers and writers. It is a plain marble shaft on a brownstone base. A good representation is here presented. It bears the following inscription. The first side: —

Sacred
To the memory of
FIFTY-SEVEN CITIZENS OF TRURO
who were lost in seven
vessels, which
foundered at sea in
the memorable gale
of October 3, 1841.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

The names, with ages in single columns, cover the other sides. Regarding a list of these lost vessels, with their respective crews, as an historical acquisition, and as perhaps gratifying to the friends of the long-lost, we have, after the lapse of forty-one years, been able by much labor and the valued assistance of Mr. Joshua Dyer, to place every name correctly.

LIST OF TRURO VESSELS LOST WITH THEIR CREWS IN THE GALE OF OCTOBER 3, 1841.

Dalmatia. — Daniel Snow, master, aged 27; Isaac S. Paine, aged 30; Gamaliel S. Paine, aged 41; Henry Paine, aged 14, son of the last; Barnabas Cook, aged 50; Isaiah Snow, aged 22; David C. Snow, aged 21; William J. Smith, aged 23; Benjamin F. Bridgman, aged 14; Nayor Hatch Jr., aged 20.

Cincinnatus. — John Wheeler, master, aged 28; Alfred Mayo, aged 27; Ezekiel Atwood, aged 39; Henry Brackett, aged 22; John Cordes, aged 22; Andrew W. Cordes, aged 12; Stephen Rider, aged 21; Nehemiah H. Paine, aged 25; Benjamin Rich, aged 29; Joseph Wheat, aged 13.

Pomona. — Solomon H. Dyer, master, aged 23; Jeremiah Hopkins, aged 24; John Doyle, aged 17; William R. Atwood, aged 17; Reuben Snow, aged 14; Francis P. Lazerilla, aged 18; Edward Ryan, aged 20.

Altair. — Elisha Rich, master, aged 26; Joseph Rich Jr., aged 24; William S. Rich, aged 22 — the last three were brothers; David Knowles, aged 28; Jesse Rich, aged 18; Ephraim Snow Jr., aged 18.

Prince Albert. — Noah Smith, master, aged 29; Israel Paine, aged 27; George E. Anderson, aged 30; Atkins Paine, aged 32; Samuel King, aged 24; James R. Smith, aged 17; John Ryan, aged 17; Henry Bradley, aged 14.

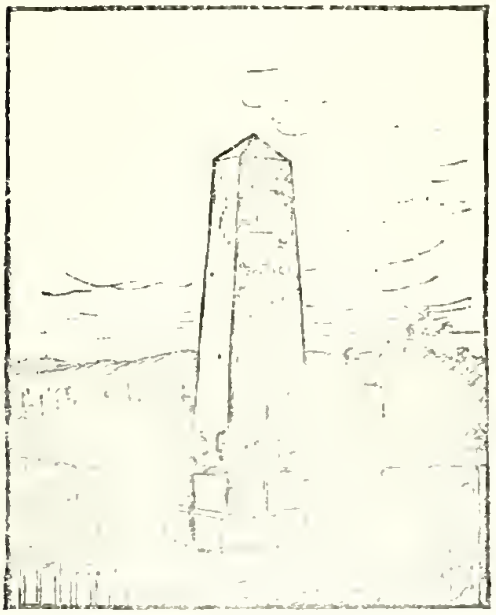
General Harrison. — Reuben Snow, master, aged 29; Joshua Snow, aged 35; Richard Cobb, aged 34; Zeheth Rich, aged 25; Samuel Russell, aged 33; John W. Peterson, aged 17. She carried a large crew; the remainder belonged out of town.

Arrival. — Freeman Atkins Jr., master, aged 28; Richard H. Paine, aged 30; Joshua G. White, aged 23; Cullen A. Rider, aged 19; Thomas Cotter, aged 19; Richard F. Atwood, aged 14; Moses C. Snow, aged 16; Charles W. B. Nott, aged 11; Thomas C. White, aged 12.

Elisha Paine, aged 39, was washed overboard from schooner *Reform.* Some of the additional names not belonging in Truro were Decatur Phillips, Luther Hain, William Gill or McGill, and Hugh McLane. Gamaliel S. Paine, being left at home, walked to Provincetown the Sunday before the gale, went out in another vessel, was transferred to his own, while another man who belonged on the same vessel refused to take the walk, and is now alive.

Barnabas Paine, town clerk, very properly spread upon the

records an account of the deplorable loss of life and property, and such particulars of the storm as he was able to gather from various sources. My first intention was to copy this valuable record, but fortunately, have since been furnished an accurate account of the personal experience of Joshua Knowles, of Truro, master of the *Garnet*, and Matthias Rich, now of Boston, of the *Water Witch*, which I am glad to hand down through the pages of this history.



MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF THE OCTOBER GALE IN 1841.

It may add interest to these narratives and to the vivid impressions such experiences make on the mind, that they were made without preparation more than forty years after the events described.

THE ACCOUNT OF JOSHUA KNOWLES.

We left Provincetown Saturday, second; at sunset were off Head of Pamet, one league east. Soon after spoke the *Vesper* of Dennis, direct from Georges, bound home; reported good fishing. For Georges we shaped our course, setting all sail. Wind light from the northeast, but soon began to breeze. At ten, took in light sails. At twelve, took in mainsail, the wind now blowing a gale. At four Sunday morning took in the jib, had thirty-four fathoms of water. Judged myself on the southwest part of Georges. At six, double-reefed the foresail, which soon after parted the leachrope and tore to the luff. We crossbarred the sail, and put on a preventer leachrope quick as possible, and set it close-reefed. The gale increased every moment. At ten, a heavy sea took the boat and davits. By sounding found we were fast drifting across South Channel, and knew the shoals were under our lee. Determined to carry sail as long as it would stand, to clear the shoals, if possible. To the close-reefed foresail, set a balanced-reefed mainsail and reefed jib, and, blowing as it was, she carried it off in good shape; and had our sails stood, I have little doubt we should have carried out clear.

The foresail again gave out, was repaired and set; as soon as up, it blew to ribbons. Mainsail soon shared the same fate. We had only the jib left. It was now about eight o'clock Sunday evening. We could do no more. Sounded

in fifteen fathoms of water and knew we were rapidly drifting into shoal water. The next throw of the lead was six fathoms. As the sea was breaking over fore and aft, advised all to go below but brother Zack. We concluded to swing her off before the wind, and if by any possibility we were nearing land, should have a better chance. I put up the helm. Just as she began to fall off, a tremendous sea or a breaker completely buried the vessel, leaving her on her broadside, or beam ends. Brother Zack was washed overboard, but caught the mainsheet and hauled himself on board. The foremast was broken about fifteen feet above deck, the strain on the spring-stay hauled the mainmast out of the step, and tore up the deck, swept away the galley, bulwarks, and everything clean, and shifted the ballast into the wing. I thought at once of a sharp hatchet that was always kept under my berth, which was soon found. A lanyard was fastened to the hatchet and a rope to brother Zack, who went to the leeward, and when she rolled out of water, he watched his chance and cut away the rigging. I did the same forward, cut the jibstay and other ropes, so we got clear of spars, sails and rigging, sheet anchor and chains. The men got into the hold through the lazaret, and threw ballast to the windward, so that she partially righted. We were now a helpless wreck. I had noticed that immediately after the great breaker the sea was more regular. With a few of the waist-boards left, and spare old canvas, we battened the hole in the deck, and with the remaining anchor out for a drag, we made a pretty good drift considering the circumstances, though mostly under water. It was now nearly daylight, and the gale unabated. As soon as fairly day, I saw by the color of the water that we were off soundings, and had a fair drift. During the afternoon the wind moderated considerably. Tuesday morning, the fifth, wind was more moderate. Saw a schooner under reefs standing by the wind to the northwest; made every effort to attract their attention, but as we lay so low on the water she did not notice us, and soon passed out of sight.

We put a stay on the stump of the foremast, set the staysail for a foresail, and the gaff-topsail for a jib, so we could steer. At ten A. M., weather was fine. We opened the hatches, found some potatoes floating in the hold — fortunately the teakettle was in the cabin when the galley went overboard. The boys built a fire on the ballast and boiled potatoes, the first mouthful of food since Sunday morning, the third. Just before sunset discovered a sail approaching from the east. Our flag on a long pole served as a signal and we used every effort to get in her track lest we should not be discovered. We were soon satisfied she was steering for us, and that there was great interest in our behalf, as the yards and rigging were full of men on the watch.

As soon as within hailing distance, the Captain inquired what assistance he could give. I had before determined to abandon my vessel, and so replied. A quarter boat was soon alongside; the crew and luggage were mostly taken in the first boat; during her absence, with the same hatchet that had done such good work, I let in the blue water and stepped on the boat, leaving the *Garnet* which had been my home for several years, to find the bottom. Never was rescue more fortunate. I found myself and crew of ten men on board the New York and Liverpool packet ship *Rescius*, the first merchant ship of her day, commanded by John Collins, a Truro boy, and formerly my nearest neighbor, and a connection by marriage. One of the officers was Joshua Caleb Paine, a Truro young man, nephew of Captain Collins. I need not say we received every attention and

were regarded by the passengers, of whom there were four hundred in steerage and cabin, with much interest. We were two hundred miles from the highlands of Neversink, which we sighted the next day, landing at New York on the seventh, receiving the most generous offers and kindest attention, and in good time all arrived safely at our homes.

THE ACCOUNT OF MATTHIAS RICH.

Saturday, Oct. 2d., preceding the gale, the wind was N. E., about half a wholesale breeze. We did not get up with the fleet till after sunset, caught about half a dozen wash-barrels of mackerel, all large and fat. By calculation I was 90 miles S. E. by E. from the Highlands of Cape Cod. We lay to under foresail to the E. carrying jib all night. All the other vessels lay to the N. W. under foresail only. At 4 o'clock Sunday morning I was called, weather bad, a smart wholesale breeze N. E. Wore ship and started for the Cape, which I then calculated distant 120 miles N. W. by W. At five o'clock put on whole sail and steered N. W. by W. On account of heavy sea, was sometimes obliged to swing off the course. Sun rose clear, but looked wild and immediately went into black clouds, showing two sun-dogs. Between 7 and 8 passed the fleet still lying very comfortably to the N. W. under foresail, two or three with bob jib. We passed so near the *Dalmatia* and *Gen. Harrison* of Truro, could have spoken them. We thought they had each twenty or thirty barrels of mackerel salted on deck. About 10:30 25 miles N. W. of the fleet we passed the *Pomona*, Captain Sol. Dyer, laying under double reefed foresail. Seeing us running in for the land, they immediately kept off and followed. I saw a man go out on the bowsprit and loose a part of the jib, which they hoisted. Jeremiah Hopkins was an expert at vessel-telling and knew us doubtless at once. About 11 o'clock my crew urged to tack ship. I said it was too late and that we must now make a harbor or run ashore, as I clearly saw there was no chance for us to fall to the leeward. I had made up my mind if we could not weather the Highlands to run on where the shore was bold and take our chances for being saved. At 11.30 came up with another vessel laying W. She also kept off, both vessels keeping in sight till 12.30. Then judged myself nearly up to the land and was about to make some observations, when a squall struck, driving the sea completely over our vessel. Hauled down the jib and mainsail, and lay under double-reefed foresail, both other vessels doing the same. When we came up to the wind, Captain Dyer was just off our weather bow, and the other vessel nearly in our wake. I had noticed as we approached the land the wind farther N. At 1 o'clock the force of the squall passed by, at same time clearing slightly to leeward. I was then standing in the gang-way, all the crew below, as could not remain on deck; when I saw land under our lea and well along to the windward —our desperate condition was at the first moment a terrible shock, but quickly recovering, I sprang on deck, called up my crew, ordered the jib set. Under the first pressure of the jib, she fell off so far that the land was windward of the bowsprit. I knew we had a good sea-boat; I had tried her in a hard scratch, and knew our race was life or death. The mainsail had been balanced reefed before laying to; this I ordered hoisted; the sail was small, but before half-way up, our vessel lay so much on her broadside, that the halliards were lost, the sail came

down by the run, and blew to pieces, the main boom and gaff going over the lee rail. We first tried to cut them away, but fearing the main top-in-iiff would carry away the mainmast, got on a tackle and pulled the boom and part of the mainsail out of the water. Then righted and came up to the wind, making good headway and gaining to the windward under the only sail we could bear; double reefed foresail and reefed jib, the sea making a breach fore and aft. Soon as this slight hope dawned, I looked around for our neighbors, but not to be seen. I questioned each of the crew, but all like myself had been so engaged and absorbed with our own danger had not thought of them. The *Pomona* was much smaller and less able than our boat, and I have good reason to believe she was disabled in the squall. She was found bottom up in Nauset Harbor, with the boys drowned in her cabin. Her boat and some other articles were picked up between 3 and 4, only about two hours after we lost sight of her. The other vessel was probably the *Bride of Dennis*, which shared the same fate as the *Pomona*.

We hung on sharp as possible by the wind, our little craft proving herself not only able but seemingly endowed with life. In this way at 3.30 we weathered the Highlands with no room to spare. When off Peaked Hill Bars the jib blew away, and we just cleared the breakers; but we had weathered! the lee shore was astern, and Race Point under our lee, which we rounded and let go our anchor in the Herring Cove at 6.30—just at dark. I left the helm, where I had been lashed since 6.30 in the morning, except during the half-hour or so, while we were lying to.

The gale was probably at its height about 2 o'clock Monday morning, as several lights from vessels anchored near us, then disappeared, going adrift. When morning dawned ours was the only vessel in the Cove.

OTHER NOTES OF THE GALE.

The fate of the *Pomona*, the only vessel of the lost ever heard from, has been referred to. John Doyle, Reuben Snow 2d, Richard F. Atwood, were the boys found in her cabin, all of whom were brought home for burial. The *Cincinnatus* was a large able vessel, the only one lost not on Georges. She was fishing in the hook of the Isle of Sable.

A few years ago an English paper of Hull speaks of "The most remarkable case ever recorded in connection with shipping of this or any other port, that occurred on the Dogger, which seems incredible, of a vessel turning completely over," etc.

The *Reform*, Isaac S. Lewis, master, accomplished this incredible feat in the October gale of 1841. They were laying under bare poles, with a drag-out to keep head to the wind. As it was impossible to remain on deck on account of

the sea making a breach fore and aft, all hands fastened themselves in the cabin and awaited their fate, at the mercy of the storm. During this time Elisha Paine Jr. ventured on deck. A moment after a terrific sea fairly swallowed them many fathoms below the surface. The vessel was thrown completely bottom up, as the men were huddled together, with everything movable, on the carlines, the water bursting into the cabin The crew had no doubt it was her final plunge. A few seconds only, she was again on her keel. Two or three men crawled on deck; they found the masts gone and the hawser of the drag wound around the bowsprit. She had turned completely over, and came up on the opposite side. Mr. Paine was never again heard from.

The incidents connected with this disaster, the far-reaching and heart-rending recitals, would fill a volume. The anxious waiting and painful giving up, are illustrated by the following from the *Provincetown Advocate* of April, 1877, referring to to this event :—

> We saw a father, who had two sons among the missing, for days and weeks, go morning and evening to the hill-top which overlooked the ocean, and there seating himself, would watch for hours, scanning the distant horizon with his glass, hoping every moment to discover some speck on which to build a hope.

This was indeed a forlorn hope, as there was not one chance in a million ; but love clings to a phantom, and finds consolation thereby. As soon as possible, a vessel was sent out, and for weeks cruised wherever a disabled vessel might be found, or some clew to the lost discovered ; but not a speck was found, nor the shadow of a trace ever made. If they had gone upon any of the shoals between the Cape and Vineyard, reasonably some fragments, sufficient for identification could have been found. However or wherever they went down, it is thought that it was all over with them not much later than 12 o'clock Sunday night. The monument referred to was erected through the efforts of Mr. J. H. Davis and the late Captain Atkins Dyer. It was dedicated about July, 1842, by appropriate services, and an oration by Mr. Davis.

LOSS OF THE COMMERCE'S CREW.

Early Sunday morning, September 15, 1844, occurred a disaster that in mystery and agonizing detail paralyzed the community. The lost were Solomon H. Lombard, master, aged 30; James H. Lombard, a brother, aged 25; Reuben Pierce, aged 39; Solomon P. Rich, aged 36; son Charles Wesley Rich, aged 12; Elisha Rich, aged 16; John L. Rich, aged 13; Thomas Mayo, aged 23; Ezra Turner, aged 20; Sewell Worcester, of Wellfleet, aged about 30. Captain Lombard was a young man of excellent character and much promise. He had for several years followed banking and coasting in the *Commerce* with good success. At the time of the disaster was mackereling. His crew were mostly neighbors, and with himself, were members of the M. E. Church in South Truro, towards which they were prominent supporters. Sunday, September 15, was noticeably a beautiful day. The first charming touches of early autumn brightened the landscape. The valleys lay in soft sunshine; the brown hills were lovely in repose, and the blue waters of the Bay rested in quiet splendor. Such a day-picture Burns must have realized when he wrote:—

> Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky.

The *Commerce* was well-known along the shore, and Monday morning, when the boats went out of the harbor, they saw her lying at anchor in the roadstead off Truro shore, as is customary in fine weather. They supposed she had come in during the night, and as there was no boat, that the crew had gone home. Later in the morning, and the boat not being seen, and none of the crew moving, one of the neighbors went to Captain Lombard's house; his wife said her husband had not been at home, and no news from them since they went away.

The vessel was then boarded. She was found carefully secured, but no sign of life. The crew had evidently left in the boat. It soon transpired that the *Commerce* had been

seen by several persons during Sunday; but lying abreast a high hill near the Captain's house, she had not been observed by the friends. General search was made, and near noon the boat was found ashore some mile or more south, with a plank started from her bilge. More than this was never known; all else was conjecture. How a crew of ten active men, many, if not all, expert swimmers, could all be drowned in smooth water, so near the shore, probably having the usual compliment of oars, thwarts, etc. — how the leak occurred, and why it could not have been stopped, with many other queries, will ever remain a mystery. With Captain Lombard was found his watch, stopped at four-thirty, showing the time of the accident. From time to time during three weeks, from Barnstable to Beach Point, a distance of thirty miles, all were found, received the sacred rites of home burial, with solemn services, and were committed dust to dust.

> Upon the breezy headland, the fishermen's graves they made;
> Where, over the daisies and clover bells, the oaken branches swayed;
> Above them the birds were singing in the cloudless skies of fall,
> And under the bank the billows were chanting their ceaseless call;
> For the foaming line was curving along the hollow shore,
> Where the same old waves were breaking, that they would ride no more.

The possible casualties of a sea-going neighborhood or community, can be no better told than by the history of a single family, which we here present. Capt. Shubael Snow, a retired master-mariner for many years, was found drowned from his boat in Pamet Harbor, July 3, 1844, aged 68. His sons were:

Anthony Snow, officer of ship *Swiftsure*, died at sea, December 28, 1828, aged 25.

Jonathan Snow died at home, August 21, 1825, aged 28.

Shubael Snow, officer of ship *Gold Hunter*, died at sea, 1829, aged 23.

Isaac Snow died in New Orleans, 1835, aged 28.

Isaiah Snow lost in October gale, 1841, aged 22.

Reuben Snow, one of the boys found in the cabin of the schooner *Pomona*, lost in October gale, 1841, aged 14.

Edwin Snow, washed overboard, March 1, 1843, aged 19.

Shubael A. Snow served three years in 24th Mass. Reg. Vol.; contracted disease from which he died 1876, aged 43.

Ephraim Snow, the only surviving brother, having escaped the dangers of flood and field, is spending the evening of his days at the old home, the scene of so much life and death. It is significant of the change during the last generation, that of his seven sons, not one follows the sea, and only one remains at home.

Josiah Knowles, aged 20, was washed overboard, Mar., 1844.

Samuel H. Paine, an officer, aged 24, sailed from Boston in the ship *Eagle Wing*, Feb. 4, 1846. Was never heard from.

James Hughes Jr., aged 21, officer of bark *Pauline*, lost on the voyage from Matanzas to Gibraltar, Sept. 2, 1846. Son of James.

The schooner *Altorf* sailed for the Banks in the spring of 1845. Was never heard from. Supposed to have been lost the first day out in a white squall. Her crew in part were William S. Hutchins, master, aged 34; John Grozier, aged 32; James Lombard Grozier, aged 27; John S. Rand, aged 39; John Small, aged 19; Charles Hill, aged 18.

Captain Michael Snow, aged 55, sailed from Turk's Island for Boston, November 8, 1846, in the bark *Calcutta*; was never heard from; supposed to have foundered in the gale of November 25th. Horace S. Merchant, of Barnstable, aged 24, was first officer; Fessenden F. Martin of Danville, Me., was a passenger. Captain Snow was an active, enterprising and intelligent gentleman, and a prominent citizen. His sons are Michael and Isaac Snow, successful business men of New York. March 2, 1846, the new schooner *Malvina A.* was lost on her passage from Truro to Baltimore Captain Samuel Mayo, aged 26; John Doherty, officer, aged 28; perhaps others from Truro. The *Malvina A.* was among the first launched from the new shipyard; was a large, staunch vessel on her second voyage. Her timbers were cut in Truro, and she had been an object of the fostering enterprise of the people. Her loss with two popular young men was another hard blow, but the sound of the axe and the ring of the anvil were still heard, and other vessels were launched, manned, and

sailed away. April 26, 1847, Captain Samuel Coan, aged 54; Andrew Cassidy, aged 16; Nathaniel Paine, aged 14; Daniel Pendegrace, aged 16; William Caty, aged 14; and John Ridley, aged 13, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat at the Pond Landing. Benjamin and Samuel, sons of the captain, were saved. Captain Coan was an old, successful skipper, and highly respected citizen. His vessel, the *Brenda*, was all fitted for the Banks at Provincetown; he was coming home to spend a day or two before sailing, when he sailed to that unexplored shore. Died at Port au Prince, 1848, from schooner *Abbott Dexter*, Isaiah Atkins Rich, officer, aged 21; Calvin Dean Rich, aged 20; sons of Captain Z. Rich. May 11, 1848, William Penn Rich, aged 18, son of Captain Matthias, was washed from the jib boom of schooner *J. W. Herbert*, near Fire Island. He was a young man with a natural taste for mechanics and chemistry. Some of his experiments indicated talents of considerable ability, if not real genius.

Paul Atkins Jr., aged 16, was lost from schooner *Alabama*, Oct. 16, 1849. Joshua Small Jr., aged 30, was lost overboard from the packet on her passage to Boston, March 19, 1850. Mr. S. was a carpenter and a schoolmaster; a young man of much promise. Lewis Collins, aged 21, d. at sea, Sept. 8, 1850. Capt. Isaac Aydelotte, aged 39, lost Sept. 8, 1851. His son, Charles M., aged 10, June 15, 1849. Nathaniel R. Cobb, aged 15, Aug. 12, 1850. William Burton, of schr. *Eagle*, of Yarmouth, was lost on Truro shore, April 18, 1851.

Capt. John Kelly, aged about 29, of bark *Griffin*, supposed to be lost on the coast of Africa, about 1850.

Feb'y 19, 1851, the schr. *Joshua H. Davis* was lost on her passage from Norfolk to Boston. Capt. Harvey Small, aged 30; James Livermore, officer, aged 35; William H. Russell, aged 19; Michael A. Lombard, aged 20; John Babstock aged 32; John Harper, aged 18. Capt. S. was one of the few men of real worth, that have many friends and no enemies.

Oct. 5, 1851, ten years almost to a day from the great gale of Oct. 3, 1841, a storm occurred at the Bay of Chaleurs, which proved more disastrous to life and property than any

heretofore known on that perilous coast. The Truro fleet, then at its maximum, had for several years fished in English waters. Our vessels were having good fishing on the north side of P. E. Island. The gale came on in the night without warning. With varied experiences, all our vessels reached the harbors of Cascum Peck and Mall Peck, except the *Elenor M. Shaw*, of whom nothing was ever heard. Her crew were Thomas W. Shaw, master, aged 37; Joseph P. Wells, aged 36; Cornelius Shaw, aged 43; his son, Cornelius Jr., aged 16; Aaron W. Snow, aged 32; Michael A. Rich Jr., aged 21; Timothy Cassidy, aged 18; John Bensiah, aged 24; John Mequade, aged 18; John Brine, aged 87; William Clark of Canada, aged 25; Josiah Young, of Orleans, aged 28; a Portuguese aged about 20. Captain Shaw was an honor to his craft; I should make no mistake to say an honor to his race. He was a small man, with a great heart and a sound head, that thought for himself, and dared to act up to his own standard of manliness. He was the only citizen of Truro that directly contributed to that charity sent by the U. S. sloop of war *Jamestown*, to the starving of Ireland. He left two daughters, now living in California.

In the same gale, while gaining the harbor, there were lost from the schooner *Nettle*, Jeremiah Hopkins, master; Samuel Paine Hopkins, aged 42; Thomas Smith Dyer, aged 22; Henry Sholes, aged 29. All these were sterling men and valuable citizens. Most of them were married, with families, and well identified with the prosperity of the town. The funeral services were held in the Congregational church, Jan. 25, 1852.

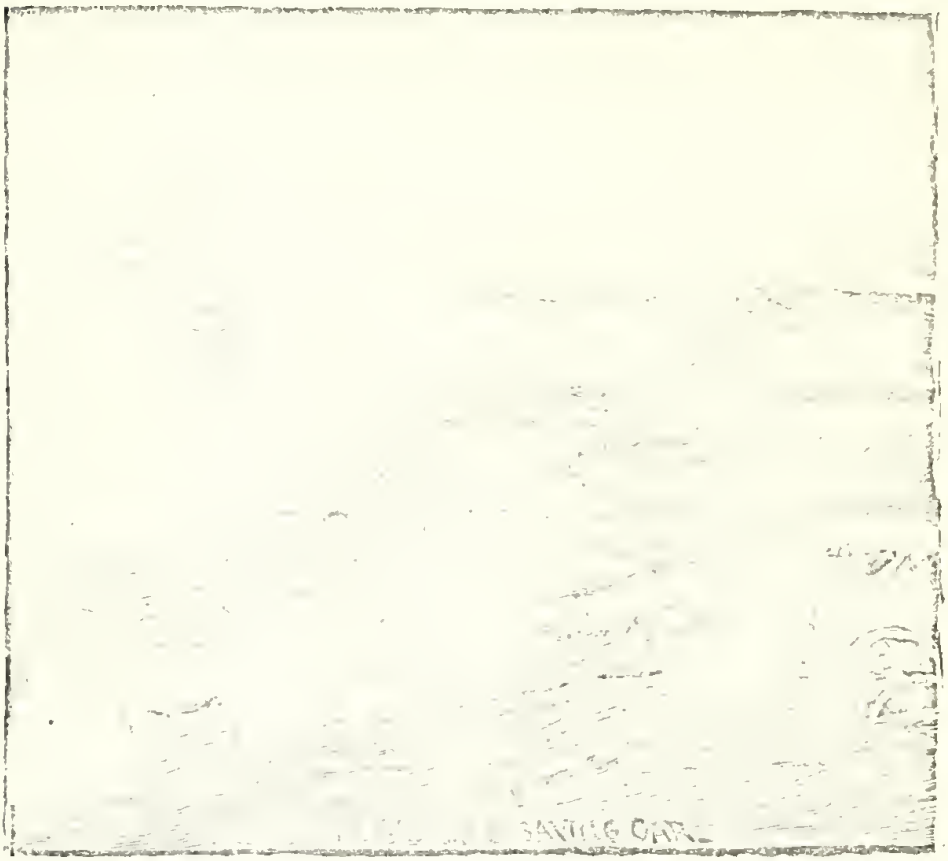
April 20, 1852, Jonathan Collins, aged 45; Daniel Cassidy, aged 23, were drowned attempting to rescue the crew of the English bark *Josepha*, wrecked near the Highland Light. Of eighteen, only two were saved.

When the cry of "Ship ashore!" was given, Mr. Collins sat at his supper table; in half an hour he was numbered with the lost. On the beach David D. Smith had passed his watch to a neighbor, and was preparing to join the boat's crew, when the brave young Cassidy arrived, and, thrusting Smith aside,

because an older man, sprang into the boat. He had been married a few days only, and was the last of three brothers whose names have appeared within the last few pages.

No more daring and self-sacrificing deeds were ever chronicled than hundreds of the volunteer services to save the lives of a brother sailor or perish in the attempt.

September 6, 1854, Captain John Smith, aged 21, of sch. *Virginia*, was lost on his home passage from whaling in the



South Atlantic. He was known as a fearless and energetic whaleman, and though a young man when cut off, had made several successful voyages as master. Vessel never heard from. Supposed to have been lost in the September gale or hurricane of that year.

October 15, 1855, Reuben L. Bangs, aged 26, fell overboard in Port Hood. August 25, 1856, Amasa Paine Atwood, aged

17, was lost overboard. Amos Sellew of Boston, a native of Truro, was drowned near the Pond Landing, October 16, 1856, aged 41 years. Mr. Sellew was engaged landing from the packet on which he was a passenger, an iron fence for his cemetery lot, when the boat sank, carrying him down.

Captain John C. Harding, of bark *M. D. Stetson*, died in Cienfuegos, Cuba, October 3, 1855, aged 40 years. The body was embalmed, and rests in the cemetery of his native town. Captain Harding died in the prime of life. He was well known in commercial circles as a gentleman of integrity, self-respect and warm sympathies. "Life's fitful fever over, they sleep well" Captain Daniel Warren Welch, of schr. *John Smith*, died in Aux Cayes, October 20, 1855, aged 31 years. Thomas W. Sanderson, aged 24, officer, d. the same time.

Captain Cornelius Sullivan, aged 40, of brig *Anglo-Saxon*, d. at Vineyard Haven, June 9, 1855, having been sick all the passage from South America. Captain Sullivan was a native of Ireland; came to Truro when a boy, and was devoted to the home of his adoption. He was a true sailor, with the ready humor and playful fancy peculiar to his country. Under a rough exterior there was hidden a gentle nature. A kinder or more generous spirit never warmed a manly heart.

Samuel P. Hopkins, aged 20, an officer of ship *Santa Rosa*, was lost overboard near Cape Horn, January 23, 1857. William T. Rich, aged 19, d. at Norfolk, Va., March 27, 1858. John, aged 22, son of Paul Coan, was lost on the Banks, 1858. Jonah Atkins, aged 26, was lost overboard Mar. 19, 1854.

Captain Elisha Paine, aged 35, of ship *Southern Cross*, d. at Calcutta, May, 1858. Captain Paine was a capable and popular man, and stood well in his profession, having won his way by real merit.

November 29, 1859, the fishing schooner *Emerald* foundered nine miles southeast from Chatham. Her crew were Lewis L. Paine, master, aged 37; Elisha L., his son, aged 14; Captain Joshua Paine, a brother, aged 56; Richard F. Atkins, aged 20; James L. Dyer, aged 17; Stephen Hopkins, aged 11, son of Atkins, a direct descendant of Stephen of the *May-*

flower; Joseph W. Knowles was the only one saved; he floated on a hatch till picked up by a passing vessel.

Phillip B. Elliott, aged 25, d. on the passage from West Indies August 7, 1859.

March, 1861, schooner *A. N. Jefferson* was lost on her passage from Truro to Virginia. Her crew were Alden Freeman, master, aged 36; John Pike, officer, aged 44; Joshua H. Holsbury, aged 24; Joshua S. Rich, aged 19; John F. Dyer, aged 18; John F. Carney, aged 17. Captain Freeman and Mr. Pike were valued citizens; the young men were active and promising. Charles C. Knowles, aged 38, d. at sea, Feb. 22, 1863.

Schooner *Bion* was lost on the coast, March 23, 1864. Joseph King, master, aged 34; Ambrose Atkins, officer, aged 48; Ambrose A. Baker, aged 28; James Madison Small, aged 23; another not known. Captain King was an intelligent and accomplished man, modest and reserved in his intercourse with the world, faithful and honorable in all his relations. His crew were all residents of the Pond Village.

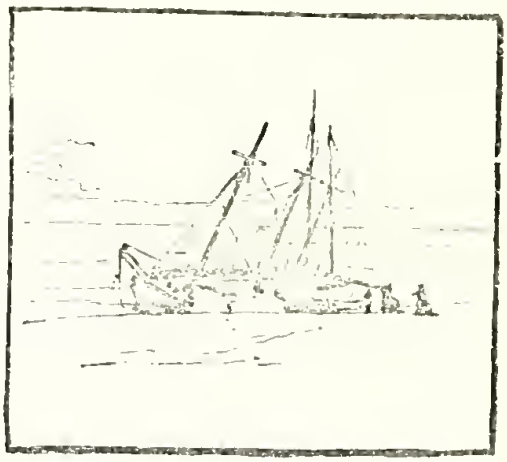
July 5, 1864, John Richard Lee, aged 24, officer of ship *Rambler*, in a gale off the Cape of Good Hope, fell from the topsail yard, striking the anchor, and was instantly killed. Upon the arrival of the ship at Falmouth, England, Captain Carlton notified the mother of Mr. Lee of the loss of her son, and spoke in the highest terms of the unfortunate young officer who had been in the same ship several voyages. David F., aged 12, son of Andrew Cobb, drowned October 23, 1863.

Captain George Kelley, aged about 35, of bark *Ida*, died on the Island of Hayti, 1865; he was in good business, and rapidly rising in his profession. Atkins Hughes Childs, aged 32, lost from schooner *Elvarado*, on the Grand Bank, in the spring of 1867. September, 1867, schooner *Etta S. Fogg* was lost returning from a whaling voyage. Captain Alexander Thompson, aged 27; his wife, Mary Linnell, aged 25; his brother, Charles G. S. Thompson, officer, aged 25. Her fate was never known. Captain Joseph Smith Hopkins, aged 38, of brig *E. H. Rich*, d. August 31, 1871, eleven days out

from London to New York; was buried at sea; son of Caleb Hopkins, lost with the *Coral Rock*.

But his sleep in the heart of the ocean
Is sweet — and all is well;
Though no funeral train attended,
Nor tears at his burial fell,
God brooded over his dying,
And made him a royal tomb,
Where the choiring stars in golden bars
Rang anthems through the gloom.

Captain Daniel A. Knowles, aged 29, Samuel H. Wharf, aged 27, William S. Hopkins, aged 27, and Aaron Gibson, were lost March 31, 1868, going or returning from Virginia in the oyster business; September 3, 1870, schr. *Annie C. Warner* was lost on Georges, with all on board. Atkins Rich master, aged 44, his son Atkins, aged 12, Enoch H. Rich, aged 43, William H. Greenough, aged 51, William Sparrow, aged 18, James Smith Mayo, aged 18, son of Richard L., and ten others, names unknown. Captain Wilhelm Kurtland, aged 36, of the Hamburg bark *Francis*, was lost on Truro shore, December 28, 1872. Captain Leonard S. Lombard, aged 48, d. at Mobile, March 17, 1875; Eben Wilbur Lombard, aged 31, a pilot, was lost near Plymouth in the winter of 1876; Stephen A. Hatch, aged 23, washed overboard off Oak Bluff, March 31, 1879; Captain Thomas Sellew Stevens, b. September 29, 1829, was several years master of ship *Cowper* of Boston, became a merchant in Yokohama. Fitted out a vessel for salmon catching to Northern Japan. Was capsized from a boat on a sand-bar, and drowned on his 50th birthday, 1879; March 23, 1880, William Emery Myrick, aged 17, was drowned from a dory in Cape Cod Bay.



WRECK OF THE HAMBURG BARK FRANCIS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENEALOGY.

The last Chapter. Passing Generations. True Honor Promises. Ancestry. System. Atkins. Atwood Long Measure. Avery. Bangs. First Comers. Baker. "Honest Nicholas." Chapman. Collins. Cobb. Post Admiral. Cole. Cook. The first Bark. Davis. Dyer. The Doctor's Knack. Freeman. Race Characteristics. Gross. Judge Hinckes. Hinckley. The Governor and Poet. The good Deacon and Judge. Harding. Higgins. Hopkins. Knowles. Lombard. An ancient Race. Mayo. Mullard. Newcomb. Paine. Doomsday Book. Pike. Purington. Rich. Rider. Ridley. Savage. Small. Smith. Snow. Stevens. Treat. Vickery. Young. Coan. Lewis.

WE have come at last to the final chapter of our history. It has already overrun our prescribed limit. We have become familiar with the names on these pages: we have seen generation after generation come upon the stage, take their places and pass away, just as we shall soon do. If wise we can tell how little we shall be missed and how little the world will care for us in a practical sense when we are gone. But there is a sense in which the departed are held in honor and the best part of man is that which best honors his fathers. It expands with our religion and our enlightenment. We have now to fulfill our promise of giving to a greater or less extent a history of every known family of Truro. It would be a waste of words to indicate that in a work of this kind that could be otherwise understood than simply indicating the origin of the family name and its first representatives in our native land. As a rule, our ancestry were directly from England, and, as has been observed, the best of the English head and heart made up the settlers of the Old Colony.

When possible, we have shown the early branches of the family, but as will be seen, by the rapid increase of families, this could be followed to a moderate extent only except in a few cases. The work, however, of preparing this chapter is almost incredible. If ten times more complete than the present, we should still have abundant reason for saying unsatisfactory as applied to an exhaustive work; but in this connection we trust we shall meet the expectation of our friends and those most interested. When possible, from our partial and irregular report, we have followed the system adopted by the N. E. Historic and Genealogical Society, now in practice.

ATKINS.—An old English name. I have learned nothing of its origin or history. Henry was in Plymouth before 1641; Eastham, not later than 1653; m. Elizabeth Wells, 1647, who d. 1661; 2d., Bethiah Linnell, 1664. A large family; sons, Samuel, b. 1651, killed Philip's War; Nathaniel, b. 1667, m. Winifred ———, 1693; Bethiah and Winifred are to this day in the Truro family, the last sometimes spelt Winnet.

The children of Nathaniel and Winifred were Nathaniel, b. 1694, m. Mary ——: Henry, b. 1696; Bethiah, b. 1698; Joshua, b. 1702, m. Rebecca Atwood, 1722; Isaiah, b. 1704, m. Hannah Cook; Elizabeth, b. 1704.

Children of Joshua and Rebecca Atwood, m. 1722. Isaiah, b. 1723, m. Ruth Hinckley, 1746; Joshua, b. 1725, m. Martha Harding, 1743; Joseph, b. 1727; Deliverance (or Dilla), b. 1729; Rebecca, b. 1733; Bethiah, b. 1736; Jane, b. 1738; Elizabeth, b. 1740; Paul, b. 1742; Mary, b. 1745; Samuel, b. 1748, m. Ruth Lombard.

Children of Isaiah and Hannah Cook, m. 1724. Benjamin, b. 1726; Hannah, b. 1728; John, b. 1730, lost at sea 1754; Silas, b. 1732; Nathaniel, b. 1736; Mary, b. 1738; Isaiah, b. 1740; Henry, b. 1743, m. Mary Lombard, 1768; Zaccheus, b. 1745, m. Mehitable ——, 1772.

ATWOOD.—Deacon John Doane sold his house at Plain Dealing (Plymouth) in 1636, which he held in common with John Atwood, late of London, for £60. Stephen Atwood, Eastham, 1644, m Abagail Dunham. This must have been among the very first marriages in Eastham. It is inferred that Stephen of Eastham was a son of John of Plymouth. The first child of Stephen was named John, another inference. Other sons were Aldad and Medad. A. m. Anna, daughter

of Mark Snow. Stephen is the ancestor of all the Cape race. "At a meeting of the proprietors of Pamet Lands, July, 1703, granted to Machal Atwood 3 or 4 acres of land, near the swamp, above Thomas Newcomb." Machal m. Johanna Harding. From this marriage evidently came the family at North Truro and probably Provincetown. Son Nathaniel, b. 1711, daughter Rebecca, b. 1704, m. Joshua Atkins. The Wellfleet Atwoods were a large family. Settled on Bound Brook Island and Pamet Point; from these came the other families of Truro. They were a tall, muscular race. It used to be said that ten Atwoods would make more long measure than any other family on the Cape, the Bassetts excepted. Machal m. Prudence —— Harding(?) Children in part:

i. Joseph, b. 1701, m. Lydia Deane, 1721.
ii. Rebecca, b. 1704, m. Joshua Atkins, 1722.
iii. Machal, b. 1706, m. Elizabeth Ireland, 1727.
iv. Prudence, b. 1709, m. Elisha Parker, 1725.
v. Nathaniel, b. 1711.
vi. Apphiah, b. 1713, m. Isaac Snow, 1739.

Avery.— The history of the Avery family given in John Avery, need not be repeated here. Job[2] first mentioned, is the only one of the old minister's children that settled at Truro. A great many casualties seemed to follow the family.

He was born 1713, m. about 1742, Jane Thatcher. Nine children: John, Ruth, Elizabeth, Job, b. 1749, m. Jerusha Lombard, 1771; Samuel, Jane, Thatcher, George, taken prisoner by the Indians, James. The children of Job[3] and Jerusha Lombard were nine. Nancy, b. 1771, Ephraim and Samuel, lost at sea, Mary Combes, Job, Jerusha, Peter L., b 1793, m. Elizabeth Chapman, d. 1863, Elizabeth and John.

Bangs.— The progenitor of this family was Edward, b. in Sussex Co., Eng., 1592 Was a fellow passenger with Nicholas Snow in the *Ann*, 1623, and joined the Pilgrims; was reckoned among "the first comers," who were entitled to the division of 1627, who joined the company of ten to whom fell by lot the "great white-back cow." Contributed one sixteenth of the forty-ton bark, and was superintendent of building; m. Lydia Hicks; d. 1678. From that marriage came all the

family of this name, probably in New England, representing eminent men in various callings and professions of life. The three youngest daughters were m. the same day; from his son, Captain Jonathan, was descended Tristam Burgess, the distinguished orator of Providence. Jonathan was one of the original proprietors at Truro. Perez, b. about 1763, d. 1830; m. Thankful Rich Lombard; was one of the original Methodists; raised a large family, embracing the Provincetown name. Few of the name now in Truro.

BAKER.—A name common to the English race, and has many branches. Rev. Nicholas, ordained minister of Scituate 1660, d. 1678; grad. St. John's, Cambridge, 1631. Cotton Mather calls him "Honest Nicholas Baker of Scituate, he was so good a logician that he could offer up to God a reasonable service; so good an arithmetician that he could wisely number his days, and so good an orator that he persuaded himself to be a Christian." 2d son, Samuel, was admitted a freeman at Barnstable, 1677; 3d son, Deacon John, m. Anna Annable, 1696. It is thought most of the Cape name came from this family. There has been several different families in Truro. The Richard Baker branch came, I conclude, from Wellfleet.

CHAPMAN.—Saxon, cheapman; a purchaser or merchant; in German, Kauffman. Several families came from Southwalk, in Surry, to New England. Ralph left England, 1635; John admitted Boston 1684; Isaac at the head of a large family in Dennis. Lieutenant Samuel b. about 1760, in Philadelphia, sent when a youth to Cambridge, England, to school; trained in the military school and joined the English army, and fought in the Revolutionary War; m. Hannah, daughter of Lewis Lombard, b. in Truro, 1763. It is not certain whether he first met Miss L. in Nova Scotia, and removed to Truro, or moved from Truro to Nova Scotia, on account of being a *Britisher*. Was a jovial and popular old officer with marked personalities. He lived at East Harbor, near the Head of the Meadow Children:

i. Abraham, b. 1790, m. Mary, dau. Constant Hopkins.
ii. Lewis Lombard, b. 1793, drowned 1811.
iii. Samuel[3], b. 1793, d. 1768.
iv. Elizabeth, b. 1796, m. Peter Avery.

Mr. Abraham Chapman, the father of the Provincetown family, was a pleasant Christian gentleman; died in a good old age in Provincetown.

COLLINS. — Joseph, son of Henry, starch maker, aged 29; wife, Anna; children: Henry, b. 1630, Joseph, b. 1632, and Margary (a name continued in the family to this day), embarked from Ireland, 1635; settled in Lynn. A member of Salem Court, 1639; d. 1687. Son Joseph, b. 1632, moved to Eastham, m. Duty Knowles about 1653. John, son of Joseph and Duty Knowles, b. 1674.

John[4] (Joseph[3], Joseph[2], Henry[1]), b. 1674, m. Hannah Doane; 12 children, of whom Jonathan[5], b. 1682, m. Elizabeth Vickery; removed to Truro. Benjamin[5] b. 1687, m. Sarah; removed to Truro; were the fathers of the Truro family.

Children of Benjamin, b. 1687, and Sarah, m. about 1707:

i. Ruth b. 1709.
ii. Richard b. 1710, m. Sarah Lombard, 1732.
iii. Lydia, b. 1712, m. John Rich, 1727.
iv. Benjamin, b. 1713, m. Jerusha.
v. Jonathan, b. 1715, m. Jane.
vi. Hannah, b. 1720.
vii. Mary, b. 1722, m. John Pike, 1754, d. 1758.
viii. Joseph, b. 1724, m. Phebe Knowles, 1743, a large family; Joseph
ix. Sylvanus b. 1727. } m. Jerusha Snow, Deborah m. John Kenny.

Here lies buried the body of
MR. BENJAMIN COLLINS
of Truro, who departed
this life December 23d, 1756,
in the 70th year of his age.

Here rests the body of
MRS. SARAH COLLINS,
wife of MR. BENJAMIN COLLINS,
who died April ye 2d, 1759,
in the 73d year of her age.

Benjamin,[5] b. 1713, m. Jerusha. Nine children, which give the familiar names to which we are used. Mercy, b. 1737; Jerusha, b. 1739; Hannah, b. 1741;

Richard, b. 1743, Benjamin, b. 1745, m. Rachel Lombard, 1772; Joanna, b. 1746; Treat, b. 1748; Sylvanus, b. 1752; Micah, b. 1755. The North Truro families sprang from Jonathan and Elizabeth Vickery.

COBB OR COB. — Henry was at Plymouth, 1632, at Scituate the next year; one of "The Men of Kent." Belonged to Mr. Lothrop's church; was among his first members in Barnstable; made a Ruling Elder 1670. Mr. Lothrop says: "Patience, the wife of Henry Cobb, buried May 4, 1648, the first that was buried in our new burying-place by our meeting-house." This was the old graveyard at West Barnstable or Great Marshes.

Mr. C. was twice married. First wife, Patience, seven children; second wife, Sarah Hinckley, sister of Governor, seven children. The Truro branch were from Eastham, which seems a different family. Mr. Pratt says, "Jonathan Cobb was in Eastham before 1670; his brothers Eleazer, Hughes and Sylvanus, came early to America; later came Benjamin." Isaac, son of Benjamin, was Post Admiral in Yarmouth, England. As Jonathan, son of Henry of Barnstable, was b. 1670, and had no brothers Sylvanus, Hughes, or Benjamin, among his fourteen, the inference is that the Cobbs of Eastham and Truro were from Yarmouth, England. Both branches have been large and very respectable. James, son of Elder Henry, of Barnstable, m. Sarah Lewis, 1663; son James, b. 1673, m. Elizabeth Hallet, 1695; son James, settled in Truro. I have no account of his marriage.

Thomas was probably among the first of the name in Truro, and his children cover the leading names of the family, which has never been large, and connected mostly with South Truro. He married Mercy ——. Children: Thomas, b. 1720, m. Ruth Collins; Richard, b. 1722; Tamsin, b. 1724; Joseph, b. 1726; Freeman, b. 1728; Elisha, b. 1730; Betty, b. 1732; Sarah, b. 1735.

COLE. — Job and Daniel, brothers, b. England about 1615. 1640, Job married at Duxbury, Rebecca Collins, or Collier; came to Yarmouth. Daniel was accepted townsman at Eastham, 1649; deputy to General Court, 1654; selectman, 1668; d. 1699. From them probably descended all of this name on the Cape and in Me.

Daniel m. Ruth Snow. Son Israel, b. 1653, m. Mary Rogers, 1679; was among the proprietors of Truro, 1689; intimately interested in all the town interests; one of the largest landowners. Children, Hannah, b. 1681; Isaac, b. 1685; William, b. 1683. Isaac m. Elizabeth ——. Children, Elizabeth, b. 1717; Mercy, b. 1719; Prudence, b. 1721; Isaac, b. 1723; Joseph, b. 1734. Were never a large family in Truro, and have but few representatives; more at Wellfleet.

COOK.— 1. Francis, who with son John came in the *Mayflower*, signed the compact in Cape Cod harbor, was the founder of the Cook family in the O. C., b. 1577, in the Parish of Blythe, adjoining Asterfield, the home of Bradford and Brewster; early made the acquaintance of the Separatists or Pilgrims; went with Mr. Robinson to Holland. His father and grandfather reported to have been silk mercers in London. Wife, Hester, a "Walloon woman," native of Belgium, who had also come to Holland on account of religious persecution. She, with remainder of the family, Josias, Jacob, Mary Jane and Elizabeth, came in the *Ann*, July, 1623. It is said many of the passengers of the *Ann* and *Fortune* first started in the *Speedwell*. The elder Cook was one of the business men in the New Colony. Subscribed one sixteenth to the 42-ton bark, the first built in Plymouth. His posterity cultivate the enterprise of bark-building, taking sometimes sixteen-sixteenths instead of one. Died at Cook's Hollow, Kingston, where the name is still represented. Will dated December 7, 1659.

Josias[2] (Francis[1]) m. Mrs. Eliz. Deane, 1635, moved with Governor Prince to E.; was deputy to General Court, and filled the office of magistrate with credit; d. 1673.

Josias[3] (Josias,[2] Francis[1]) m. Deborah Hopkins, 1668, dau. Giles, 8 chil.

Josias[4] (Josias,[3] Josias,[2] Francis[1]) b. 1670; was among the first proprietors of Truro; have referred to his house at Tashmuit, next Mr. Avery's. I have regarded Josias as ancestor of all the Cook family in Provincetown. I may, however, be in error, as have not examined their line.

DAVIS. — Savage considers Captain Dolan Davis the progenitor of this numerous family in America. Came from Kent, 1634; m. Margery, dau. Richard Willard, b. Horsemondan, Kent, 1602; sister of Major Willard, who came in the fleet with Dolan. First lived in Cambridge; removed to Scituate, 1635. Prominent; d. 1673.

Benjamin, the father of the Truro family, it is understood, came when a boy from Snow Hill, Md., m. Eliz. Rowe, whose mother belonged to the old Savage family. Children: Benjamin moved to Readfield, Me.; James m. Sarah Atkins; three sons d. Sarah, widow of Dr. N. J. Knight, living in Somerville.

Ebenezer L. m. Azubah Hinckley; children, Dinah, m. Captain Benjamin Dyer, both deceased; Solomon Esq., m. Eliz. Snow, captain in the last Truro

militia, Dea. of the Cong. Ch., member of both branches of the Leg. and member of Governor's Council. A most examplary and consistent man and a valuable citizen, all deceased. Captain Ebenezer m. Maria Harding; many years a shipmaster; and member of the Leg.; moved to Somerville in about 1848. Marine Inspector for Boston more than thirty years. Deacon of the Cong. Ch. at Somerville. V. P. Cape Cod Asso. Captain Davis is still in vigorous health, though verging upon 80, and may be found every day at his office at the Mer. Ex. Betsey, m. I. S. Gross already noticed. Benjamin m. Betsey Stevens, a man of stainless character, moved to Somerville; both deceased. Azubah, widow of Thomas Paine, now living in Charlestown, and Joshua H., of Somerville, referred to, m. Anna Gross Lombard.

DYER.—This old English name was early in New England considerably associated with colonial history, and had branched into extensive families before 1700, as will be seen by the following list:

William Dyer, Barnstable, b. 1657.
" " Newport, R. I., b. 1657.
" " Dorchester, d. 1672, aged 93 b. 1579.
" " Lynn, b. 1673.
" " Boston. Surveyor of customs in 1680.

William of Newport (perhaps Dyar) father, or relative of above, claims our first attention. His wife was the celebrated Quaker, Mary Dyer, hung in 1660, for opinion's sake. Son Maharshalalhashbaz. Dr. William of Barnstable, b. 1653. Settled at Truro before the proprietors. I know nothing of his early history.

He m. 1686, Mary, dau of Wm. Taylor of B. The house occupied by the late Capt. Ebenezer Atkins taken down within the last twenty years, was built by him. The gravestones from which we copy, are still in good condition in the Old North.

Here lies buried the body of
DR. WM. DYER, aged about 85 years.
Died July ye 27th, 1728.

Here lies buried the body of Mrs.
MARY DYER, wife to
Dr. Wm. Dyer.
Died Oct. ye 8th, 1753,
aged about 80 years.

The old doctor had a knack of keeping in hot water with his neighbors, and like Tristam Shandy's father, had a spice in his temper known by the name of perseverance in a good cause, and obstinacy in a bad one. I should do great injustice to a long line of descendants, justly proud of their ancestors, to deny them a like precious inheritance. His family all married and settled around him, soon became among the largest and most influential in town; a position maintained to this day. At a late visit to the Congregational Sunday-school, I noticed all the officers, many of the teachers, the organist, ex-superintendent, and pastor's wife, were of that name.

A lady at Truro, an only child, some years married, unites in herself four quarters Dyer, without a twist. Her father and mother and both grandmothers born Dyer. Can a parallel be produced? Children:

i. Lydia, b. 1688.
ii. William Junisimus, b. 1690, m. Hannah.
iii. Jonathan, b. 1692, m. Phebe. 2d, Hannah.
iv. Henry, b. 1693, m. Anne.
v. Isabel, b. 1695, m. Samuel Small, 1713.
vi. Ebenezer, b. 1697, m. Sarah Doane of Eastham, 1720.
vii. Samuel, b. 1698, m. Mary Brown, he d. 1773.
viii. Judah b. 1701, m. Phebe Young, sons, Elijah, Judah.

The above all married young as was the rule, had large families which we cannot here trace. This was one of the families that inclined to sons and multiplied. William Junisimus had nine sons: Ambrose, John, William, Joseph, Anthony, Christopher, Saml., Levi, Benjamin, dau's. Hannah and Isabel. Samuel b. 1724, m. Mary Paine, 1746. Settled in Longnook, where now lives Mr. Williams; was the great-grandfather of Squire Dyer. Children (perhaps others than here mentioned): Mary Paine was dau. of Jonathan.

i. Shebnah, b. 1748, m. Mary Paine.
ii. Thomas, b. 1750, m. Mary Lombard, 1771.
iii. Sarah, b. 1752, m. Joseph Small, 1770.
iv. Mary (Molly) b. 1754, m. Joshua Rich, 1776.
v. Jemima, b. 1765, m. Captain Caleb Knowles.

Jonathan, 2d son of Dr. Dyer, twice married, was bap. by Mr. Upham in private, January 20, 1773, when over 80. Sons, Jonathan, David, Solomon, Micah, Elisha, Caleb, William; dau's, Phebe, Susanna, Ruth. Solomon, m. Sarah Atkins of Wellfleet is the ancestor of the family in Wellfleet. Susannah m. Samuel Hinckes. Ruth m. Benj. Gross. Henry, 3d son of Dr. Dyer, m.

Anne. Sons, Henry, Reuben, James, Lemuel, Ephraim; dau's, Annie, Abagail. This family settled perhaps in Provincetown. Ebenezer, 4th son, m. Sarah Doane. Sons, Ebenezer, Penjamin, Fulk; dau's, Sarah, Dorcas, Keturah. Present Ebenezer represents this family. Some curiosity has been shown about the Christian name Fulk. It was an English sir name of some prominence. I think Lord Greville Fulk was high in command in the Navy. He (Fulk) b. 1733, m. Elizabeth Atkins of Wellfleet; son Fulk; other sons were Henry, John and Paul, through whom come a long line; dau. Rachel, b. 1757, m. John Hughes. Dorcas, b. 1729, m. Jonah Gross. Samuel, 7th son of Dr. Dyer, m. Mary Brown; had sons Samuel, Sylvanus, and dau. Thankful m. James Lombard. It is not probable that I have all the names, as there was a Paul b. 1746, d. 1837, aged 91. I cannot tell whose son. I think a careful study of the names here presented will enable this large family to gather a clue of their own respective branch.

FREEMAN. — Samuel, the ancestor of the first branch of the Truro Freemans, b. Devonshire. Settled 1630 in Watertown. Was one of the principal proprietors; owned one seventh of the township. Built house there 1631, d. England, leaving sons Henry and Samuel. Henry died without issue in Boston; owned the Watertown estate. Deacon Samuel[2] (Samuel[1]) b. Watertown, 1638; Eastham, 1658, m. Mercy, daughter Constant Southworth of Plymouth, whose mother married Governor Bradford. Son Constant born 1669; Truro proprietor.

Constant[3] (Deacon Samuel[2], Samuel[1]) m. Jane, 1694, dau. Rev. Mr. Treat. Children:

i. Robert, b. 1696, named for old Governor Treat, of Connecticut, m. Mary Paine, 1723.
ii. Jane, b. 1697, d. in infancy.
iii. Jane, b. 1699.
iv. Constant, b. 1700, m. Ann.
v. Mercy, b. 1702, m. Caleb Hopkins.
vi. Hannah, b. 1704, m. Micah Gross, 1725.
vii. Eunice, b. 1705, m. William Crocker, 1733.
viii. Elizabeth, b. 1707, m. James Lombard, 1729.
ix. Jonathan, b. 1710, m. Rebecca Binney, removed to Gorham, Me.
x. Appliiah, b. 1713, m. Samuel Bickford, 1731.
xi. Deacon Joshua, b. 1717, m. Rebecca Parker, 1746.

Near the main road, and quite prominent in the old graveyard, stand the gravestones of perhaps the second man in influence among the Truro settlers, and his wife, Jane Treat, inscribed:

CAPTAIN CONSTANT FREEMAN,
aged 76 years,
died June ye 6th, 1745.

JANE FREEMAN,
wife to
CONSTANT FREEMAN,
died Sept. 1, 1729,
aged 54 years.

Deacon Joshua [4] (Constant,[3] Samuel,[2] Samuel [1]) b. 1717, m. Rebecca Parker. Children:

i. Apphiah, b. 1748, m. Samuel Gross.
ii. Rebecca, b. 1750, d. young.
iii. Sarah, b. 1752, m. Nathaniel Smith, of Gerry, Vt.
iv. Rebecca, b. 1754, m. Cornelius Lombard.

It will be noticed that the male branch of this family did not increase, and the name has long been extinct in Truro, but Mercy, Hannah, Elizabeth, Apphiah, and Rebecca Freeman by marriage with Caleb Hopkins, Micah and Samuel Gross and Cornelius and James Lombard, touch the blood of nearly every family in Truro.

Mr. Edmund Freeman, the ancestor of all that patronymic now on the Cape and wherever else located, was born in England, about 1590. Rev. F. Freeman says: "He is supposed by some to be a brother of Samuel, who settled at Watertown, of which there is no proof." Came to New England 1635, to Sandwich, 1637, a grant having been made to him and nine associates April 3, 1637. He was of position and means in England, being brother-in-law of Mr. Beauchamp and other London merchant adventurers. Mr. F. was confidential agent. He was the principal man in the town and assisted the Governor of the colony; d. Sandwich, 1682 aged 92 years. Sons Edmund and John came in the ship *Abigail* 1635; both married daughters of Governor Prince who, with Mr. Treat, seems to have furnished wives for a share of the prominent men on the Cape.

Children of John and Mercy (Prince) Freeman — Isaac, Ebenezer, Edmund, Ruth, Sarah, Mary, Experience, Mercy, Thankful, Elizabeth, Hannah, and Rachel, which may all be found to-day among the descendants in Wellfleet and South Truro.

Probably no family has been more prominent on the Cape, nor has maintained through so many generations the race characteristics of fine physical proportions and average mental endowments of their old English ancestry. Rev. Frederick Freeman has published a history of the Freeman family.

GROSS. — Gross, Grosse and Groce; by American genealogists are regarded the same family, the variations being only the accidents of the times and of emigration.

It has been accepted as good history, I know not from what authority, that the Cape Cod family of Gross were Huguenots, and that the name not many generations back was De Gross. My theory does not disprove this statement. Gross is evidently a French name. They may have been Huguenots, but probably of Norman stock. The American family were indisputably from England. The Harlian Society publications speak of "Grosse who came out of Norfolk and lived at Liskard." "The visition of Cornwall. Ezechiell Grosse, of Camborne, 7 Sonnes. Frances, dau. of Ezechiell Grosse, esq. and Margarett bap. 16 Aug. 1616 at Probus Joan dau. of E. G. m. at St Ives 7 mar. 1623 to Tho. Tremwirth of Tilmuth." Also Grose. "Wm Grose, gent and Alice dau of Wm Norseworthy, mar 1639." "Edward Grosse and Anna Kulthmans m. 7 April 1611. Truro Par. Reg. Jonathan Grosse & Kathren Polsewe m. 1619." These last are Cornish names.

Dr. Savage gives "Grosse" only. "Isaac, born in England, was a brewer, m. before 1649. Son Clement b. in Boston. Isaac, son of Clement, cordwainer in Boston." Savage evidently does not quote all the issue, but is content to give the connecting links. *Barry's History of Hanover* gives Edmund Gross in Boston, 1642, died there 1655. Also Clement, who left son Isaac, brother of Matthew. This must be the same Isaac referred to by Savage as son of Clement, cordwainer, showing conclusively that they are the same family. Clement left son Simon, who in 1675 m. Mary Bond in Boston and settled Hingham. No male of this name was a taxable inhabitant of Boston in 1695. This fact cuts us clear of the Boston family.

Simon and Mary Bond, m. 1675, are unquestionably the ancestors of the Truro and Wellfleet families, and reasonably of all on Cape Cod, and gives us the following well-sustained connection:

Simon[4] (Isaac,[3] Clement,[2] Isaac[1]) m. Mary Bond, 1675. Children:

i. Simon, b. 1676.
ii. Thomas, b. 1678, m. —— Hinckes of Dover Neck.
iii. John, b. 1681.
iv. Josiah, b. 1683.

v. Micah, b. 1685. The Truro patriarch, m. Mary ——. 2d H. Freeman.
vi. Alice, b. 1689.
vii. Abigail, b. 1692.

Micah[5] (Simon,[4] Isaac,[3] Clement,[2] Isaac[1]) b. 1685, m. Mary —— d. 1724, aged 35. Second, Hannah Freeman, dau. Constant and Jane Treat, d. 1758, aged 54. He d. 1753, aged (by gravestone at the Old North) 68, proving him to have been b. 1685, the same year as Micah, son of Simon; thus establishing his identity by the Hingham record. Collateral proof is the names of his children b. at Truro, which in the old record are almost infallible. The first-born Simon, Josiah, etc. Children:

i. Simon, b. 1709, m. Phebe Collins. 2d Lydia Hinckley, 1755.
ii. Ebenezer, b. 1713.
iii. Israel, b. 1718, m. Eliz. Rich, 1740. 2d Lydia, dau. of Dea. Moses Paine.
iv. Mary, b. 1720, m. Richard Stevens Jr., 1741.
v. Micah, b. 1726, lost at sea.
vi. Jonah, b. 1728, m. Dorcas Dyer, 1749, dau. of Ebenezer.
vii. Joseph, b. 1731, lost at sea.
viii. Benjamin, b. 1733, m. Ruth Dyer, 1757, dau. of Jonathan.
ix. Hannah, b. 1740.
x. John, b. 1744, m. Eliz. ——. 2d Mrs. Susannah Snow, dau. of Ephraim Lombard. Her son was Capt. Nath'l Snow, the father of Nath'l, late merchant of Boston, extensively engaged in the Russian trade, d. at France, left a large estate.

Israel[6] (Micah[5], Simon[4], Isaac[3], Clement[2], Isaac[1]) b. 1717, m. Eliz. Rich and Lydia Paine. Was a prominent man. First lived near the valley south of the old graveyard, still known as the "old orchard." Then built the large flat house at the village, where lived Captain John Collins. In this house were born Captains Israel Gross, John and Edward Knight Collins. Children:

i. Israel, b. 1741, d. young.
ii. Samuel, b. 1743, m. Apphiah Freeman, 1768, 2d, Mary Lewis, 1776.
iii. Jaazaniah, b. 1745, m. widow Sarah Snow, was the father of Captain Jaazainah.
iv. Elizabeth, b. 1748, m. Isaiah Atkins Jr., 1764.
v. Mary, b. 1749, m. Barzillia Smith, 1719.
vi. Joseph, b. 1751, m. Deliverance Dyer, 1773.
vii. Dilla or Delia, b. 1755, m. John Collins, 1774, d. 1811.
viii. Micah } By } b. 1764, m. Eliz.
ix. Lydia } Lydia } b. 1769.
x. Israel } Paine } b. 1772.

THE GROSS FAMILY OF WELLFLEET.— Strange as it may seem, I have found no person able to tell me the grandfather of Deacon Thomas Gross. There is a tradition that his

name was Thomas; that he went from Hingham to Piscataqua, or Dover Neck, and there married daughter of Gov. or Judge Hincks; that she died at the birth of her first-born, who received the maternal family name, a custom then not uncommon. Touching the after life of the father tradition is silent. There are indications that he moved to Nova Scotia, which we shall consider later. In proof of the tradition I find in the Dover Neck records :—

Hincks married, date unknown, ——— Gross, and had Hincks Gross, who lived in 1729 at Billingsgate (Wellfleet) on Cape Cod," also find "Hincks Gross, who lived for a while in the British Provinces, and afterwards removed to Wellfleet and m. Abigail Crowell." This Hincks is the father of Dea. Thomas. The history is straight enough in him. In the records of the First Church of Charlestown is the following: "John Hincks, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, came from England 1670 [Savage 1673]. He lived on Great Island, Portsmouth, now Newcastle, remained in office councillor C. J., and captain of the King's fort till 1707; was living in 1722; d. before 1734." This was the maternal grandfather of Hincks Gross. Samuel Hincks, the Truro schoolmaster referred to, was the son of Samuel and grandson of John, b. in Portsmouth, 1711, moved with his parents to Boston. So Hincks Gross and Samuel Hincks were cousins.

We have yet to account for the father of Hincks. We have stated that there is, or was, an understanding that his name was Thomas. Dr. O. R. Gross understood from his father that his grandfathers Deacon Thomas and Israel of Truro were cousins. They could not be cousins-german, but it denotes recognized relationship. The second son of Simon and Mary Bond, b. 1678, was Thomas, a brother to Micah. Nothing is now known of his history. But the traditions, the fact that the first child of Hincks received the name of Alice, another Abigail, and the first son the name of Thomas, all the dates, and acknowledged relationship with the Truro branch, are the links in the chains of evidence that point unmistakably to Thomas as the man. The fact that a large family of Gross with the marked Yankee family characteristics are known in Nova Scotia, and that Hincks "lived for a time in the British Provinces," makes it presumably certain that Thomas went thence from Dover Neck, where he married and died. This then is the line:

Hinckes[6] (Thomas,[5] Simon,[4] Isaac,[3] Clement,[2] Isaac,[1]) b. about 1705, m. Abigail Crowell of Chatham in 1734, perhaps before; the date of all his children not known, but as Deacon Thomas was b. 1740, and was the 7th child, it would denote considerable despatch if m. 1734. His house was east of the Gull Pond, not far from the little neck that divides the ponds. His second m. is noticed under the "bans" as follows: Jany. 27, 1756, Mr. Hinckes Gross of Eastham to Mrs. Bethiah Rich of Truro. I found the gravestone of the last named, at the Old North, in Truro, near the Gross neighborhood, entirely overgrown by a clump of brush, in good condition, with the following inscription:

In memory of
MRS. BETHIAH RICH,
widow of Mr. Hinckes Gross,
who died Jan'y 5, 1789,
In the 82d year of her age.

Mr. Gross is often mentioned in the Wellfleet records; held various offices and was quite prominent in business affairs; not known to the writer when he died, or where buried. Children:

i. Alice, b. ——, m. Thomas Paine of Truro, 1759.
ii. Azubah, b. ——, m. John Wetherell, of Wellfleet, 1765.
iii. Sally, b. ——, m. Crowell Lombard of Eastham.
iv. Huldah, b. ——, m Josiah Rider of Chatham.
v. Hannah, b. ——, m. Reuben Rich of Truro.
vi. Elizabeth, b. ——, m. David Newcomb.
vii. Dea. Thomas, b. 1740, m. Abigail, 1765, dau. John and Rebecca (Harding) Young.
viii. Jabez, b. ——, m. Dorothy Ellis of Provincetown. Settled in Maine.

Dea. Thomas[7] (Hinckes,[6] Thomas,[5] Simon,[4] Isaac,[3] Clement,[2] Isaac,[1]) b. 1740, m. Abigail Young, 1765. House not far from his father's; about midway of the Gull Pond; so near the margin that all the water was taken from the pond as needed. A few apple-trees still stand in the old orchard. Children:

i. Laurania, b. 1767, m. Captain Eleazer Higgins, d. 1856.
ii. Abigail, b. 1769, m. Wm Barge of Boston, d. 1851.
iii. Hinckes, b. 1770, d. in infancy.
iv. Sarah (Sally), b. 1773, m. Joseph Rider, 2d John Chipman, d. 1867.
v. Bethiah, b. 1775, m. Micah Dyer, d. 1867.
vi. Thomas, b. 1778, m. Betsey Millne of N. Y., drowned, 1828.
vii. Hinckes, b. 1780, m. Betsey Snow of Truro, d. 1861.
viii. Rebecca Young, b. 1783, m. Capt. John Barnacoat of Charlestown, d. 1862.
ix. Polly Stickney (Mary), b. 1785, m. Captain Frank Cartwright, 2d. Rev. Bartholemew Otheman, d. 1878.

x. Cynthia, b. 1786, m. Richard Atwood, d. 1865.
xi. Thankful, b. 1788, m. Rev. Elijah Willard, d. 1872.
xii. Deborah, b. 1789, m. Daniel Paine, 2d Richard Paine of Truro, d. Sept. 11, 1882, the last of the family.
xiii. Jonathan, b. 1791, m. Cynthia ——, of Duxbury, d. 1871.
xiv. Miriam (Maria), b. 1794, m. Freeman Atkins of Provincetown, d. 1873.

Of this family, like many others here introduced, much might be said. I find others of the name which I cannot connect. Mrs. Phebe Gross, daughter S. Penhallow, was 2d wife of Leonard Vassall, the wealthy planter who built the first house in Summer street, Boston, a man of great wealth, who lived like a nabob. Lieut. Gross was in the Expedition to Louisburg in 1745. "April 20th, Lieut. Gross with about seventy men to go on board ye *Superbe*." "Aug. 19, about 12 of the clock, died Lieut. Jonah Gross in Louisburg." "Two o'clock, P. M., Lieut. Gross was buried. Fired 14 guns as he was carried to his grave."

ABDONAJAH BIDWELL. *Chaplain of the Fleet.*

GROZIER. — My information of this family is limited and less positive than I could wish. I find a record, "Captain John Grozier, of Truro, m. Polly Pepper of Eastham, 1770." The following is perhaps a partial list of the first family. I have no knowledge of the father.

Capt. John, b. about 1750, m. Polly Pepper; Joshua Hopkins, b. 1760; William, b. 1762; Mercy, b. 1764; Mary, b. 1766. Another sister, 1768. Capt. Caleb Upham, b. 1770, m. Hannah Atkins; built the large house now belonging to the estate of James Hughes; was a business man. In 1828, master of a brig, was murdered by pirates with all his crew, 2d mate excepted. I understand the Rev. Mr. Kittredge, of Chicago, formerly of Charlestown, is related to this family.

The children of Capt. John and Polly Pepper in part without regard to date, were William, Robert, Caleb Upham, Mary, Mercy, m. John Small. John, b. 1788, the father of the present Truro family, the last survivor of Dartmore. Freeman m. dau. of Jona. Cook, may have been another brother. William, I think, moved to Maine. I find Joshua Freeman Grozier, wife Martha, Provincetown, son William, b. 1794. Also Joshua, lost in passage from P. to Boston. Capt. Caleb Upham, d. Calcutta; sisters, Mary, Sally and Salome. Also Mehitable, Maria and Adeline.

HINCKLEY. — Is an ancient name in England. Town of Hinckley in Leicester. John De Hinkele, was high sheriff of Staffordshire, 1327–30. John Hinckley was esquire to Hugh, Earl of Stafford, who, in his will dated Sept. 25, 1385, bequeathed "to John Hinckley my esquire, xx l." Samuel Hinckly, of Tenderton, Kent, came to N. E. in the *Hercules*,

of Sandwich, 1634. With him came wife Sarah and four children, one of whom was Thomas, b. 1618. Settled first at Scituate; at Barnstable, 1639; prominent in public life; m. Sarah, d. 1656; 2d Bridget Bodfish. He d. 1662. Will mentions "Prosper" and "Thrivewell," two cows.

Gov. Thomas[3] (Thomas,[2] Samuel[1]). Twice m'd, 16 children. If half the old records are true, 2d wife Mrs. Mary Glover, who bore him nine children, was a rare gentlewoman. "At Barnstable she to the day of her death appeared and shone in ye eyes of all, as ye loveliest and brightest woman for Beauty, Knowledge, wisdom, majesty, accomplishments and graces throughout ye Colony." At her death the Gov. wrote three pages of verses to her memory. "Pity me O my friends and for me pray." He was made Gov. of Mass., 1681. Continued with slight interruption till 1692. His acceptance of office under Andros, was regretted by his friends, has been sharply criticised, and his policy regarded questionable, though well intended. He, however, was a man of much energy of character and distinguished reputation. His life covered the history of Ply. Col. His grave, at Great Marshes, attracts many visitors. Had 12 daughters.

The old Gov.'s family was no exception in number to the times. Of 90 families in Billerica, one had 21, five 14, and 90 showed an aggregate of 1043, or over 11 to every family. The record of 100 years, in some of the old towns, shows not a single family childless.

All paired, and each pair built a nest.

Shubael, a g. s. of the Gov. was 4 times m.; 20 children. Founded the family at Old York, d. in Hallowell, Me., 1798, aged 91. The Hinckleys of Maine, mostly, belong to this stock.

A good many Hinckleys were connected with Truro. Shubael was among the early residents; children, John, Mary, Shubael, Job., Hannah, Ruth m. Isaiah Atkins, Lydia, Meletiah, m. Thomas Paine, Eliz. m. Hicks Smalley, and Christiana, Oct. 11, 1759, m. Abram Coan of E. Hampton, L. I. Seth Hinckley m. Thankful Atwood, Josiah m. Lydia, dau. of Thomas Paine.

Benjamin m. Dinah Swett of Wellfleet, 1769; children, Azubah, Joshua, Benjamin, Dorcas, Betsey, Thankful, Solomon. Son Deacon Benjamin m. Mercy Collins; children, Dorcas, Hannah, Mercy, Benjamin and Delia. Deacon Allen, b. Falmouth, 1769, belonged to the family of Samuel, brother of the Governor, came to Truro when young, learned the trade of carpenter. At the time of his death, 1861, was the oldest man in town. Was small, active, wiry and apparently tireless. At 80 could do a good day's work and hop off a mile on foot, like a boy. His life was long, useful, gentle, kind and blameless. He was esquire and justice besides deacon. To show the confidence in his integrity and justice, a young man had some trifling differences with the Squire's son, and brought an action for him (the esquire) to sit in judgment. He heard the case with due deference, weighed the facts and fined his son a trifling amount, to the entire satisfaction of the complainant. It was a beautiful sight which I love to recall, to see him officiate in his office on communion Sabbath. His lithe figure, neat and erect,

step light, quick and graceful; face beaming with sweet becoming dignity, and crowned with flowing white locks, was a picture such as I have never seen in the galleries of painted saints. His son Captain Eben N., was the sailmaker in Truro; dau. m. Captain Winslow Knowles of Brewster.

HATCH.—William and Thomas, brothers, from Sandwich, Kent. William was in Scituate, 1633, returned to England and came back in the *Hercules* with family. Ruling elder of First Church; followed Mr. Lothrop, as did most of his congregation, to Barnstable, where d.

Thomas was a freeman in Dorchester. Freeman says Boston, 1634, in Barnstable before 1643, d Scituate 1661. Son Jonathan b. in England, settled in Barnstable, m. Sarah Rowley, 1646. Was among the first settlers of Falmouth, as the first records of 1661 say. "Second, Jonathan Hatch and Isaac Robinson because they have built their houses, shall have the lots by the houses." Son Moses, born in Falmouth, moved to Truro, m. Mrs. Hannah, widow of Lieut. Jonathan Bangs. There is a tradition that he was called Moses because born before the house was finished, during heavy rains. Joseph of Scituate m. 1710, Lydia Young of Truro, moved to Truro in 1711, after birth of son Joseph. They were a considerable family at Provincetown. Joseph Hatch of Cape Cod m. 1730, Isabella Small of Truro, also Joseph Hatch of Cape Cod m. 1718, Deborah Cook of Truro, dau. of Josias. John and wife Tabitha removed to Truro about 1727. Children: John, Margaret, Ezekiel, Naylor, Joseph, Elizabeth and Asa. 1743 Benjamin Hatch of Boston m. Ann Lewis of Truro.

HARDING.—A register at St. John's College, 1629, referring to blunders in spelling names, mentions Hawalden appearing in two forms; viz: Cowarden and Harding. This last appearing is well distributed on the Cape, and is not an uncommon name generally in this country.

Widow Martha Harding of Plymouth, d. 1635, leaving her young son John to Deacon Doane, in whose behalf he was appointed administrator. Here we get the first trace of this name in America. Joseph unquestionably, son of John early a freeman in Eastham, m. Bethiah, dau. of Josias Cook, 1660, 11 children, one of whom, Nathaniel, b. 1674, m. Hannah, moved to Truro. Also dau. Johannah, b. 1676, m. Machael Atwood as noticed. The following is the first Truro family: Nathaniel[3] (Joseph,[2] John,[1]) b. 1674, m. Hannah. Children:

i. Nathaniel, b.——
ii. Bethiah, b. 1713, m. John Lombard, 1737.
iii. Martha b. 1726, m. Joshua Atkins, 1742.
iv. Sarah, b. 1728.
v. James, b. 1730.
vi. Anne, b. 1732.
vii. Mary, b. 1735.

Nathaniel[4] (Nathaniel,[3] Joseph,[2] John,[1]) b. about 1711, m. Mercy Purington about 1730. Children:

i. Ephraim, b. 1731.
ii. Mercy, b. 1733.
iii. Jesse, b. 1736.
iv. Nathaniel, b. 1738.
v. Elizabeth, b. 1740, m. probably Simon Newcomb
vi. Samuel, b. 1742.
vii. Hezekiah, b. 1745.
viii. Nehemiah, b. 1747.

We cannot trace further. In the above, however, may be found the leading branches in Truro, though there were others. Joseph m. 1740, Eunice Newcomb, dau. of Simon, Gamaliel Smith, m. Hannah Harding, 1741. David Dyer, m. Ruth Harding, 1742.

HOPKINS.—More Truro families can trace their pedigree through Stephen Hopkins than to any others of the Pilgrims. He was not of the Leyden congregation, but joined them in London, where he belonged. He was of large family and considerable estate; perhaps the least educated of the Pilgrims, and about the only one that signed his name with a cross. He seems to have been a man of practical judgment, good business qualifications, and a valuable acquisiton to the Colony. He d. Plymouth, 1644. Will exhibited at court, August, 1644. He desired to be buried by the side of his wife deceased. Named son Caleb as "heir apparent," and executor of his will, together with Miles Standish, supervisor; naming all his children, Giles, Constance (m. Nicholas Snow), Demaris, (m. Jacob Cook), Oceanus, Caleb, d. Barbadoes, Deborah, Ruth and Elizabeth. It will be noticed with few exceptions, all these names are in familiar use to-day. The Truro branch came through Giles, m. Catherine Whelden, had ten children. 3d son Caleb was the Truro progenitor, as follows:

Caleb[3] (Giles,[2] Stephen[1]) b. about 1651, m. Thankful ——. Children, probably only in part, were —

i. Caleb, m. Mercy Freeman, about 1719.
ii. Nathaniel, m Mercy Mayo, 1707.
iii. Thomas, m. Deborah ——
iv. Thankful, m. Ambrose Dyer, 1729.
v. Constant, m. Phebe Paine.

The children of Caleb and Mercy Freeman were Constant, b. 1720, m. Phebe Paine, 1743, dau. Jona.; Mary, b. 1722, Thankful, b. 1724, m. Elisha Paine, b. 1721; Caleb, b 1726, Jonathan, b. 1728, Simeon, or Simon, b. 1731, m. Betty Cobb; Mercy, b. 1734, James, b. 1736, Joshua, b. 1738, Abiel, b 1741. The children of Thomas and Deborah — Samuel, b. 1720, Hannah and Thomas, twins, 1730, Rebecca, b. 1732, Jerusha, b. 1734, Deborah, b. 1736, Micah, b. 1739, Caleb, b. 1741, Caleb, b. 1743. Soldier of the Rev., drew a pension to the end of his long life; 1836, m. Thankful. The father of Lemuel, Thomas, Solomon, William and Deborah, m. Lott. Harding. Mary, b. 1745, Sarah, b. 1748, Jeremiah, b. 1750. The children of Constant and Phebe Paine, Constant, b. 1747, Jonathan, b. 1748, Scammon, b. 1751, Caleb, b. 1753, Micah, 1755, Phebe, 1759, Hannah, 1761, Mary, b. 1762, Mercy, b. 1765. Isaac, b. 1725, d. 1814, of whom Mr. Damon says, "The oldest man that has died since my settlement." I have not been able to connect. Son, m. 1772, Lydia, dau. Simon Newcomb, the father of Isaac (and bro. Simon); d. about 1775, m. 1801, Hannah Rich. Sons, Sylvanus R., Richard R., Nathaniel and Isaac. May have descended from Nathaniel 2d., son of Caleb, of whom I have no record.

HIGGINS. — Fred. Freeman states he has found in the annals of old Barnstable, running back to King Richard II., the Hugonis (Higgins). Some authorities think contracted from Higginson; the reverse more consistent. Celtic or Irish extraction. Richard, a tailor, came, it is said, from England in same ship with Nicholas Snow. A freeman at Plymouth, 1633, is the patriarch of the Cape family. Was of Governor Prince's company who settled at Eastham. Had sundry grants of land from the Colonial Court, 1657, the last date of issuing such grants. Moved to N. J., where it is understood he died 1675, as his son Benjamin applied that year to the court for land in right of his father Richard deceased; m. 1st Lydia, dau. of Edward Chandler of Scituate; 2d, Mary Yates.

Benjamin[3] (Benjamin,[2] Richard,[1]) b. 1640, m. Lydia Bangs, 9 children; we follow:

Benjamin[4] (Benjamin,[3] Benjamin,[2] Richard[1]) b. 1664, m. Sarah, dau. Edward Freeman, 1694.

From this marriage of ten children sprang the W. and T. stock. Among the ten are the familiar family names Eleazer, Theophilus, Jedediah, Reuben, etc. We follow:

Eleazer[5] (Benjamin,[4] Benjamin,[3] Benjamin,[2] Richard[1]) b. 1697, m. Sarah, —— 1724.

Children, Eleazer, b. 1726, Joseph, b. 1728, Enoch, b. 1730, Jedediah, b. 1733, Richard, b. 1735, Sarah, b. 1740, Hannah, b. 1742.

Enoch[6] (Eleazer,[5] Benjamin,[4] Benjamin,[3] Benjamin,[2] Richard,[1]) b. 1730, m. ——.

Children Wellfleet branch:

Uriah, Eleazer, b. 1759, Ephraim, Reuben, Enoch, Elizabeth, m. Rev. Edward Whittle; Sarah, m. Nathan Harding; Mary, m. Jeremiah Newcomb.

Eleazer[7] (Enoch,[6] Eleazer,[5] Benjamin,[4] Benjamin[3] Benjamin,[2] Richard[1]) b. 1759, m. 1785, Laurania Gross. Children:

i. Joseph, b. 1786, m. Abigail Brown about 1812, d. 1866.
ii. Belinda, b. 1788, m. Shebnah Rich, Truro, 1807, d. Nov. 1878.
iii. Jerusha Rich, b. 1791, m. Rev. Joel Steel, 1810, d. Strafford, Vt., 1824.
iv. Abigail Young, b. 1794, m. Isaac Harding, 1815, d. Cambridgeport, 1855.
v. Charles, b. 1797, d. 1806.
vi. Sally Rider, b. 1800, m. Knowles Dyer, 1820.
vii. Laurania, b. 1802, m. Robert Holbrook, 1820.
viii. Betsey Milne, b. 1805, m. James Smith, Truro, 1824, 2d David Baker of Wellfleet, d. 1871.
ix. Hannah, b. 1808, m. John Bacon, 1827.
x. Mary Gross, b. 1811, m. Benjamin Baker, 1830, d. Boston, 1842.

Jedediah,[6] b. 1733, son of Eleazar[5] is the father of the Truro branch of this family; m. Phebe Paine; dau. of Barnabas; 2d, 1794, Azubah Paine, d. 1817. I cannot give the order or date of his children. Jedediah m. Sarah Paine; children, Mary, m. Paul Atkins; Joseph, m. Mercy Rich; Hannah m. Elkanah Paine; Jedediah m. Huldah Paine.

KNOWLES.— Rev. John 2d, minister at Waltham, b. Lincolnshire, educated at Magdalen Col., came to New England 1639; returned 1650. Richard m. Ruth Bower at Plymouth, in command of a bark transporting military stores for government. At Eastham before 1653; is believed to be the son of Rev. John, and the ancestor of this large family on the Cape.

Dau. Mercy m. Ephraim Doane, 1668. Son, Col. John, m. Apphiah Bangs, 1670; slain Indian war, 1675. Samuel, b. 1651, m. Lucy Freeman, g. d. Governor Prince, 1699; was a man of affairs; d. 1737; had a large family; son, Col. Samuel, b. 1683, was a man of distinction and notoriety in military and civil life, d. in Boston, 1774, buried in Old Granary. Son Samuel, much in military life, led a company against Crown Point, 1756, in command against the French; saw large service.

John,[4] (Col. John,[3] Richard,[2] Rev. John,[1]) b. 1673, son of Col. John and Apphiah Bangs, m. Mary ——, 1693, a large family of boys. Joshua, b. 1696; John, b. 1698, Seth b. 1700, Paul, b. 1702, James, b. 1704, Jesse, b. 1707, Mary, b. 1709, Col. Willard b. 1711; Paul b. 1702, m. Phebe Paine, 1723, and Joshua, b 1797, were, as I understand, the heads of the two branches in Truro.

Paul[5] (John,[4] Col. John,[3] Richard,[2] Rev. John,[1]) b. 1702. Children, Ann, b. 1732, m. Uriah Rich, 1743. Phebe, b. 1725, m. Joseph Collins, 1743. Mary, b. 1725. Paul, b. 1728. John, b. 1730; Thomas, b. 1732; Hannah, b. 1734; Ruth, b. 1736, m. Elisha Turner, of Ct., 1756; James, b. 1737, d. young. Abigail, b. 1738; Silas, b. 1740.

Joshua[5] (John,[4] Col. John,[3] Richard,[2] Rev. John,[1]) b. 1696; son Joshua,[6] b. 1730, m. Mary ———, d. 1779. Children: Mehitable, b. 1755, m. Ephraim Lombard, 1774; Joshua, b. 1756, m. Hannah Atkins. Nathaniel, b. 1758; Martha, b. 1760; Rebecca, b. 1763, m. Solomon Lombard, 1786; Sarah, b. 1766.

Joshua[7] (Joshua,[6] Joshua,[5] John,[4] Col. John,[3] Richard,[2] Rev. John[1]) b. 1756, m. Hannah, was a carpenter, d. 1822. Children: Josiah settled in Provincetown; Mary m. Dyer, settled in Maine Hannah m. Lemuel Hopkins. Joshua, b. 1788. Nathaniel, m. Sally Smith; John m. Anna Smith of Provincetown; 2d Mrs Caroline Kenna of Boston.

Joshua[8] (Joshua,[7] Joshua,[6] Joshua,[5] John,[4] Col. John,[3] Richard,[2] Rev. John,[1]) b. 1788, d. Jan'y 17, 1867, m. Mary Atkins Knowles, dau. Zaccheus and Sarah Lombard; who d. March 23, 1869. Children:

i. Mary, b. 1813; m. Atkins Hopkins, he d. Dec., 1877.
ii. Joshua, b. 1815; m. Mrs. Thankful P. Hopkins.
iii. Zaccheus, b. 1817; m. Betsey C. Gross; 2d Melissa Small; d. at Boston, July 21, 1881.
iv. Sarah Ann, b. 1820; m. Matthias Rich.
v. Maria, b. 1822; m. Nehemiah Somes Hopkins.
vi. Caleb, b. 1824; d. in infancy.
vii. Delia Collins, b. 1826; m. Shebnah Rich.
viii. John Atkins, b. 1828; m. Mary N. Hughes; d. July 3, 1853.
ix. Betsey Lombard, b. 1831; m. Ephraim L. Snow; d. July 5, 1860.

LOMBARD.

Art thou a Lombard, my brother?
Happy art thou, she cried;
And smiled like Italy on him;
He dreamed in her face and died.

The Lombards were an old race a thousand years ago. They were an ancient Germanic people of Sueric stock. Some of their writings claim the name derived from their habit of wearing long beards; modern critics that it refers to the banks of the Elbe, where they first appeared in the time of Augustus.

In the fifth century, they appeared in Hungary, where after a protracted war they annihilated their enemies, and under their king, Alboni, they crossed the Julian Alps, and in 568 founded a powerful state in Northern Italy, known as Lom-

bardy. Part of the country is a descending plain from the Alps to the river Po, and is one of the richest and most productive counties in the world. After many successful kings, one of whom embraced Christianity, they were conquered in 774 by Charlemagne. The Lombard cities, with Milan at the head, again became prosperous and powerful, and adopted Republican institutions; and by the treaty of Constance in 1183, they became independent. In 1395, the head of a family became a duke, whose daughter married the Duke of Orleans. They passed under the French, Spanish and Austrian governments, by various successes and treaties, till conquered by Napoleon in 1796. In the treaty of 1866 the whole of Lombardy was added to the dominions of Victor Emanuel.

The name so prevalent in Europe and early in this country, undoubtedly sprang from this race. This was before the time of surnames; and as they moved westward into other European cities, they would naturally first be known as the Lombards, and as the tendency turned to surnames, they would first be called John the Lombard, then John Lombard. This is the well-known rise of surnames. Three centuries ago the Lombards in Naples celebrated their third centenary. The head of an old banking-house in Geneva told the writer that his ancestor, a Protestant, was the first banker who closed the doors of his house on Sunday in Naples. The name is not uncommon in France. Lombard street is well known in Paris, and that in London is familiar as Picadilly.

Mr. Freeman says: "The name has been variously written, and families of the same lineage now severally call themselves Lombard, Lumbard, Lambard, Lambert, Lumbert, and Lumber. Samuel Deane in *History of Scituate*, says: "Among the settlers of 1634, the second lot was assigned to Bernard Lombard. This lot was on Kent street, so called from "The men of Kent," who lived on this street. Bernard is again mentioned as "one of the men of Kent." It is also stated that Richard Lombard returned to Tenderton. These, with other intimations, render it quite certain that the Lombards came from Tenderton, Kent.

Mr. John Lothrop, the minister of the church at Scituate,

to whom his people were much devoted, though a devout and able man, seems to have had a good deal of party spirit and division in his church. It is understood the form of baptism became an issue in this and many of the early churches. In 1639, Mr. Lothrop and his friends withdrew from the church at Scituate and removed to Barnstable and began the first settlement there. The old Scituate Church has been called an "Historic Monument." It was composed more than half of the Southwork Church, London; gathered by Rev. Henry Jacob, in 1616, which was the first Congregational Church established in England (excepting the Pilgrims). In 1634, they emigrated to America under the lead of Rev. John Lothrop; settled at Scituate; shortly after thirteen members from Plymouth joined them. From Mr. Lothrop's records:

Came to Scituate 1634. Bernard Lombard and his wife joined April 19, 1635. Joshua Lombard joined March 14, 1646, in Barnstable. Expressed in his confession many sad temptations, God carrying him through for the space of eight years, repeating of many sweet Scriptures. Baptized Mary, dau. of Bernard Lombard, October 8, 1637. Since our coming to Barnstable, October 11, 1639, bap. Martha, dau. of Bernard Lombard 2d, 1639, bap. Jabez, son of Bernard Lombard, July 4, 1641, bap. Jedediah, son of Thomas Lombard, September 9, 1643, Benj., brother Thomas, August 3, 1643, 1652, Abigail, dau. of Joshua Lombard. Of their first meeting Mr. Lombard says: "After praises to God in public were ended, as the day was cold, we divided into three companies to feast together, some at Mr. Hull's, some at Mr. May's, and some at Bro. Lombard's." Mr. Deane says, "Bernard had probably a brother Thomas in Barnstable." And another record, "Mr. Thomas Lombard was allowed to keep victualing or ordinary for the entertainment of strangers, and to draw wines in Barnstable."

Richard Lombard appears among the first church members of Mr. Lothrop. These quotations show that there was at Barnstable during the first few years of the settlement, Richard, Bernard, Joshua and Thomas, some of whom had large families, and perhaps all. These were the ancestors of all the English race of Lombards in America. Through Thomas we trace the Truro branch. I, however, incline to the opinion that the family of the late Elisha Lombard of Truro belong to Joshua, who m. Sarah Parker of Barnstable; am not positive of this. Nor am I clear on the marriage of Lewis[1] to Sarah Parker of Yarmouth, 1741.

Thomas, b. about 1610, in Tenterton, m. Joyce, early as 1630; dau. Margaret, m. Ed Coleman, 1648; will made 1663, mentions sons, Bernard, Caleb, Jedediah, Benjamin, Joshua, Joseph, d. 1671. Jedediah[2] (Thomas[1]), b. 1641, m. Hannah Wing, 1667. Children: Jedediah, b. 1668, m. Hannah Lewis, b. 1676. Moved to Truro not later than 1699. From this marriage came the favorite christian family name of Lewis. Capt. Thomas, b. 1670, m. Mary Newcomb, 1694, dau. of Lieut. Andrew Newcomb of Edgertown: see Newcomb.

Jedediah[3] (Jedediah[2], Thomas[1]), b. 1676, m. Hannah Lewis. Children:

i. Solomon, b. 1702, Grad. H. C., 1723.
ii. James, b. 1703.
iii. Ebenezer, b. 1705, m. Bethiah Mayo, 1727.
iv. Sarah, b. 1709, m. Michal Collins, 1733.
v. Lewis,[4] b. 1711, m. Sarah Parker of Yarmouth, 1741(?)
vi. Ephraim, b. 1716.
vii. Hannah, b. 1718.

Mr. Freeman says Judge Solomon Lombard was the son of Bernard, b. Barnstable, 1706. We have stated that from the evidence of his own family in the history of Gorham, he was b. at Truro, besides the dates almost confirm this statement. Solomon, s. of Bernard, was b. 1706, which makes him grad. H. C. at the age of 17, which is improbable, as connected with the facts.

Lewis[4] (Jedediah,[3] Jedediah,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1711, m. Sarah Parker, 1741, son Lewis,[5] b. 1742, m. Elizabeth Pike, 1766. Children:

i. Lewis, b. 1767, m. Elizabeth Lombard, 1797.
ii. James, b. 1769, m. Hannah Snow, 1792, d. 1817 at New Orleans.
iii. Elizabeth [Betsey] b. 1771, m. Capt. Joshua Paine, 2d, Capt. Caleb Knowles, 3d, Capt. Israel Lombard, 4th. Ephraim Doane Rich.
iv. Anna, b. 1772, Capt. Jaazaniah Gross, 2d, William Bush, 3d, David Smith of Boston.
v. Sarah, b. 1774, m. Zaccheus Knowles, 2d, Capt. John Collins, d. 1860.
vi. Jane, b. 1785.
vii. Hannah, b. 1819, m. Elisha Paine.

Capt. Thomas[3] (Jedediah,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1670, m. Mary Newcomb, 1694. Children:

i. John, b. 1694, m. Bethiah Harding, 1734.
ii. Jedediah, b. 1696 m. Mary White, 1717; sons, Jediah, John, Simon.
iii. Thomas, b. 1698, m. Elizabeth Binney, 1721.
iv. William, b. 1699, m. Mary Gains. 1721, 2d, Hannah Green.
v. Simon, b. 1701, d. before 1736.
vi. Hannah, b. 1703, m. Conant.
vii. Kezia, b. 1705, m. Job Conant, 1728.

Thomas[4] (Capt. Thomas,[3] Jedediah,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1693, m. Elizabeth Binney 1721, son, Isaiah, b. 1746, m. Jemima Atkins, 1770. Children:

i. Binney, b. 1771, d. 1792.
ii. Jemima, b. 1773, not married, d. 1849.
iii. Israel, Capt., b. 1776, m. Hannah Coan, 1800, d. 1820.
iv. Elizabeth, b. 1778, m. Lewis Lombard, 1797, d. 1828.
v. Ruth, b. 1780, m. ——— Fish, Cohasset, 1780, d. 1846.
vi. Rebecca, b. 1783, m. John Ayers, 1783, d. 1852.
vii. Thomas, b. 1786, m. Betsey Gross, 1813, d. 1819.
viii. Sally, b. 1787, d. 1813.
ix. Joseph Atkins, b. 1792, d. 1809.

LEWIS.—George, a clothier, came from Greenock, Kent. First joined the Scituate Church 1635; Barnstable, 1640; m. in England, Sarah Jenkins, sister of Edward; 2d, Mary; large family. Son, Edward,[2] m. Hannah Cobb, daughter Elder Henry. Son, Eleazer,[3] b 1664; a quite distinguished family. Samuel,[4] b. 1799, at B., a local Methodist preacher, father of public schools in Ohio. Biography by son, Rev. G. W. Lewis[5] of Cincinnati. S. S. Prentis, of Mississippi, from this family. The Truro family have been quite numerous in North Truro, now mostly in Provincetown. Many sterling men and women have been numbered among them.

Thomas, m. Deborah Griffinth; children, Joanna, b. 1711, Jane, perhaps others. John m. Elizabeth Mayo, 1716; children, Sarah, b. 1717; George, b. 1720; Elizabeth, b. 1723; John, 1725. Benjamin m. Elizabeth; children, Sarah, b. 1729; Lucy, b. 1731; Benjamin, b. 1733; Joseph, b. 1735; Thomas, b. 1738; George, b. 1740; Moses, b. 1742; Joseph, b. 1744; Joshua, b. 1746; Eleazer, b. 1748, m. —— Paine; Betty, b. 1750.

MAYO.—Dr. Savage thinks Mayo or Mayhew the same, and remarks what all have discovered who have read old records, "That very little attention was paid in those times to orthography of proper names." We, however, incline to the opinion that in this case they are distinct names, and represent entirely different families. I fail to find any connection between Mayhew, the missionary, and Rev. John Mayo from whom, I understand, all the Mayos on the Cape descended. Though an Irish name he was born in Eng., grad. of an Eng. university. Was at Barnstable 1639; ordained

a teaching elder; moved to Nauset, 1646, had charge of the church there, though not a settled minister till 1655. Settled over the old North Cong. in Boston; ord. Nov. 9, 1665. On account of age and infirmities, removed to Yarmouth in 1673; lived with his dau. Eliz. till his d., 1676; buried in B. Preached the annual election sermon, June, 1658.

Wife, Tamosin or Tamsin: d. Yarmouth, 1682. His children were all b. Eng. Son John m. Hannah Lacroft, 1651, had 8 sons; 6th son, Daniel, settled in Wellfleet; dau. Bethiah m. Ebenezer Lombard, 1727; Sarah, Jonathan Paine, 1709; Margery, m. Dea. Moses Paine, 1720. All of Truro. The first Noah Mayo, father of this Truro family, came through Thomas, g. s. of Rev. John, as follows:—

Noah[4] (Thomas,[3] John,[2] Rev. John[1]), m. Mary Cushing, 1742–3, removed to Provincetown. Son Noah, b. 1743–4, bro't up in Truro, m. Hope Rich, 1764. Children:

i. Noah, b. 1767; m. ——, moved to Harpswell, d. and buried in T., 1809.
ii. Nehemiah Doane, b. 1769, m. Malatiah Rich.
iii. Thomas, b. 1772, m. Sabra Rich.
iv. Mary, b. 1774, m. Zoheth Smith.
v. John, b. 1776, m. Hannah Rich, 1798.
vi. Jane, b. 1784, m. Moses Paine.
vii. Samuel, b. 1787, m. Tirzah Wiley, 1810, of Wellfleet.

The Provincetown branch came through another channel from the same head.

Joshua Atkins[6] (Thomas,[5] m. Bethiah Atkins, Truro, Jeremiah,[4] Daniel,[3] John,[2] Rev. John[1]), went to P. when 12 years old, from Chatham; m. Martha Nickerson, 1779.

i. Bethiah, b. 1782, m. Isaiah Nickerson, 1800.
ii. Joshua Atkins, b. 1786, m. Betsey Small.
iii. Thomas, b. 1789, d. 1808.
iv. Joseph, b. 1792, m Joanna Small, 1817; 2d Deborah Rich, 1824.
v. Stephen Atwood, b. 1796, m. Jerusha Sawtelle, 1824.
vi. Patty, b. 1798, m. Robert S. Miller, 1820, d. 1822.

Isaac, son of Thomas, g. s. of Joseph, the Rev. soldier, m. Hannah Cahoon, 1780; removed from Boston to Provincetown, from thence to Brownville, Me., where he became a "devout and zealous" Methodist preacher, his sons, Allan, Reuben and Jacob raised very large families.

MULFORD. Deacon Thomas was a prominent man in the early history of Truro. As the family is long since extinct,

their history need not be traced. Mulford as a Christian name has always been popular in South Truro. There was a large family in Chatham. Joseph, now living in East Boston, represents the last of that branch.

NEWCOMB: — My information of the Newcombs is taken mostly from a history of the family published in 1874, by John B. Newcomb, of Elgin, Ill. The book contains 600 pages, over 7000 names born Newcomb. The name is said to be of Saxon origin — combe, signifying a vale, a place between two hills. By Hallowell it is defined as "strangers newly arrived." They trace back to Hugh Newcome of Saltflatby, Lincolnshire, where the family has been seated 700 years, and is written Newcomen, Newcome and Newcomb. There are two families in New England. Francis Newcomb, ancestor of the Quincy branch, born in England, came to N. E. in the ship *Planter* 1635; lived three years in Boston, settled at Quincy, then Mt. Wollaston, died 1692, aged 87.

Capt. Andrew Newcomb appears to have been the progenitor of the largest branch, and of all on the Cape. Little is known of his early history. Probably from Devonshire. He is first mentioned in 1663, in Boston; was at that time a mariner. He wrote his name both Newcomb and Newcombe. Will made 1683 in Boston, where he died 1686, leaving a moderate estate, mostly to his two daughters.

Lieut. Andrew, born about 1640, is accepted as the son of Capt. Andrew. I think the proof is not established, but follow the history. The line is straight from Lieut. Andrew, who was a fisherman at Kittery, 1669, afterwards constable at the Isle of Shoals, where he complained of Mark Roe "for threatening to break his bones, tearing of his shyrt, and other uncivil behaviors." Settled at Edgartown, 1675, chosen Lieut. 1691; was in command of a fortification; was probably a merchant; owned the land where the C. H. now stands. Twice married. Fifteen children. Sons, Simeon, Andrew, Simon and Thomas removed to East Harbor; dau. Mary m. Capt. Thomas Lombard. Others came from Scituate; were a large and active family; owned large property at East Harbor, also

at Pamet Point. Were enterprising, religious and patriotic; by marriage were connected with nearly all of Truro and Wellfleet. Their history is interesting and instructive. From the Kittery fisherman and Vineyard Lieut. have sprung a race numerous as the stars for multitude, in all the land.

PAINE OR PAYNE. — A name that carries the best scholars and critics of the age, whose family history is found in most all public libraries; would not feel flattered by a long notice, nor neglected by a short one in a local work of this character. From abundant material, I can select only such as directly touches the Truro branch, but refer with pleasure to the published records of the *Paine Genealogy*, by Josiah Paine, also the handsome volume of the *Paine Genealogy*, Ipswich branch, by Hon. A. W. Paine, who has ransacked Arian and Scandinavian history from its genesis in Persia, through its exodus, proving the name of Norman origin. Henry D. Paine, M. D., of New York, publishes the *Paine Family Records* quarterly. The January, 1881, No. contains *Paine of Doomsday*, by Prof. T. O. Paine, LL.D., which is a translation of the Latin of *Doomsday Book*, giving the names of all who owned land in 1086, a survey by order of William the Conqueror.

Payne was a Norman, first name not given, known only as *Payne*, real name *Pagen*, Latinized in *Paganus* (unbeliever), owned land in England before conquered by William.

He owned land in fifteen counties, all of which touched each other. Through these "holdings" he could drive horse and hound, and could do business on his own land at four points on the ocean, which is shown by a map of "Payne's holdings" in England, A. D., 1041–86. Had son Edmund, known as "Son of Payne," and one dau. known as "Daughter of Payne."

The original copy of *Doomsday* has recently been photo-incographed, and a copy in thirty-two thin volumes is owned by the Boston Public Library. An account of the Crusades and Hugh De Payne is cleverly told by A. W. Paine, showing the Crusader the progenitor of the Ipswich family.

The Paines are honorably mentioned in Hornfield's *History of Norfolk County*, 1313, from whence they trace their descent.

Of these, Stephen, the first of that name, migrated to Kingston, Mass., 1635. Eleazer, fifth of that name, was a drummer boy in the Revolutionary War; built his cabin on the site of the city of Painesville, O., 1793, giving it his name. Of the ancestry of Thomas of Eastham, founder of the Cape Cod family, little is known positively. Creditable traditionary accounts that were early committed to writing in several branches of the family, say that he came over with his father who bore the same name, when a lad about ten years of age, having lost the sight of an eye by an arrow. His father is supposed to be the Thomas of Yarmouth, the first deputy to the Old Colony ct. of Plymouth, from Yarmouth; took the freeman's oath that year; was a resident of that town as late at 1650. We shall build on the foundation that Thomas of Eastham was the lad of about ten years, short of an eye by an arrow. He was constable in Eastham, 1655, freeman, 1658, m. Mary Snow, dau. of Nicholas, 1658. We have referred to him in the early history of Truro as water bayle, etc. As the Irish say of a man with great versatility of talents, "He was a man of great parts" Representative, deputy, treasurer, superintendent of building the meeting-house, cooper and millwright, he seems to have been able to build a mill as easily as a barrel. He had a good education, was a splendid penman, a faculty that runs through all the generations. Retired from public service 1697, in which he had been employed nearly half a century.

Purchased a homestead at the South End, Boston, 1695, returned to Eastham where he died, 1706. Much has been said in praise of Mary Snow, the mother of the race. John Howard Payne, author of *Home, sweet Home*, the son of William Paine, M. D., of Boston, who studied medicine with Gen. Joseph Warren, was of this family. Of eight sons and two daughters, all of whom made their mark, can mention only Elisha, twice married, twenty children; John, also twice married, eighteen children; then began sons and daughters to multiply; James m. Bethiah Thatcher, dau. of Col. John; he was cooper, miller, schoolmaster, clerk, etc.; son Thomas, grad. H. C., a great mathematician, published almanacs, calculated the great eclipse of 1706; m. Eunice, dau. of Rev.

Samuel Treat; son the first Robert Treat Paine. Our history, however, is particularly interested in son Thomas. Captain Thomas[3] (Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1657, m. 1st Hannah Shaw, of Plymouth, the mother of all the children, d. 1813, in Truro; the first grave, as noticed; m. 2d, Mrs. Eliz. Eares of Boston.

Here lies ye body of
THOMAS PAINE, ESQ.,
of Truro, died January 23,
1721, in ye 65 year
of his age.

In respect to titles he was known as "Capt. Thomas Paine Esq.," the "Tho: Paine, Town Clerk," that we have seen and referred to so frequently, also Selectman, Captain, Justice, Judge, C. P., Ct., Rep., etc. He owned the whole of Longnook, beside other lands. His house stood a few rods E. of the house of Esquire Dyer, near a never-failing spring of pure water. Children:

i. Hannah, b. 1679, d. 1681.
ii. Hugh, b. 1680, d. 1681.
iii. Thomas, b. 1682, m. Thankful Cobb.
iv. Hannah, b. 1684, m. John Binney of Hull, d. there 1757; the numerous family of this name are the descendants.
v. Jonathan, b. 1686, m. Sarah Mayo, 1709, d. 1718.
vi. Abigail, b. 1687, d. 1689.
vii. Abigail, b. 1689, m. Ebenezer White, 1711.
viii. Phebe, b. 1691, d. 1696.
ix. Elkanah, b. 1693, m. Reliance Young, 1717.
x. Moses, b. 1695, m. Margery or Margaret Mayo of Y., 1720.
xi. Joshua, b. 1697, m. 1st Rebecca Sparrow, 1720.
xii. Phebe, b. 1699, m. Paul Knowles, 1722.
xiii. Lydia, b. 1700, m. Josiah Hinckley, 1720.
xiv. Barnabas, b. 1705, m. Mary Purington, 1724.

Barnabas was probably the only one born at Truro, but most of the family seem to have moved with their father, and from these familiar names came a host of sons and daughters, who have intermarried with every family in Truro, and which to trace would require years of labor. In this as in several other large families, although we had prepared a quite extended

connection, we have been obliged, particularly in families that branch out extensively, to be satisfied with publishing a history of the origin and the principal branches.

Maj. Thomas[4] (Capt. Thomas[3], Thomas[2], Thomas[1]), b. 1682, m. Thankful Cobb; was 18 years old when he moved to Pamet, when he was appointed by the proprietors as agent to buy lands of the Indians. He was identified with the growth of the town; filled all offices in her gift. In youth, manhood and ripe age he was a faithful servant, a willing burden-bearer, and an honored citizen. Son Thomas m. Mary Vickerie.

Here lies interred the body of
MAJOR THOMAS PAINE ESQ.,
One of the Elders of
The Church of Christ in Truro,
Departed this life,
April 15, 1745,
in the 64th year of his age.

MRS. THANKFUL PAINE,
widow of
MAJOR THOMAS PAINE, ESQ.,
died April 7, 1771,
In the 74th year of her age.

Lieut. Jonathan[4] (Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1686, m. 1st, Sarah Mayo, d. 1718, 2d. Mary ——, d. 1760. I think the ancestor of all the Paines now in Truro except the Elkanah branch. He was prominent in town affairs; inherited most the land owned by his father at Longnook. It was an infirmity of this family never to sell land; it continued largely in the hands of the descendants for many generations, and to this day considerable of the land bought by Thomas Paine, of one eye, of the Indians, 1670, is still the Paine property. His house has been mentioned as now belonging to John Atkins. Of seven children I will mention Jonathan, Daniel and Hannah, the last b. 1714, m. Anthony Snow, 1731.

Elkanah[4] (Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1693, m. Reliance Young: settled at East Harbor, and as may be inferred from the names, was the father of the North Truro branch. Children:

i. Elisha, b. 1721, m. Thankful Hopkins.
ii. Elkanah, b. 1724, m. Mary Rich.
iii. Phineas, b. 1727, m. Mary.
iv. Sarah, b. 1730, m. Lewis Lombard.
v. Joshua, b. 1732.

Deacon Moses[4] (Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1697, m. Margery Mayo, g. d. Rev. John. The thoughtful boy that kept a diary while working with his uncle John in Eastham. He was of a religious as well as meditative turn of mind, and, like old Bishop Jeremy Taylor, loved to indulge interjectional expressions, as, "Feb. 4, 1719. This day my brother Jonathan Paine's wife died. O Lord, sanctify thy holy hand to all concerned therein." "Jan. 13, 1718. This evening the church elected Lieut. Constant Freeman and John Snow. The Lord prepare them suitably therefor." "Dec. 4, 1716. This day we went over to the Back Side, and Thomas Smith's whaleboat was dashed to pieces by a whale." This diary was continued several years and is a valuable compendium of the experience and education of a youth trained in a family of fourteen children on Cape Cod 150 years ago. Deacon Paine was a useful man; many years town clerk; served well his day and generation. Of twelve children eleven were daughters. Abigail m. Barnabas Higgins, Margery m. Andrew Collins; Hannah m. Israel Gross, 2d wife; Hannah m. —— Lombard.

Joshua[4] (Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1697, m. 1st Rebecca Sparrow, 1720; 2d, Mrs. Constance Baker, Canterbury, Ct., 1737. Settled in Amenia, N. Y.; was a blacksmith. Children mostly born in Truro; a noted family. Three sons physicians; Ephraim, judge, member of Provincial Congress; one a schoolmaster. Dr. Barnabas left a manuscript genealogy of the family. This branch is still liberally represented in the professions in New York and Vermont. Richard, Elisha and Solomon were quite distinguished preachers in Connecticut.

Barnabas[4] (Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. in Truro, 1705. m. Mary Purington, prominent in the church, a long time

town clerk. Furnished his nephew, Dr. Barnabas of Amenia, N. Y., a genealogical history of the family, d. 1768. Children:

i. Elizabeth, b. 1725, m. Ambrose Snow, 1747.
ii. Barnabas, b. 1727, m. Hannah Vickery, d. 1757, a prisoner in England.
iii. Mercy, b. 1729, m. Matthias Rich, the first Mercy Paine and Mercy Rich of a long line, that still continue.
iv. Mary, b. 1731, m. Samuel Lombard, 1751.
v. Joshua, b. 1734.
vi. Ruth, b. 1736, m. Ebenezer Rich, 1754.
vii. Phebe, b. 1738, m. Jedediah Higgins.
viii. Jerusha, b. 1740, d. same year.
ix. Jemima, b. 1743.
x. Joseph, b. 1745, m. Rebecca ——, 1766.
xi. Hannah, b. 1746.

Jonathan[5] (Jonathan,[4] Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1711, m. Hannah Lombard, 1739. Inherited his father's estate; was the owner of the slaves Joe, Hector, and Pomp. Was a man of substance. Took an active part in the town, etc. Children:

i. Jedediah b. 1740.
ii. Jonathan, b. 1744, d. at Halifax a prisoner of war, 1778.
iii. Hannah, b. 1747.
iv. John, b. 1749, settled at Gorham, Me. Numerous family.
v. Ebenezer, b. 1752, m. Abigail Paine.
vi. Solomon, b. 1754, soldier of the Rev. d. at New York, 1776.
vii. Richard, b. 1756, soldier of the Rev. d. at home army sickness, 1777.

Daniel[5] (Jonathan,[4] Thomas,[3] Thomas,[2] Thomas[1]), b. 1716, m. Elizabeth Thatcher. Children:

i. Thatcher, b. 1742, m. Huldah.
ii. Sarah, b. 1746, m. Jedediah Higgins.
iii. Daniel, b. 1748, m. Kezia Orcutt, 1777.
iv. Huldah, b. 1750, m. Jonathan Harding.
v. Betty, b. 1753, m. Eleazer Lewis, the father of Mrs. Damon.
vi. Thomas, b. 1756, d. young.
vii. Barnabas, b. 1758, m. Martha Atkins, a large family.

PIKE.—A wide-spread English name. I am not familiar with its history. Leonard was quite early in Truro. About 1723, m. Ann Snow; had seven children. George, b. 1724,

m. Elizabeth Lombard; John, b. 1728, m. Mary Collins, 2d. Hannah Lombard; were also sons Leonard and Elisha. Ann m. Barnabas Young of Eastham. Another Ann m. Solomon Lombard, were cov. owners 1725. I cannot well connect the family. John, b. 1757, was a brother of Eliz., m. Lewis Lombard. Son Leonard, and wife Deliverance, both d. about the same time, 1799, leaving Elisha, lost at sea, 1818, and twin daughters. Delia m. Matthias Rich, and Mercy m. Isaac Rich. John, one of the old men who hoisted the flag in 1861, was a brotherof Leonard, and the last of the male name in Truro, which by marriage is largely connected.

Purington. — Deacon Hezekiah came from Dover Point to Truro, 1604; was an active man; a ruling elder. Dea. Moses Paine mentions in his diary, January 8, 1717, "This morning Deacon Hezekiah Purington departed this life. The Lord sanctify such an awful dispensation of Providence to us all." Age 42. By the marriage of Humphrey Purington to Thankful Harding, 1724; Mary, to Deacon Barnabas Paine, 1729; Sarah, to Solomon Lombard, 1725; and Mercy, to Nathaniel Harding, 1730, not a small proportion of Truro families share in this name and blood. The land where the church stood at Dover Point is now owned by A. D. Purington. A monument has been proposed for the spot.

Rich. — As is generally known in the family, John Fairfield Rich, a brilliant and scholarly young man of Ware, son of Samuel S., of Portland, of Truro origin, undertook to publish the history of the Rich family. To facilitate and insure this undertaking he called a family meeting at Truro, June 27–8, 1872. Though imperfect in details, a large company gathered from most every part of the country, and a successful family gathering full of bright promise for the future, such as never before or since met on the lower part of the Cape, was the result. Mr. Rich made a statement of the advanced condition of his work, of its early issue, and secured a large number of subscribers at five dollars a copy, mostly paid in advance. September following he died. A committee was appointed to

confer with his family referring to the manuscript, and to examine the same. The committee reported that the work was not sufficiently advanced to warrant publishing which ended the cherished hopes of the family and friends of this enterprise. I make this brief statement as much inquiry has been made and much interest expressed since I undertook the publication of this work.

Mr. Rich promised a history of the Rich Family in six hundred pages, I must content myself to do the same in as near six as possible. English history abounds with this name. The earliest notice I have seen is Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1236, referring to an order requiring all fonts to be covered in accordance with a constitution by said archbishop. One of the most remarkable characters of English history is Baron Richard Rich, b. London, 1498, who from a London barrister, without fortune or friends, became the wealthiest nobleman, and founded the most powerful family in England, and known as kingmakers. His sons, Earls of Warwick and Holland, have been mentioned in the colonization of America. The former was president of the Plymouth Council, and Admiral of England. Warwick, R. I., was named for him. The name is found among authors, actors, scholars, ministers, soldiers, travellers, inventors and courtiers; men of many virtues and not a few vices.

My first knowledge of the name in America occurs in the following Salem notice: "Obadiah Rich married Bethiah Williams, 1667." In 1668 he was a signer of the petition against imports as an inhabitant of Salem. In Judge Sewell's interleaved almanac diary, March 31, 1675, occurs: "No lecture, because Mr. Rich from home." Perhaps the same Obadiah. In 1678, his widow Bethiah administrated on a large estate. In 1684, Henry Rich m. Martha Panon. This is the celebrated Martha Corey, *alias* Martha Rich immortalized by Longfellow:

> As for my wife, my Martha, and my martyr,
> Whose virtue, like the stars, unseen by day,
> Though numberless, do but await the dark
> To manifest themselves unto all eyes.

She who first won me from my evil ways,
And taught me how to live by her example,
By her example teaches me to die,
And leads me onward to the better life.

The following from the Salem records, throw light on this subject:

June 27, 1723. Petition of Thomas Rich of Salem, only surviving child of Martha Corey, *alias* Martha Rich deceased, praying the compassionate consideration and commiseration of the court for great losses to petitioner in the year 1692, enumerated.

Fifty pounds was allowed to petitioner for goods deprived, mentioned, by illegal action of the sheriff and officers respecting the persons charged as witches. Martha Corey *alias* Martha Rich, one of the victims of the witchcraft delusion.

January 20, 1723. The committee reported that in consideration of the loss the petitioner might sustain by being deprived of the goods mentioned in the petition, together with the many illegal actions of the sheriff and his officers respecting the persons charged as witches, they are hereby of the opinion that the sum of fifty pounds be allowed and paid out of the public treasury to the petitioner, Thomas Rich, which was done.

Richard, of Dover Neck, is the ancestor of all the Cape Cod family, by far the largest branch, but not all of the old English stock in America. The first notice of Richard is found in the old Portsmouth records. "Samuel Treworgey, with the consent of Dorcas Treworgey (Cornish names), his wife, conveys the above land to Richard Rich of Dover, Nov. 6, 1674." How long he had then been at Dover I am unable to say. "Philip Demon of Dover Neck, d. June, 1676; by will, May 1676, makes son Evans and Richard Rich, my kinsman, executors." Mr. Rich seems to have been a man of some prominence; his name appears considerably in the records. Married Sarah, dau. of Gov. Thomas Roberts.

Son Richard[2] first appears at Eastham 1665, taxed 1671; freeman, Aug. 23, 1681, d. 1692. Children:

i. John,[3] b. 1695, m. Mary, dau. Rev. Samuel Treat.
ii. Thomas,[3] I think, settled in Connecticut or New York, and the founder of the old families found in New York City.

iii. Richard,[3] b. 1674, m. Anne, b. 1680, in E., held lots in Truro, 1703, moved few years later.
iv. Samuel,[3] b. 1684, m. Elizabeth ——; was tything-man in Truro 1711, d. 1752.
v. Sarah [3] m. Samuel Treat, son or g. s. of Rev. Samuel, 1741.
vi. Lydia.[3]
vii. Joseph,[3] among the Eastham voters 1695.

The majority of this family settled in Truro; though not the first in town, they early became the most populous, and in a representative sense, more particularly local than any other in the country. Comparatively few of the name are found who did not originate here. From 1720 to 1780 the name increased rapidly, became by intermarriage, and duplicating christian names, greatly involved and interwoven, so that it is almost impossible to locate the family lines, or trace the lineal branches, without making a complete family history. In '75 there was Richard 4th, and in '98 there were five householders Richard, besides juniors and bachelors. Obadiah, John, Samuel, Benj., Joseph and Isaac are some of the other oft-repeated names. I make this explanation as an apology, especially to several gentlemen of this family at Boston and New York, subscribers to this work; though they never saw Truro, have shown a historic appreciation complimentary to the old town as the home of their ancestors. Richard's family seem to be the best defined. Thomas was a surveyor in 1721, and John m. Lydia Collins, 1727. Samuel was a tything-man in 1711; it is said had 24 children.

Richard [3] (Richard,[2] Richard [1]), b. 1674, and wife Anna were baptized as adults by Mr. Avery in Truro, 1726. Children:

i. Sarah, b. 1696.
ii. Richard, b. 1699, m. Hannah ——, Feb'y 26, 1725, by Mr. Avery.
iii. Rebecca, b. 1701.
iv. Zaccheus, b. 1704, m. Ruth Collins, 1727.
v. Obadiah,[4] b. 1707, m. Polly Cobb.
vi. Priscilla, b. 1710, d. young.
vii. Huldah, b. 1712.
viii. Joseph, b. 1720, m. Susannah Collins, 1742.
ix. Sylvanus, b. 1720, m. Mary Lombard, 1740.

Inscription on gravestones in the old churchyard :

Here lies buried
the body of
MR. RICHARD RICH,
who died May ye 3d,
1743, in ye
69th year of his age.

Here lies the body of
MRS. ANNA RICH,
wife to MR. RICHARD RICH,
who died May ye 11, 1754.
Æt. 74.

Richard[4] (Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), m. Hannah, 1726. Children :

i. Josiah, b. 1721, m. Ann Knowles.
ii. Uriah, b. 1723.
iii. Matthias, b. 1725, m. Mercy Paine, 1751, 2d. Kezia Orcott, d. 1792.
iv. Hannah, b. 1729, m. Samuel Rider of P., 1746.
v. Obadiah, b. 1730, m. Ruth Dyer, 1756.
vi. Peggy, b. 1733.
vii. Richard, b. 1740, I think Capt. Richard (Buzzy Dick).

Matthias[5] (Richard,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), m. Mercy Paine, 1751, dau. of Barnabas, d. 1758, 2d. Mrs. Kezia Orcutt. Children :

i. Joshua, b. 1752, m. Mary (Molly) Dyer, April, 1775, bap. June, 1775.
ii. Mercy, b. 1754, m. Jonathan Collins.
iii. Matthias (Beau Flash), b. 1756, lived in Boston, d. at Baltimore about 1810.
iv. Margarette (Peggy), b. 1758, m. Wm. Tufts of Boston, where she d. about 1835.
v. David, } by K. O. } b. 1764, m. Nabby Cook of Provincetown, lost at [sea.
vi. Sally, } by K. O. } b. 1769, m. Jeremiah Gooding.

Joshua[6] (Matthias,[5] Richard,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), m. Molly Dyer. Children :

i. Joshua, b. 1776, lost on passage from Liverpool to Boston, 1799.
ii. Mercy, b. 1777, m. Joseph Higgins, d. 1855.
iii. Mary (Polly), b. 1779, m. Capt. Ephraim Snow, moved to Cohasset, d. there.
iv. Shebnah, b. 1782, m. Belinda Higgins of Wellfleet, Dec. 1808, d. Oct. 29, 1843.
v. Hannah Dyer, b. 1784, m. Joshua Atwood of Wellfleet, d. Brooklyn, N. Y., about 1806.

vi. Sarah Dyer, b. 1786, m. Francis Pascal, 2d Jedediah Dyer, d. 1849.
vii. Thankful, b. 1788, m. John Gill of Wellfleet, 2d Isaac Smith of Provincetown, d. P., 1830.
viii. Matthias, b. 1791, m. Delia Pike, 1814, d. March, 21, 1864.
ix. Rebecca, b. 1796, m. Elijah Dyer, for many years keeper of Race Point lighthouse, d. at Provincetown, 1847. The only living of this family is Mrs. Delia Rich.

Shebnah[7] (Joshua,[6] Matthias,[5] Richard,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), m. Belinda Higgins, Dec. 10 1807, dau. Capt. Eleazer and Laurania (Gross) b. August 2, 1788, at Wellfleet, d. Nov. 27, 1878. Children:

i. Charles Higgins, b. Feb., 1809, m. Eliza Carpenter, 1838, Strafford, Vt, d. Boston, July, 1863. Son, Rev. Charles E. of Cal.
ii. Adeline, b. Feb. 1811, m. Joshua Smith, 1830, d. March, 1866. He d. 1841.
iii. Eleazer Higgins, b. Sept. 1813, m. Mercy Collins, Provincetown, 1836, d. March 12, 1875.
iv. Abigail Harding, b. Sept., 1815, m. Daniel P. Higgins, 1836.
v. Belinda, b. Sept. 1819, m. Isaiah Snow, Dec. 1840, 2d James C. Lambord, June, 1845. Isaiah Snow, d. Oct. gale, 1841, James C. Lambord, d. 1879.
vi. Maria Atkins, b. July 19, 1821.
vii. Shebnah, b. Aug. 7, 1824, m. Delia C. Knowles, Dec. 19 1847.
viii. Elizabeth, b. Dec., 1828, m. Josiah Snow, Provincetown, d. July, 1857.

Shebnah[8] (Shebnah,[7] Joshua,[6] Matthias,[5] Richard,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]). Children:

i. Eliza Evelyn, b. Boston, Oct. 11, 1848.
ii. Delia Collins, b. Boston, Jan. 24, 1851.
iii. Irving Hale, b. Boston, May 22, 1853, m. Sept. 1878, Mrs. Mary W. Lewis, St. Louis.
iv. William Arthur, b. Boston, July 11, 1856.
v. Albert Smith, b. Boston, May 10, 1859, d. St. Louis, May, 23, 1862.

Zaccheus[4] (Richard[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), b. 1704, m. Ruth Collins, was the father of a wonderful posterity. He settled at the extreme south part of the town. Some say that he and his brother Obadiah settled on Beach Hill; had eleven children; Ann,[5] Sarah,[5] Zaccheus,[5] m. Rebecca Collins or Harding, 1753. Jesse[5] m. Hannah Smith, 1757; Benjamin[5] b. 1737, m. Mrs. Lucy Somes. Son, Capt. Benj.[6] of Boston; dau. Huldah m. Richard Baker; Hannah m. Capt. John Rich: Nehemiah settled in Maine, I think. Thatcher,[5] b. 1739. m. Jane Lombard. Son Thatcher,[6] b. 1770, m. Hope Smith, 1797. Richard,[5] b. 1741. Son Richard[6] (Uncle Hunn), dau. Mehitable m. Jonah Atkins, 1795. Ephraim,[5] b. 1746. Sons Mulford,[6] and Ephraim,[6] Elisha,[5] b. 1758, Priscilla.[5] I am not positive that Richard,[6] b. 1741, is not "Uncle Hunn," instead of son Richard.[6]

Thatcher[6] (Thatcher,[5] Zaccheus,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard [1]), b. 1770, m. Hope Smith, 1797. Children: Thatcher, Daniel, Richard, Zaccheus, Zoheth, Benjamin, Betsey, m. Thomas Rich; Susan, m. Richard Cobb; Hope, m. Samuel Rich.

Richard[5] (———[4] (?) Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard [1]) b. 1741, m. Rebecca Lombard (?), 1761. Children: John,[6] b. 1763, m. Hannah Rich, dau. Benjamin.[5] Sons, Capts. Richard, Abram, and Joseph of Hallowell, Me., dau. Lucy. 2d Sarah Hatch. Children: Lombard, Michael, Jacob, Nehemiah, Hannah and ——. Richard Sears,[6] b. 1766, m. Mary Rich, dau. Jesse. Sons, Captain Sears and Thomas Smith. Peter,[6] b. 1763; Thomas,[6] b. 1770. Sons, Thomas, Samuel; dau. Rebecca,[6] b. 1773; Samuel,[6] 1775; Reuben,[6] b. 1777; Ephraim Doane,[6] b. 1782. Sons, Atwood, Capts. Ephraim Doane, Richard, Eleazer and Zenas.

Samuel[3] (Richard,[2] Richard[1]), b. 1684, m. Elizabeth. 2d Bethiah. It is said had 24 children. I find 11 only. Jerusha,[4] m. Lieut. Hugh Paine, Deliverance,[4] m. Jonathan Collins; Dinah,[4] m. George Lewis; Mary,[4] m. Elkanah Paine; Bethiah,[4] m. Nicholas Sparks of P.; Rachel,[4] m. Jonah Stevens; Dea. Ebenezer,[4] m. Ruth Paine, moved to Enfield with brother John[4], Apollos,[4] m Abigail Collins, moved to Ware. Son Elkanah,[5] g. s. Apollos,[5] m. Bethiah Banister. Sons Lyman,[7] and Henry,[7] of Hyde Park, Dwight E.[7], of Boston; dau. Martha,[7] m. Amasa Brewster [illegible]; son, Wm. F.[8], the Boston Printer. Aquila,[4] m. Ruth Avery. Sons, Obadiah,[5] and Aquila,[5] through whom, I think, came Obadiah,[6] of Woburn, and sons Obadiah,[7] of Boston, and Aquilla,[7] of New York, but there are so many Obadiahs, I am not clear. Three of the sisters moved to Enfield. Obadiah Rich, the great American bibliographer and antiquarian, was b. Truro; I am not able to connect his family or birth. Was elected member of the Mass. His. Soc., March 5, 1805, when the Sec. mentions as "our great bibliographer." He is also mentioned "As a critic of high authority, has borne off rich spoils from those dark and dusty repositories of antiquarian lore." Washington Irving acknowledges his valuable and genial cooperation at Madrid, and Longfellow compliments him for wonderful accomplishments and distinguished services. His name appears probably in more libraries than any other American scholar; d. London. O. Rich was commander of brig *Intrepid*, 4 guns, 1787.

Obadiah[4] (Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard [1]), b. 1707, m. Polly Cobb. Children, Jonathan,[5] m. Thankful Newcomb; Deborah,[5] b. 1739; Joseph,[5] b. 1741; Rebecca,[5] b. 1743; Ruth,[5] b. 1745; David,[5] b. 1753; Isaac,[5] b. 1756, settled on Great Island, Me. Large family. Sons, David,[6] Zoheth,[6] Isaac,[6]; all large families. Reuben[6] settled in W. Bath, Me.; David,[6] b. 1753; dau. Betsey, m. Micah Talbot, of Machias, Me., mother of Rev. M. J. Talbot, of N. E. S. Con., and Mrs. B. J. Pope, of Boston. I think Revs. A. J., of Hyde Park, and J. A. L., of N. E. Con. are of this family.

Ephraim[6] (Ephraim,[5] Zaccheus,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard [1]). Children: Samuel Brown,[7] m. Bicknell, son, Abner Bicknell,[8] of Provincetown, Ephraim.[7] Hannah,[7] Benjamin,[7] Chloe,[7] David.[7]

Mulford Treat[6] (Ephraim,[5] Zaccheus,[4] Richard[3], Richard,[2] Richard[1]). Children, Zephaniah,[7] (sons Capt. Lyman B.[8], Hiram) Mulford,[7] of Wellfleet, Joshua,[7] Ruth,[7] Betsey,[7] Jerusha,[7] m. James Grove.

Capt. Napthali[7] (son of James[6]), b. about 1800, m. Anna Rich, dau. Capt. Reuben. Son Napthali,[8] of South Boston.

Lemuel[5]. Sons Ezekiel,[6] b. 1738; Lemuel,[6] b. 1740; Zephaniah,[6] 1746; James[6] 1748, and daughters: moved to Gorham, Me., with sons Ezekiel[7] and Lemuel,[7] ancestor of all that family in Me.; all large families. Also Ezekiel moved to N. H.; son Henry Holmes, m. Mary Atkins of Truro; bro. Timothy moved to Medford, son Edward Ruggles S. Boston; Esquire Solomon to Provincetown.

Nathaniel[6] (Obadiah,[5] Josiah,[4] Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), b —— m. Martha Atkins. Children: Nehemiah,[7] Atkins,[7] m. Susan Mayo. William[7] (sons, Napthali,[8] Boston Highlands, Atkins,[8] of Cambridge), Henry,[7] Polly,[7] Deborah,[7] m. Joseph Mayo of Provincetown; Peggy,[7] m. Nath. Pierce. Other descendants of Obadiah are Joseph, Jonathan, Isaac, all of whom had large families, which I cannot well trace.

Isaac,[6] b. about 1760, sons, Theophilus,[7] Isaac,[7] m. Mercy Pike; Samuel[7] m. Polly Rich, and Seth,[7] sons Seth[8] and Elisha Demondrel.

Samuel[6] (James,[5] b. 1748, Joseph,[4] b. 1720, Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), b. 1780. Son Samuel,[7] b. 1807, of Provincetown, m. Polly Gross, dau. Alexander.

Captain Richard[5] (Buzzy Dick) (Richard,[4] b. 1699, Richard,[3] Richard,[2] Richard[1]), b. 1740, m. Betty (Betsey) Snow (?) about 1764. Chil.: Richard b. 1765, lost at sea; Phebe b. 1667, m. Silas Knowles, 1787; Zuruiah, b. 1769; Snow, b. 1771, lost at sea; Hannah, b. 1773; Capts. Obadiah, b. 1775; Heman Smith, b. 1777; Doan, 1779; Ruth m. Shaw; Mary m. John Cassell; perhaps Betsey m. Thomas Williams; am not certain of order or dates or number.

Dea. John[3] (Richard,[2] Richard[1]), b. 1665, m. Mary, dau. Rev. Samuel Treat, to whom have referred in history of Isaac Rich, is the ancestor principally of the Wellfleet branch. Chil: Mary, b. 1701; Robert, b. 1703; John J., b. 1705; Reuben, b. 1707, d. 1714; Joshua, b. 1710; Moses, b. 1712; Reuben and Thankful, twins, b. 1715; Sarah, 1720, m. Isaac Baker. Through these descended a numerous race. Hope, dau. o. John and Thankful, b. 1742, m. Col. Elisha Doane of Wellfleet, a woman of vigorous mind. Mr. Pratt says, "strong and benevolent." Col. Doane left £120,000 sterling, was the richest man in Mass. 2d Hope m. Dr. Samuel Savage; 3d Hope m. Chief Justice Shaw.

Capt. Robert Rich, b. 1762, d. at Charlestown, aged 96 years; was among the first who established the market fishing trade in Boston; was highly esteemed. Many of his descendants are now engaged in the business he began one hun-

dred years ago. His large posterity revere the name of Robert Rich. Son Samuel has sons Joseph Smith, m. Maria M. of Truro, and Samuel, both of Charlestown, a member of the famous 3d. Mass. Battery, escaped unharmed from 28 fights, in which one half the Co. were left behind.

RIDER. — Samuel has always been a leading name in this family; was a candidate for freeman at Yarmouth, 1639. His name appears 1643 as one of the persons in town liable to bear arms. In 1653 Sergeant Rider and John Gorham were deputies to meet others from the several towns "to treat and conclude on military affairs." The name is considerably scattered among the Cape towns, most, perhaps, in Chatham; a good many in Wellfleet, and a prominent family in Provincetown. The few families in Truro have come from both Wellfleet and Provincetown. As early as 1724, Mr. Avery married "Samuel Rider and Experience Atwood, both of Cape Cod." The first Samuel, of Truro, b. 1751, m. Martha Cobb, d. 1815, was undoubtedly a son of Samuel and Experience; had sister Huldah, m. 1768, perhaps other brothers and sisters. Children:

Hannah, m. Elisha Collins; Eliz. m. John Laha; Capt. Samuel, b. 1779, m. Olive Ayers, 1812; Obadiah, d. at sea; Martha, d. 1849; Sally, m. Ephraim Snow; Huldah, m. William White, d. 1825.

Captain Rider was in early life an accomplished shipmaster. His ship *Liverpool Packet*, 410 tons, was too large. He wrote from Alexandria, Va., "that he could do better if his ship was not so large." Was many years an honorable and popular merchant at Truro; spent his later years with his sons Captain Samuel and Alfred in Griggsville, Ill.; d. there 1856, his wife, 1871. Children: Alfred, many years a merchant in Griggsville, now makes his home in California. Captain Samuel was a carpenter in Truro, went West in 1837, built the first boat to navigate the Illinois River by mule power, afterwards modelled and built the famous Illinois River boats, *Seminole* and *Prairie State*. He was thirty years in the steamboat business, commanding and managing the largest boats on the Western rivers; passed safely through cholera, collisions, explosions and rebel batteries. Brought up

the *Empress*, 800 wounded and sick soldiers, from the field of Shiloh. Was at Vicksburg when Pemberton surrendered to Grant. As a steamboat commander, he had no superior; as a man, he was above reproach. Captain Gould, of St. Louis, for many years his associate, says, "I never knew Captain Rider to utter an oath or an unkind word." I knew him intimately for many years, and sometimes met him daily on the Merchants' Exchange in St. Louis, and can testify to his high character. A man that can pass thirty years on our Western rivers free from the stain of vice, dishonor, or meanness, must be pure-hearted, clean-handed, and noble-minded. Capt. R. died at Greggsville, Aug., 1881, aged 67. Cullen, b. 1822, lost Oct. gale, 1841. Jason lives in Greggsville. Olive m. Dr. Cotton of Chicago. I cannot trace the South Truro branch of this family.

RIDLEY.— Thomas appears early as a citizen; at one time were a considerable family. Reference is frequently made to them in the early history of the town. Children:

i. Thomas, b. 1685, died in Truro, 1767.
ii. Mary, b. 1707, m. 1728, Nicholas Sparks.
iii. Deborah, b. 1740, m. 1760, Samuel Newcomb.
iv. Ann, m. Deacon Edward Knowles.

I have heard that one of these families had a large number of girls; that they were all very handsome; were married in Boston, and that one of them, whose portrait was painted for a gallery, was known as the "Boston Beauty." Not many years ago some of the name were living in Provincetown. James moved to Harpswell. Taylor Small m. Thankful, moved to Harpswell.

SMALL, SMALLE, or SMALLY.— Freeman says the same in all cases. It was not uncommon for the early families to simplify and abbreviate their names. This was particularly true of the Norman, Huguenot and Welsh. There is as much difference between some of these old names and the plain English rendering, as a full-blown Frenchman of Louis the XIV's

time and a Pennsylvania Dutchman. The changes in the Truro names, which were considerable, took place during the 2d and 3d generations. In this case the first records, and the first gravestones are almost invariably Smally Fifty years ago many of the old clung to the vernacular. It is not hard to account for such changes. First abbreviated for convenience or harmony, they soon became recognized and accepted. Children write their names as called, and in a generation, custom becomes better authority than law. These remarks will apply to various other names that may fall under this rule. Small is a recognized name in this country. John, the accepted ancestor of the Cape family, in Plymouth, 1632, a freeman 1642, came with the first to Eastham; constable, 1646; surveyor, 1649; of the Grand Inquest 1654 Early as 1637 was appointed with others, "honest and lawful men," to lay out hay ground at Plymouth; m. Ann Walden, 1638; was living 1668. Record of death not found.

From all we gather of his history, he was a great peace-loving, law-abiding, and valuable citizen; rather shunning the honors and troubles of office. Children:

Hannah, b. 1641, m. John Bangs, 1661; John, b. 1644; Isaac and Mary, b. 1647, baptized at Barnstable, 1648; Mary m. John Snow, 1667, who moved to Truro. Samuel, Joseph and James Smally were in Truro early. Joseph m Mercy Young of E., 1719; James m. Deborah Bickford, 1729; also Joseph m Jane Gross of E., 1734. We cannot connect these, but they were assuredly the grandsons of John. Isaac has always been a standard name in the family, also Samuel, Frances, James and Joshua. Samuel m. Isabel Dyer, 1713. Children:

i. Samuel, b. 1714, m. Hannah Gross, 1742.
ii. Taylor, b. 1716, m. Thankful Ridley, 1737
iii. Francis, b. 1719.
iv. Mary, b. 1721, m. Christopher Dyer.
v. Isabel, b. 1724, m. Joseph Hatch.
vi. Lydia, b. 1727.
vii. Hix, b. 1729, m. Elizabeth Hinckley, 1754.

Francis, b. 1719, was the father of Isaac, b. 1752, and the grandfather of Col. Joshua and Esquire James, b. 1788, d. 1874; both prominent and representative men of the town; Esquire James, the last time in the Legislature, called the house to order, being the oldest member. All of this name in Provincetown, belonged to the Truro family.

SMITH.— Ralph and wife Deborah were in Eastham, early as 1654. Dr. Savage thinks he was the Ralph from Hingham, Norfolk Co., England, came to Hingham, Mass., 1633, and that John was his son. The record says, "John, son of Samuel 1st, b. 1673, m. Bethiah, dau. of Stephen Snow," and "Thomas, m. about 1681, Mary ——, had Ralph, b. 1682, Rebecca, 1685, Thomas, 1687, David, 1691, and Isaac," perhaps before David. These last three were not among the first, but were quite early in town and among the enterprising citizens. Have always or until of late removals, been a prominent family at the Pond Village. Gamalial, b. 1710, m. Hannah Harding, 1741; Barzillia, b. 1717, m. Eliz. Atkins, 1737, and Thomas, b. 1720, m. Eliz. Paine, 1741; with their families were noticeably prominent. Archelaus m. Sarah Doane Hopkins, 1775; came from Wellfleet. Samuel H. of Truro, L. A., and E. C. of Charlestown, represent this branch. Zoheth, father of John, noticed in eighteenth chapter, was born at Eastham; came when a child to Truro, m. Mary Mayo.

SNOW.— Anthony and William from England, were early in the country. Anthony settled first in Plymouth, then in Marshfield, William in Duxbury. Nicholas, one of the seven who settled Nauset with Gov. Prince, the progenitor of the great Snow family on the Cape, was probably a brother. He came in the *Ann*, 1623. Had a share in the first Plymouth land, and was of Stephen Hopkin's Company, in 1627, to whose lot fell a "black weaning calfe, and the calfe of this year to come, if the black cow," etc. Was a freeman and taxpayer before 1627; m. Constanta, or Constance, dau. of Stephen Hopkins. There is no list of his children, but Gov. Bradford says, in 1650, he had twelve all alive and well. He was of sterling value to the new town in all departments, bore its burdens and offices, d. 1676. Was succeeded as town clerk by his son Mark, who m. Ann, dau. of Josias Cook, 1655, 2d. Jane, dau. Gov. Prince, 1660; was prominently before the town and colony all his life. Other sons were Joseph, Stephen, John and Jabez; dau. Mary m. Thomas Paine.

John[2] (Nicholas[1]) b. about 1645, m. Mary Smalley, 1669, nine children, all born in Eastham, moved to Truro where his father was a large land owner. Sons, John, b. 1678, Isaac, b. 1683, and Elisha, b. 1687, moved with him, and all became actively identified with the interests of the town. Stephen m. 1663 widow Rogers, appears quite noticeably in the first records; must have been a brother to John, though Josiah Paine says Stephen, brother of John, came into possession of land in Harwich, but our records show him among the early names.

In tracing genealogical records, it is always refreshing to notice certain Christian names crop out, that make glad the banks of the stream of time for many generations. We shall notice in the family of John and Elizabeth Snow, coming for the first time to the surface, the now familiar names of Anthony, Ambrose, and David, that thereafter are as much a part of the family as Henry and Edward of the Tudors. May their shadow never be less.

John[3] (John,[2] Nicholas[1]), b. 1678, m. Elizabeth, was next to Thomas Paine, one of the active men in the settlement of Truro, as has been noticed. Children:

i. John, b. 1706, m. Hannah Paine.
ii. Anthony, b. 1709, m. Sarah Paine, dau. of Jonathan.
iii. Elisha, b. 1711.
iv. Isaac, b. 1713.
v. Mary, b. 1716.
vi. Ambrose, b. 1718, m. Hannah.
vii. Amasa, b. 1720.
viii. David, b. 1723.

The children of Anthony and Sarah Paine were, David, b. 1732, Daniel, b. 1734, Elisha, 1736, John, 1738, Jonathan, 1740, Sylvanus, 1742, Anthony, 1744, Sarah, 1746, Elizabeth, 1748, Anna, 1750, Mary, 1753, Jesse, 1759. What vital energies were in these Pilgrim families of which this was only one! What possibilities in these eight sons and four daughters all coming to vigorous man and womanhood to become priests and priestesses at as many altars in the land! How outstretching and neverceasing the hereditary of John Snow! The compliment paid by Mr. Damon to the memory of Dea. Anthony, hid away for seventy years, is a mine of priceless value. We cannot further pursue this family which became populous and lay hold of all the material interests of the town.

Stevens.— Richard was admitted an inhabitant of Truro by a vote of the proprietors, 1710. I can give nothing positive of their origin. Nathaniel Stevens of Dover Neck, b. in Salisbury, Eng., 1645. Richard at Dover Neck, 1675 or

8, m. Mehitable Colcord. Simon Stevens was at Cape Cod, fishing, 1667. I have shown that not a few families moved from Dover Neck to Truro. As Stevens was not a Cape name, by putting all these facts together, we establish at least presumptive proof that the first Richard was of the Dover Neck stock. But as he m. a dau. of Rev. Mr. Treat, it will indicate that he came via Eastham. His house was at E. H., still known as Stevens' Bank. The family has never been large, but quite prominent. The old name has been well sustained; there has never been a time since 1710 when there was not at least one Richard in the field. They enjoyed the reputation of being good talkers, particularly at town-meeting. On one occasion, when a new town road was being discussed, Captain Jonah addressed the meeting. "Mr. Moderator, gentlemen are so blind as to advocate laying out a new public thoroughfare through our town. They evidently have not considered the importance of this measure. Mr. Moderator, already I see the county commissioners, those liberal gentlemen, riding down the county like Jehu the son of Nimshi, at your invitation, and prancing about town to lay out a great highway, and the money to come out of our pockets."

Wife Abigail and son Levi, b. 1709, came with Richard to Truro. Other children were Richard, b. 1711; Joanna, b. 1713, Abigail, b. 1715; Jerusha, b. 1717; John, b. about 1719, m. Joanna Smith, 1742 Richard[2] (Richard[1]) m. Mary Gross, 1741, b. 1720; 2d, Mary Nickerson, 1768, of Provincetown. He died, 1792. Children:

i. Jonah, b. 1742, m. Rachel Rich, 1765.
ii. Micah, b. 1744.
iii. Levi b. 1748, m Anna, 1772, dau. Deacon Anthony Snow.
iv. Richard, b. 1751, m. Mercy.
v. Mary.
vi. Abigail.
vii. Henry.

Levi[3] (Richard[2] Richard[1]), b. 1748, m. Anna Snow. He died 1829. Children:

i. Abigail, b. 1774, m. Joseph Chandler, 1792.
ii. Richard, b. 1777, lost, 1799.
iii. Jonah, b. 1775, m Hannah Sellew, 1797; 2d, Mercy Sellew, d. 1850.
iv. Mary, b. 1780, m. Samuel Atkins, 1799.

v. Henry, b. 1782, m. Rebecca Newcomb, 1808.
vi. Sarah, b. 1784.
vii. Levi, b. 1789, m. Mehitable Lombard, 1812, d. 1852.
viii. Anna, b. 1780, m. Francis Small, 1801.
ix. John, b. 1792, m. Polly Coan, 1817, lost, 1803.

SAVAGE.— This name long extinct, was prominent in the early settlement. John signed the agreement of 1697. Ebenezer, by wife Joanna, had John, b. 1704, m. Dinah, b. at the Vineyard, 1708; a large family. The name Dinah descended through many generations. Of this issue Hannah, b. 1743, m. 1st Andrew Hill, a Scotch soldier, lost on the Grand Bank. Son John, b. about 1775, the "scape-gallows," as narrated, m. Salome Smith of Wellfleet, raised a large family, all of whom, I think, are dead and the name lost.

TREAT.— Samuel, son or grandson of the Eastham minister, whose history we have related, was among the early settlers; m. Sarah Rich of Truro. Son Nathaniel, b. 1747, "the Truro astronomer." Were never a large family, but always noticeable. Betsey Treat m. Aquila Rich, about 1800. Aquila Rich Treat, the last of the family of whom I have knowledge, moved to Cohasset; died about 1878.

VICKERY. — Rev. Jonathan was the first settled minister in Chatham; drowned in Pleasant Bay by a boat upsetting. Left a good estate. Son, Deacon Jonathan, b. 1683. Moved to Truro. Bought a pew in the church. Chosen deacon 1728, d. 1741; dau. Elizabeth of the youthful adventure, m. Jonathan Collins, d. 1741; Mary, m. Thomas Paine[4], 1731. At one time were a quite large family, and by marriage considerably interwoven with the town. Capt. Jonathan owned a farm in Truro, lived in Hull.

YOUNG. — A common name in England, and of wide circulation, probably embracing many distinct branches or families in this country. Joseph bought land near Bangs, in Truro, 1703. The name was never large in Truro; have always had a good representation in Wellfleet and Chatham.

BICKFORD. — John came from England. Was in Plymouth before 1648; was married there that year; soon after in Eastham. Eleven children. Jeremiah and wife Hannah had a family of twelve children in Truro 1710–35.

COAN. — First introduced into Truro in the following notice:

October 11, 1759. — Married, Abram Coan and Christian Hinckley. Have always had good and capable men in the family, but seem to have been unusually subject to casualties and removals, so that the name has never been numerous.

We turn from our work with a consciousness of having aimed to perform a long-cherished duty, and in deep sympathy with the generations that we have followed as they came upon the stage of life, performed their part, and have gone to the land from whence there is no return. We are impressed with the shortness of the longest life, and the importance of living in harmony and communion with God.

"*Degres des ages*" was the title of a picture I saw in an antiquarian hall in Paris, perhaps the original of which we have seen many imitations. The stages of life represented from helpless infancy in the cradle to helpless old age in bed as at the beginning. Stretching over the cradle as over the ascending steps where mounted light-hearted youth, was a wide-branching tree with doves cooing in the thick foliage. On the other side, over tottering decline and the bed of helplessness, were the bare limbs of a blighted tree with a solitary owl in gloomy repose. But over the cradle of the helpless child there was an angel with torch and outspread wings ready to guide through all the untrod paths of life; and by the couch of the old pair there was the angel still with outspread wings ready to bear them through the valley of the shadow of death. There is youth and old age, the green tree and the dry tree, sunshine and shadow, but "The angel of God abideth forever."

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